# THE BOOKMAN

*A Magazine of Literature and Life*

DECEMBER, 1906

## CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

**Anti-Hearst Journalism**

Although Hearst was defeated, the degree of success which he attained ought to encourage any man of low tastes and mediocre ability to have a try. In New York politics, at least, no case of moral destitution can now be regarded as altogether hopeless; nor need we discourage any aspiring young man by telling him he must have brains. Here, of course, we are at odds with Mr. Lincoln Steffens, and the New York *Evening Post,* and the editors of *Ridgeway's,* and no end of leader-writers who began their articles with, "Whatever we may think of Mr. Hearst's principles, we cannot deny that Mr. Hearst the man is"—something melodramatic and astonishing. But in political journalism no man is ever life-sized. With every hundred thousand votes, a journalistic cubit is added to his stature, and if he barely misses a mayoralty, how is it possible for any interviewer who knows his business not to see the iron purpose in the square-set jaw and the lurking power in the cold grey eye? New Yorkers like these romantics, and some one is always lighting up with red fire the squalid little leaders that are permitted by the general carelessness. Flat on their backs for the most part, any one who walks seems a giant, and any one awake seems a marvel of energy. Hence to sell six hundred thousand copies of a foul and silly newspaper breeds a kind of awe and sets reporters on the hunt for a "compelling personality." In the newspaper language of some years ago, it may be remembered, Richard Croker was an "indomitable oak" and David Bennett Hill the most adroit statesman of the day. In the recent campaign Hearst ranked with Paracelsus and Cagliostro, according to the *Evening Post,* and to that paper belongs the credit of having pointed out the remarkable similarity of his career to that of Alcibiades. Pernicious demagogue; let us down him by quotations from the Orations against Catiline! So Hearst disappeared in the tall language, and there was only a "man of mystery" and of veiled power, unconquerable will, diabolical cleverness, and so forth. This was accompanied by serious refutation of his arguments and of the principles for which he stood, as if his standing for anything was not preposterous enough. The New York press has seldom seemed so decrepit as in the attacks on Hearst. His personal character was the only issue—his intelligence and morality as advertised in his papers for ten years. There is a point at which personalities ought not to be shut out of a campaign, and Hearst's life, public and private, was an issue upon which all varieties of the political species might have agreed if the truth about it could have been told as noisily as he told lies. For after all there is not nearly so wide a difference between an anarchist and a corporation Senator as between the editor of the *Journal* and a merely decent man. Politics seem strangely irrelevant when it is a question of a Hearst. It is a pity that there was not more of the kind of work done on the editorial pages of

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EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE **EVENING CHOINAL** NEW YORK OCTOBER 32, 1906

# NEW YORK EVENING CHOINAL

## ANY BABOON CAN DRAW A CROWD.

Simple-minded People Enjoy His Antics — But They Draw the Line at Making him Governor of New York State.

The great POET did not like to see an escaped monkey playing "fantastic tricks before high heaven." He said it MADE THE ANGELS SAD.

William R. Hearst is no Angel—not even in the THEATRICAL sense.

But he has certain Simian Talents which have made him a great HIT with judges of ape-flesh.

He climbs the POLE OF PUBLICITY several times each day, and his Monkey-shines seldom fail to DRAW A CROWD.

IS IT NOT CURIOUS THAT A CERTAIN PROPORTION OF HIS AUDIENCE TAKE HIS APINGS SERIOUSLY?

Mr. Hearst is a willing performer. Not satisfied with his own noisy attitude, he is ALWAYS WAVING SOMETHING, in order to make himself more conspicuous.

Sometimes he waves a Scandalous Article, sometimes a Bloody Shirt, sometimes a Racing Extra—but oftenest he WAVES THE AMERICAN FLAG.

If Mr. Hearst were contented with making a monkey of HIMSELF he would not be a dangerous man.

But his instinct is to make a monkey of things MUCH MORE SACRED than himself.

That is the trouble with that POLITICAL APE, the DEMAGOGUE.

He makes a monkey of Law, Morality, Temperance, Patriotism, everything he endorses, BUT—

*The question is, can he make a monkey of the American people?*

---

Professor Garner, or any other student of monkey-talk, will tell you that the Ape is NOT an exponent of fair-mindedness or magnanimity. He shrieks and bites, and then scampers to the tree-tops. But he is not brave in battle like the LION or even the WILD HOG.

Would you expect a Monkey in a fight to address his foe as MY HONORABLE OPPONENT?

Not on your life!!

You *would expect him to ally himself with even less respectable* Banderlog, with striped Tammany Gorillas, and Bowery Marmosets.

Ape-alliances are seldom very serious. There is no great honor among Monkeys.

A MAN who fights a MONKEY may expect to be pestered by silly pranks, to be ear-bitten, finger-tweaked, tricked, and falsified.

HE NEED NOT FEAR AN ARMY IN THE OPEN——BUT LOOK OUT FOR MUD AND COCOANUTS WHEN THE APES BEGIN LURKING IN AMBUSH!

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Mr. Hughes, being a MAN-TYPE, is sometimes at a Disadvantage in fighting the APE-TYPE.

Mr. Hearst and his fellow Banderlog will attempt to befoul Mr. Hughes because the warfare of monkeys is largely limited to muck-maneuvres.

Suppose William R. Hearst were running against ABRAHAM LINCOLN for some office. This would be a Frenzied Impertinence on Mr. Hearst's part, BUT FRENZIED IMPERTINENCES ARE NOT UNCOMMON TO THE APE-TYPE.

How would the Journal attack ABRAHAM LINCOLN? Mr. Opper, no doubt, would be instructed to draw a series of cartoons representing "Aby and His Papa."

Thus THE GREATEST AMERICAN would be pictured as the weak-minded child of some fat-bellied Trust.

We do not like the TRUSTS—and it grieves us to see honest men falsely represented as fawning upon them.

Lincoln, however, is too long dead to be of any danger to HEARST, who is satisfied with comparing LINCOLN'S RECORD with HIS OWN. This, he thinks with all the Jungle-Demagogue's conceit, will be very flattering to LINCOLN'S MEMORY.

LINCOLN and Hearst——think of it!!

*Were Lincoln alive and fighting to-day, there is no telling what buckets of slime Hearst would not pour over that splendid head.*

The question which we put before the AMERICAN VOTER, then, is this:

If you are fond of low comedy there is no reason why you should not enjoy ape-humor, ape-courage, ape-generosity, ape-indignation as exemplified by Mr. Hearst as he climbs the POLE OF PUBLICITY.

*But remember:*

You should learn to appreciate him as a MONKEY without giving him your vote, or even serious POLITICAL CONSIDERATION.

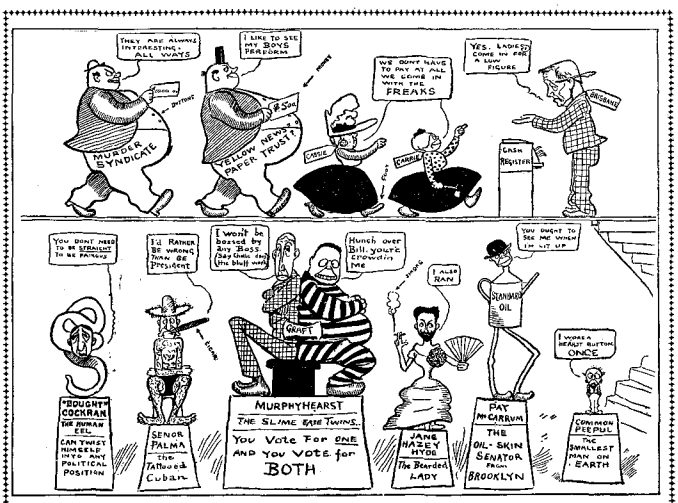
Shakespeare lived in an Unscientific Age.

Darwin, Dowie, and Brisbane had not yet discovered the relation of the APE to HUMANKIND.

Shakespeare hated Baboons — HE WAS NO RESPECTER OF PERSONS.

# The Clown and Tout Club's Political Side-Show

BY TEEHEE POWDERS




Brisbane's Behemoth Budget of Frolicsome Freaks

# The Tammany Hall-Room Boys

THEY DO IT ON THEIR NERVE

They couldn't hide that package from General Public.

# Ella Willer Wheelcox

## Should a Nice Girl Poison Her Father?

*By Ella Willer Wheelcox*

ELLA WILLER WHEELCOX

THE following letter comes to me on the back of a soap-wrapper. It is written in a sweet, servant-girlish hand and seems to me very, very significant.

"DEAR MRS. WHEELCOX—I have just read your 'Sweet Souls' Affinity,' and it seems to me it must be awful elegant and superior to have a job like yours. I should like to go in for Art and fade-messages, but Father won't let me. He says it don't pay to have ideels—he lost his reading the Comic Section. I didn't get my soul-awakening until a lovely young man named Hank got acquainted and begun setting up with me nights. He says I ought to fly with him and have a career on the stage. (He plays the ukulele in a vaudeville company.) I would, but Pa won't let me.

"Pa is an awful stubborn man. I'm sure he'll never consent to my Career—so it seems to me that the only thing to do is to poison him and get him out of the way. My chum Gwendolyn poisoned her Pa and made a real nice job of it. But every time I get the Rough On Rats ready I have a sort of feeling that it ain't right, somehow. I need the advice of some strong, noble person. Please, you. Won't you, won't you help me? Yours respectfully,

"VIOLET.

"P. S.—He's only my step-father, anyhow."

THAT is a sweet, sweet story which has caused so many kind, true hearts to bleed! If I were narrowly Puritanical in my views I would be inclined to side with your father and advise you to give your ideals. But No!

The world has moved Violet, since your father was a boy. To-day the Sunday edition of the Choinal would make a pattern of Happy Hooligans around the entire equatorial belt. Tell your father to broaden his mind—to read Bernard Shaw, Pierre Loti, Paul Verlaine, D'Annunzio, and Me; tell him to look up the Choinal's account of the Thaw case, tell him to buy a copy of my "Lives of Famous Show Girls" and familiarize himself with the great souls who have been able to suffer yet look beyond the divorce-courts.

If these things don't poison him, go ahead with your Rough On.

If you are going on the stage, it is quite essential to your career that you poison your father. The Choinal will give you a double, freak-illustrated color-page every Sunday during your trial. I will analyze your soul and show that great Artists are great Criminals. Our specially retained attorney for the defense will prove you mentally unbalanced, and this will get you a job as a show girl in almost any musical comedy company.

What is the color of your soul? Is it heliotrope, sweet Violet?

I feel for you, dear, feofish child! I sympathize with any one who is silly enough to increase our circulation. As a rule, I would not counsel a nice girl to poison her father, but the demands of Advertising sometimes create desperate necessities. Courage, my little Violet!

## GOO, GOO, GOO!

THERE stood a little Urchin
Upon the pave so drear,
His hair was quite unkempt
And on his chin a smear.
But as I hurried by him
He turned his eyes of blue;
Yet all the words he uttered
Were: "Goo, Goo, Goo!"

I've talked with all the Thinkers
From Packingtown to Yale,
I've seen the Show of Shows here
The cheek of Alan Dale;
But in my foreign travels
I think I never knew
A phrase to strike my fancy
Like "Goo, Goo, Goo!"

O little, sweary Urchin
Upon the wintry pave,
Tho' you may live embedded
And seek an unknown grave,
Yet joy! for you have taught me
Life's helpful journey through
To preach your gentle lesson
Of "Goo, Goo, Goo!"

## WHAT HEARST WOULD DO TO THE OTHER FELLOW IF THE OTHER FELLOW WERE HEARST

"COLLIER'S WEEKLY'S" PARODY OF THE "JOURNAL'S" EDITORIAL PAGE—THE BEST PICTORIAL SKIT OF THE CAMPAIGN

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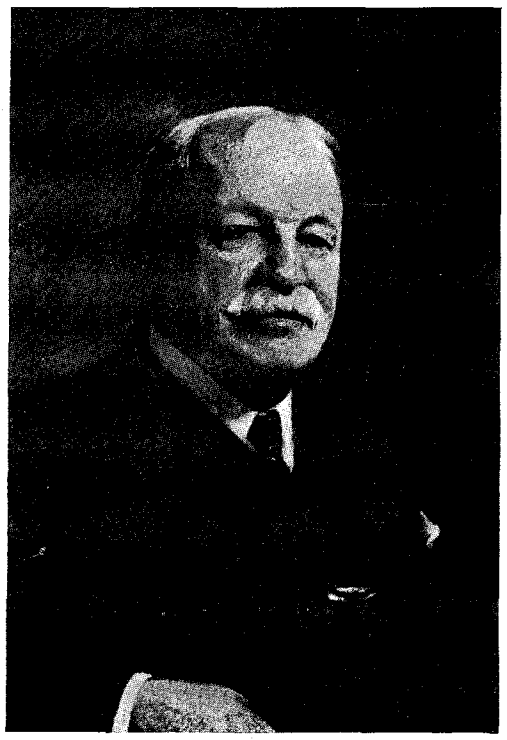
LIVING EX-EDITORS OF THE "ATLANTIC." THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH



LIVING EX-EDITORS OF THE "ATLANTIC." WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

*Collier's Weekly* and in its admirable cartoons. Mr. Hapgood did not show wherein Hearst resembled Alcibiades or how his views differed from Thomas Jefferson's, but wrote as he would have written had Colonel Mann been running for the Presidency, and for the same reason. "How could we pretend," said he, "to be weighing Mr. Hearst's fitness when we were intimately acquainted with his journalism?"

**The "Atlantic's" Anniversary**

The *Atlantic Monthly* completes this month the fiftieth year since its founding, and will celebrate the occasion by commemorative papers by its three surviving ex-editors, Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Howells and Mr. Walter H. Page. It has cer-

LIVING EX-EDITORS OF THE "ATLANTIC." WALTER H. PAGE

tainly had the most honourable career of all the magazines in this country, and should be pardoned almost any degree of self-congratulation. Since Lowell founded it, it has drawn steadily on the best literary talent of the country, and if at any time it has fallen below its early standards it has been the fault of the literary supply and not due to any attempt

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THE "POOR" ARTIST (WHO HAS SHOWN DRAWINGS BEFORE): HEAVENS! THAT MUST BE THE EDITOR'S FOOTPRINT. I WON'T RISK IT!

Drawn by H. M. Bateman in the London *Sketch.*

*N. B.—The Editor disclaims the footprint in question. No editor could afford the outlay on boot-leather necessitated by a pair of such feet.*

of its editors to find more readers on a lower plane. It is the only American magazine that has insisted rigidly on making its own market instead of taking the most lucrative trade route. To be sure, its academic associations are sometimes a trifle oppressive, and though it is strictly in accord with its traditions that the present editor, Mr. Bliss Perry, should also occupy a Harvard chair, it is not an unmixed blessing to the reader. It too often mistakes the signs of literary experience for proof of literary competence and allows quotations from the "world's best literature" to usurp the function of ideas. Men who have read a good deal but thought hardly anything are apt to find its editor "easy." As to public affairs, its discussions would benefit from more frequent points of tangency to the circumference of this earth, for the best of principles is not disgraced by being applicable to something somewhere. It was not wise, for example, a year or so ago to advise the cessation of the search for scoundrels on the ground that human nature would feel discouraged if so many bad men were detected. But what are these few pedantries and futilities beside the fact that it is to-day the soundest and best literary influence in the whole range of American periodicals? It is a pleasure to see it thriving lustily after fifty years, and we wish it many another fifty; and should its editor ever covet the flesh-pots of circulation attained by ten-cent pictorial contemporaries, let him console himself with this maxim of Quintilian, *"Qui sapientes stultis videri volunt, sapientibus stulti videntur."* We are rather proud of this finale as quite in the vein of the *Atlantic's* most formidable contributors. We would not dedicate our sole remaining scrap of Latin to any other magazine.

"THE POISONERS OF CHICAGO"

The cover of the French edition of Upton Sinclair's sensational book.

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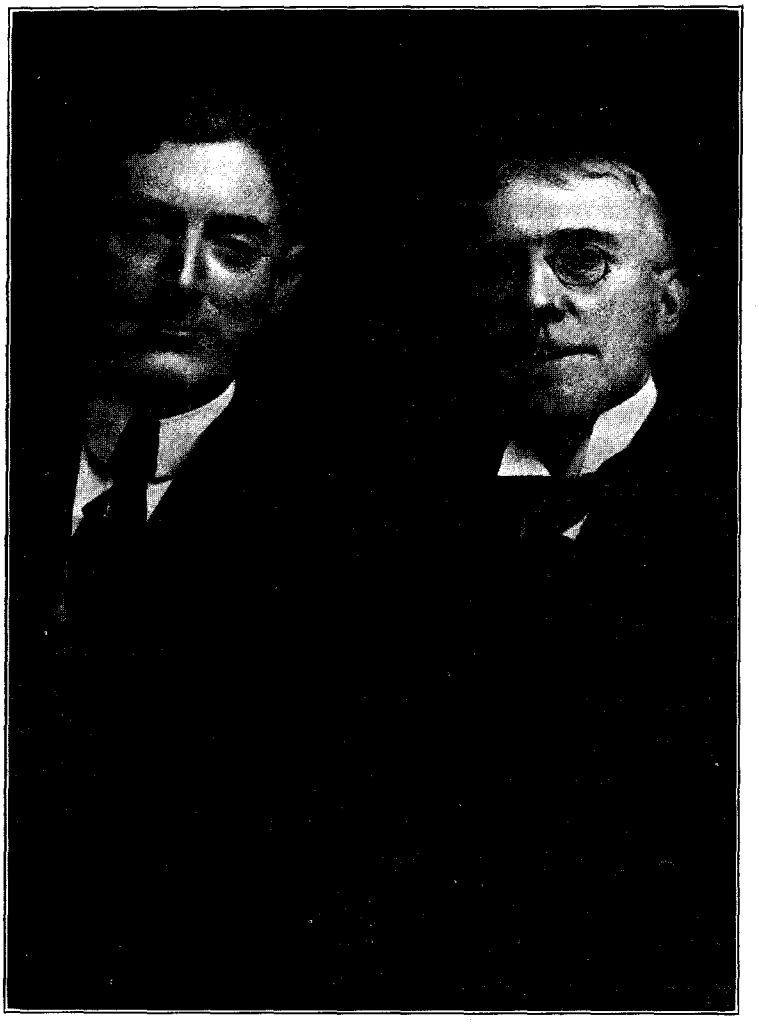

HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

The fact that Mr. Riley's poems have been so closely associated with Mr. Christy's illustrations of recent years gives a distinctive point to this photograph.

**George Ade's "In Pastures New"**

A great many persons have read Mr. George Ade's *In Pastures New,* if not in its present form, at least when the chapters were being printed serially, and every one whom we have heard mention it has picked out as the point for special discussion Mr. Peasley's method of revenging himself on the man from Connecticut, whom he held responsible for his experience with the London cigars. According to Mr. Ade, Mr. Peasley lives in Iowa, where it is customary to stroll down to the drug store of an evening and buy a couple of "Lottie Lees," which are so good that the druggist cannot afford to give six for a quarter. So when the man from Connecticut, smoking at Mr. Peasley's expense, suggested the "Corona de la Matadora" brand as his choice, and Mr. Peasley, after indiscreetly passing them around and putting several in his pocket, found that his change from two sovereigns was almost sufficient for the waiter's tip, Mr. Peasley registered a vow of vengeance. His time came when he found the man from Connecticut on a Nile steamer wearing a canopy helmet and persuaded him to have the helmet

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emblazoned with his name and address in Arabic.

Mr. Peasley took the helmet to the head steward, who was a native, and in a few minutes he brought it back magnificently lettered

ANTHONY FIALA

all over the front. It surely did look Oriental and decorative and Mr. Brewster was grateful when he saw how beautifully his name and New England address showed up in Arabic.

From the moment that we landed, Mr. Brewster of Connecticut attracted more attention than any other person in the party. Four guides laid hold of him at the same moment and declined to let go. Later on, in the bazaar, every dealer who sighted him gave a glad guttural cry and tried to drag him into one of the stuffy little shops. The arrival of an ordinary tourist is calculated to agitate a bazaar, but when Mr. Brewster appeared the general effect was the same as when the raw meat is carried into the zoo. He was pulled and hauled and for the whole length of the winding bazaar his way was blocked by frantic villains in white gowns and huge turbans, who dangled tawdry merchandise in front of him and begged him to make an offer. Mr. Brewster was a good deal amazed, and we were more or less puzzled until we came back to the boat and Mr. Peasley confessed that the Arabic characters boldly displayed on Mr. Brewster's helmet did not stand for his name and address at all, but meant, as nearly as could be translated, "Rich American—Easy Mark."

**Anthony Fiala**

Anthony Fiala is perhaps the youngest of all the daring men who have made the attack on the North Pole. He was just thirty-two when he was placed in command of the second Ziegler expedition, the story of which is told in *Fighting the Polar Ice*. His thrilling adventures in the frozen land were not without their humour. On the night that his ship, the *America*, was quivering under the final onslaught of the ice, Fiala ordered all the stores removed. There was a rush to get everything possible out, and every man, from the commander down, was hard at work. Suddenly there was a terrific clatter. "What's the matter?" asked Fiala. "That's all right," replied the cook; "it's only the lamp chimneys and flatirons going ashore." As a result, the expedition had to use pickle bottles for lamp chimneys during the remainder of the long Arctic night. One interesting development of this polar expedition was an increasing tendency among the men to read. Kipling and Dickens were the favourite authors. A copy of James Lane Allen's *The Reign of Law* was very widely read, too.

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**The Plagiarists and "Ben Hur"**

The most obvious criticism of *Lew Wallace, An Autobiography,* is that it pays entirely too much attention to the soldier and too little to the author. While we do not wish to question in any way General Wallace's distinction in the first capacity, we are quite sure that no publishing house would seriously have considered his autobiography in two volumes if he had not written *Ben Hur. A propos* of that book, the autobiography devotes two or three interesting pages to the persons who claim to have written the chariot race scene or who boldly appropriated other parts of the tale. The most daring case was that of the Rev. W. D. Mahan, a Presbyterian clergyman of Booneville, Missouri, who incorporated the story of the "Three Magi" in a book which bore his name on the title-page and was published at the author's expense. He claimed to have found the story in a Hebrew manuscript, which he discovered in the library of the Mosque of St. Sophia, in Constantinople. As his book did not appear until four years after *Ben Hur,* his statement was questioned and the attention of General Wallace was called to the matter. The subsequent investigation completely discredited the claim of Mr. Mahan. None of the American missionaries in or about Constantinople and no one attached to the United States legation there recalled his visit to that city; while the librarian of the Mosque denied the existence of the manuscript from which Mr. Mahan claimed to have taken his story.

ELEANOR GATES, AUTHOR OF "THE PLOW-WOMAN"

MARJORIE BOWEN

The author of the *Viper of Milan* was educated as an artist in Paris and London. She began writing her book as an amusement, with no thought of having it published.

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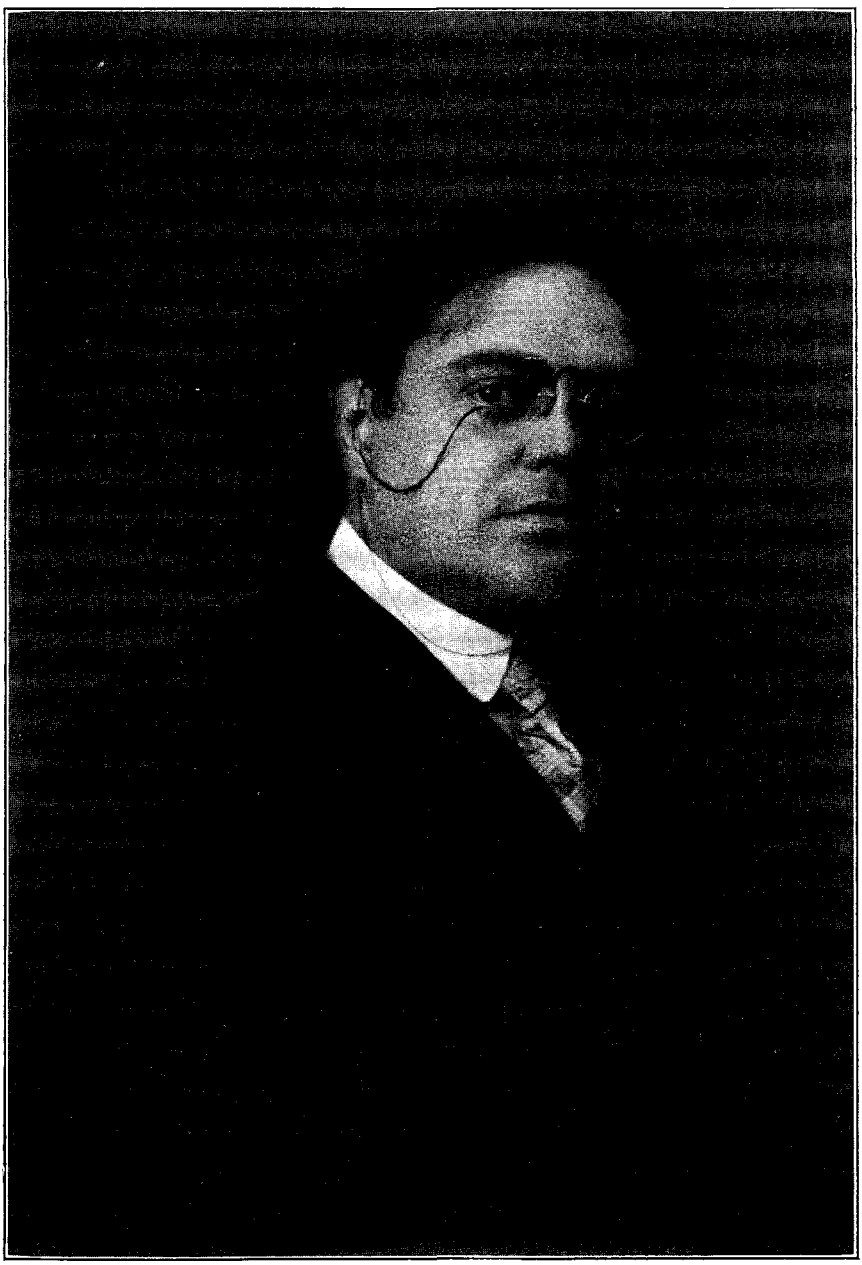
**Jacques Futrelle**

Mr. Jacques Futrelle, the author of the recently published *The Chase of the Golden Plate,* first attracted attention through a series of stories which originally appeared in the Boston newspaper on which he was employed as a reporter. These stories chronicled the achievements of the Thinking Machine, as was termed the man whose powers of mentally scenting out crime and getting at the heart of mystery far surpassed those, for instance, of Sherlock Holmes. Candidly, the Thinking Machine as a creation was not an entire success. He lacked any



JACQUES FUTRELLE

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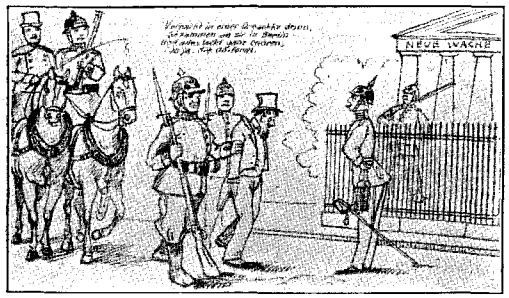


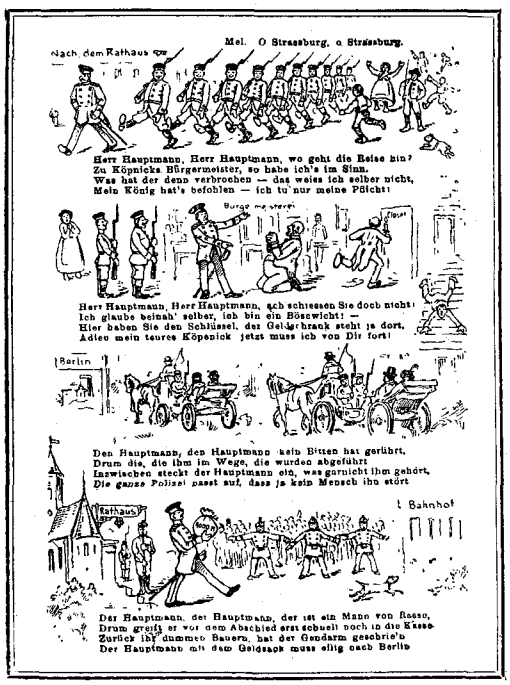

KÖPENICK POSTCARD

KÖPENICK POSTCARD

definite personality. On the other hand, the stories themselves were really extraordinary in the ingenuity of their plots. Had they been written around vivid and living individuality, like that of Holmes, they would have unquestionably ranked with five or six of the very best tales of Conan Doyle.

The American newspapers a few weeks ago told briefly the story of the Köpenick hoax, which caused a roar of laughter not only in Germany, but throughout Europe. A daring scamp masquerading as a captain in the German army commandeered a detachment of soldiers at Köpenick, marched them to the town hall, arrested the mayor and sent him off to Berlin under a strong guard. Then the bogus officer rifled the municipal chest, appointed an official acting mayor and decamped without arousing the slightest suspicion. The details of the coup were so extraordinary that it diverted German minds from the excitement caused by the indiscretion of Count Hohenlohe. Naturally, the event has been extensively commemorated on the picture postcard by the comic artist and the poetaster.

**The Köpenick Hoax**



THE POSTCARD POET AND ARTIST ON THE AFFAIR HAULING THE BURGOMASTER FROM THE TOWN HALL

Some of the many extravagant "Köpenick" cartoons which have been produced in Germany.

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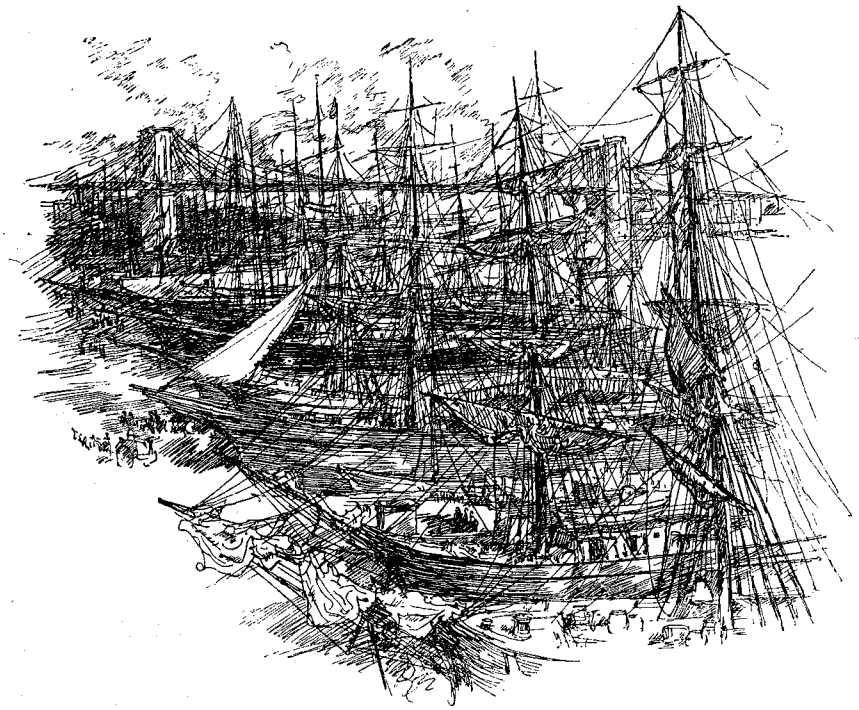

THE WHARVES AND THE SHIPS. FROM "NEW YORK COMME JE L'AI VU"

**The Ownership of Ideas**

A good many of our most popular storytellers make it a point to refuse positively to read manuscripts of novels that are sent to them for suggestion and criticism. They are moved to this stand not only on account of the time involved in this labour, but also through reasons of precaution. They have learned that the average untried writer has usually comparatively little understanding of the fact that the general contrivances of fiction are and have been for centuries the property of all mankind. Consequently, the novelist who reads a manuscript must ever after avoid in his own books the remotest suggestion of a scene or idea contained in the beginner's work or else be boldly charged with the appropriation of another's property. *A propos* of this subject, an experience in the career of our late contemporary, *The Critic,* may be interesting. We suppose that no idea in connection with magazines and newspapers is more generally common property than that of a department devoted to answers to correspondents. Under some form or another it may be traced back almost to the infancy of periodical journalism. Yet as something startlingly new one person wrote to the editor of *The Critic* suggesting the establishment of such a department. A year or two later the magazine found it expedient to devote a few pages to answering questions, whereupon came a most truculent letter charging the theft of an original idea and demanding a considerable sum in payment.

**Our Latest Critic**

We have always maintained that Mr. Richard Harding Davis's *About Paris* is one of the most entertaining books treating of the French capital, because of its very naïveté. With perfect seriousness Mr. Davis put down on paper the very things that most writers would have ignored on account of their obviousness, and the result was surprisingly refreshing. Last winter the French artist and writer, Charles Huard, visited us. He has given his impressions in a book re-

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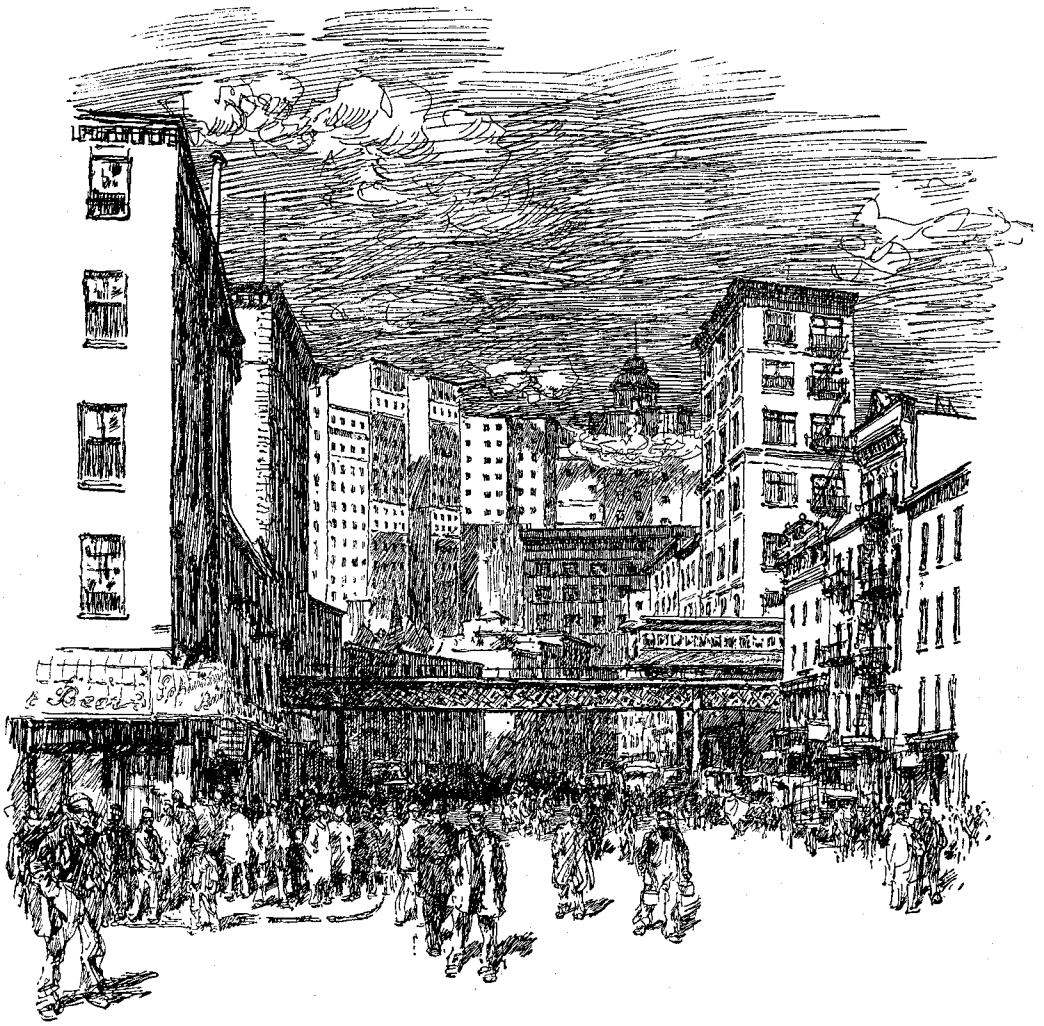

LOWER BROAD STREET. FROM "NEW YORK COMME JE L'AI VU"

cently printed in Paris, entitled *New York Comme je l'ai Vu,* a volume which will strike most New Yorkers as exceedingly funny and yet exceedingly delightful. A New Yorker could no more have written *New York as I Have Seen It* than a Parisian could have written about Paris as Mr. Davis did. Both would have taken too much for granted. M. Huard's illustrations are of a high order of excellence.

In addition to its full-page and half-page sketches showing the city's various quarters and architectual effects, M. Huard's book contains a vast number of marginal illustrations of the types of New York men and women whom the artist had occasion to study during his visit. One of these, which is described under the general head of "American Type," we reproduce by itself as having an individual interest. It is a far more perfect likeness of Mr. Stewart Edward White than any photograph of him that has ever been reproduced. At first thought we should ascribe the striking resemblance to the fact that Mr. White is a member of the Players Club, where M. Huard was a frequent visitor last winter. But as a matter of fact,

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A TYPE THAT IS A PORTRAIT

Mr. White is, at present writing, in New York for the first time since the summer of 1904.

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**Kipling's Mistake**

There was nothing original, but something exceedingly cruel, in the remarks of a Yale professor a few weeks ago to the effect that Mr. Kipling's great mistake was that he did not die of pneumonia when he was ill in New York seven or eight years ago. It is not often that people go to the length of bluntly expressing this opinion, but it is the underlying keynote of all the criticism hostile to the new Kipling—the criticism which does not like *Kim,* which abhors *Stalky and Company,* and which is impatient with the dilution of Henry James that is to be found in so many of his later stories. Mr. Kipling himself is keenly conscious of this sentiment, and it pains him. Not very long ago he said bitterly to a friend: "The American people have never forgiven me for not having died the time that I was ill in New York."

❧

**Inconsistency and Conan Doyle**

We call attention to authors' inconsistencies and anachronisms not because we believe them to be in themselves of vital importance, but because even when most trivial they are always interesting. The latest writer to stray in this respect is Conan Doyle with his recently published *Sir Nigel.* Just as in the five books which constitute Fenimore Cooper's famous "Leatherstocking" series, *The Pioneers,* the last in point of chronological order, was the first printed, and the *Deerslayer,* the first chronologically, was the last printed, so *Sir Nigel,* appearing sixteen years after the publication of *The White Company,* told of many of the same people at a much younger age. In the time which had elapsed between the writing of the two books, Conan Doyle evidently forgot many of the statements in the first. For instance, in *Sir Nigel* we read how Sir Nigel Loring and Samkin Aylward, the archer, go to the French wars together as knight and squire, passing months of hardship in an intimacy as close as the difference in rank and birth would permit. Turning back to *The White Company,* we find the two meeting as total strangers. The great yellow horse Pommers, which plays so conspicuous a part in *Sir Nigel,* is described as a black horse in *The White Company.* Again, though there is no allusion to Sir Nigel having contracted a second marriage, the heavy-handed and somewhat viperish Lady Nigel of *The White Company* bears but little resemblance to the Lady Mary Buttesthorn of the newer tale.

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**Dolores Bacon**

Cyrus Townsend Brady and S. R. Crockett (who are required to keep catalogues of their own books, so fast are they produced) have a new rival in Dolores Bacon, who probably holds the year's record for literary productivity. She had four books of hers published within four months. Never was there a greater variety in one person's output. It included a romantic novel, a book of songs for children, the story of a child's life and a history of New England churches! Mrs. Bacon has had a very interesting career. She was Paris correspondent for the New York *World,* and scored some notable "beats." Subsequently she was for a time on the stage in the late Frank Moye's company. She now devotes all her time to writing.

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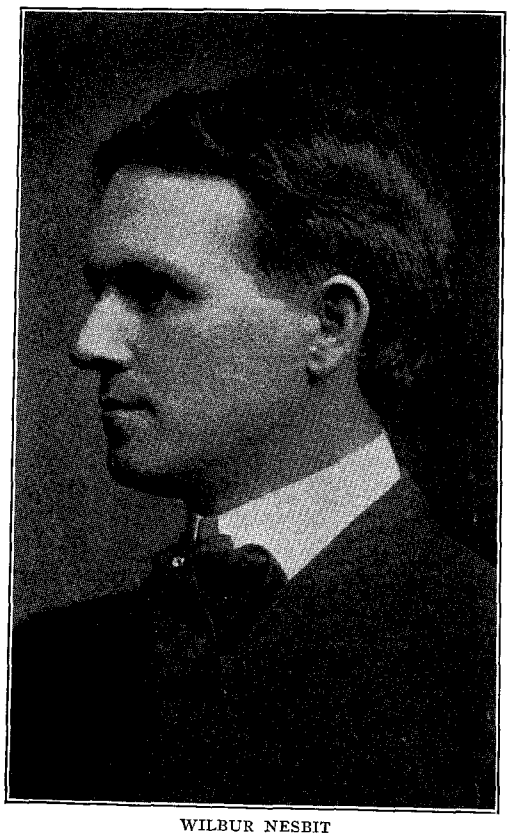
**"The Gentleman Ragman"**

There are unquestionably limitations and flaws in Mr. Wilbur Nesbit's *The Gentleman Ragman,* but that it has a quality which we shall characterise by the hackneyed and much-abused word "atmosphere" is not to be disputed. To say that in its best parts it suggests chapters and scenes of *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn* without being in any sense imitation is high praise, but is not entirely undeserved. At any rate, one can speak of the comparison, so long as one qualifies it, without being effusive. There is considerable humour in Mr. Nesbit's book, and it is in an original vein.



WILBUR NESBIT

DOLORES BACON

**The Alden Reception**

To be considered with the reception given to Mark Twain last year on the occasion of his seventieth birthday was the reception given on the tenth of last month to Henry Mills Alden, in honour of the veteran editor of *Harper's Magazine* having completed his three score and ten. About two hundred and fifty guests sat down to the supper, which was held in the great room of the Franklin Square Printing House, which has been so closely associated with American literary enterprise for almost ninety years. At the table of honour sat Mr. Alden, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Richard Watson Gilder, William Dean Howells, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Bishop Ethelbert Talbot, President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton and Colonel George Harvey. Colonel Harvey presided, and there were short poems read and short addresses made by a number of those present.

**The Dramatic Season**

After three years of abstinence, we plunged again into play-going, attending some nine or ten performances in quick succession, in the hope that something had surely happened to the drama in the meantime. But it is only by the calendar that we can tell one New York

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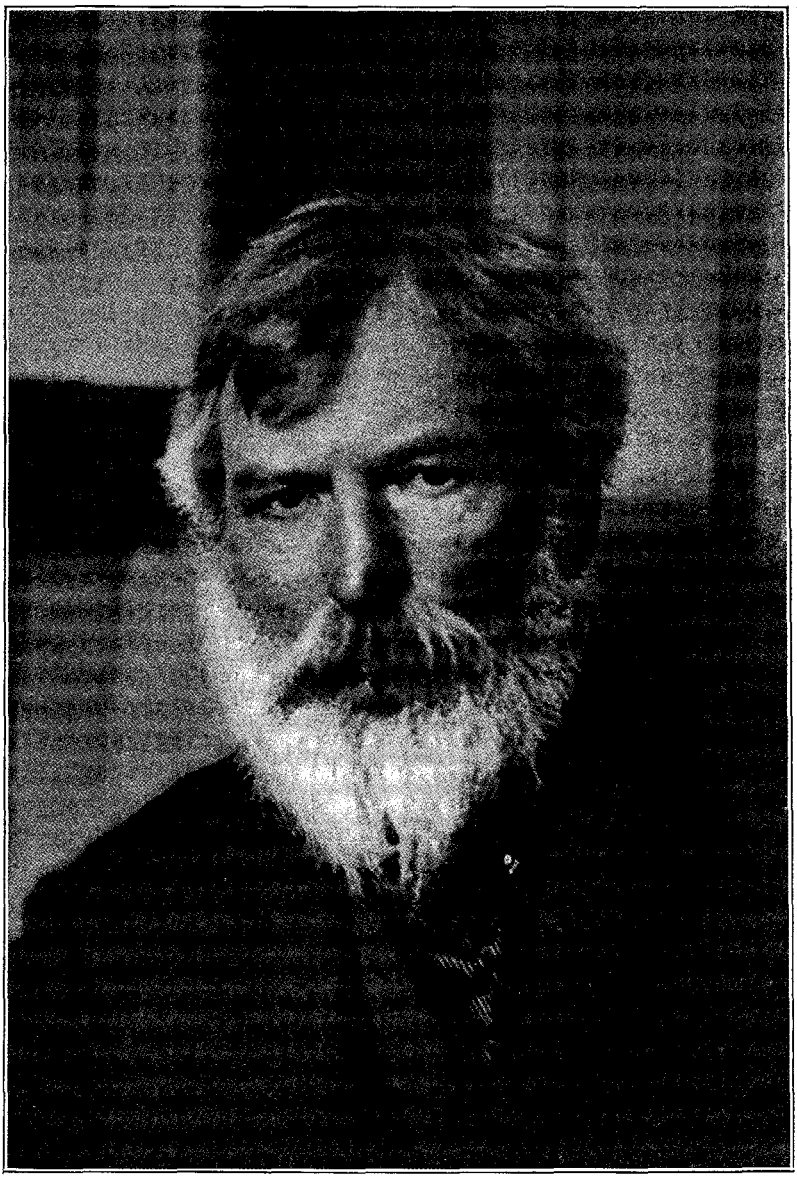

HENRY MILLS ALDEN

season from another, and we have spent our days like a tale that is told. There is, as usual, a Jones play running, and a Pinero play, each preoccupied with the only moral questions known to the author, those of sex. Another Shaw play is torn from the bound volume where it properly belongs and presented to audiences that obviously would rather read it. Native plays, sweet and viscid with domestic sentiment, continue to soothe the tired business man. The wild West is with us still, but a trifle more subdued in colouring. Everything is as it has been, even to Mr. William Winter, among the falling leaves, scolding furiously about the things that nobody else can see the harm in. There are wise men, of course, who can account for it all, blaming this or that class of people or school of thought. Mr. Jones, for instance, in a recent lecture at Harvard, classifies the

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AMERICAN TYPES. AS SEEN BY M. HUARD

From *New York Comme je l'ai Vu*

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causes of dramatic stagnation very neatly under seven different heads, which the student can easily commit to memory, as, for example, the divorce of literature from the stage and the need of a national impulse. But it is too hard work to account for all the differences between our age and that of Elizabeth or to explain just why we are not like the modern Frenchman. Nor can we derive any satisfaction from attributing our lack of dramatic geniuses to the spirit of the times or to racial peculiarities. It is a bad habit of thought, especially for a playwright, who ought rather to be asking what is the matter with himself personally instead of with the nation and the age.

IN THE CHINESE QUARTER
From *New York Comme je l'ai Vu*

❦

**"The House of Mirth"**

The dramatisation of *The House of Mirth* looked like the result of a drawn battle between novelist and playwright. Whether it was hammered out clause by clause like the Treaty of Portsmouth we cannot say, but it moved abruptly from point to point, as in a series of reluctant compromises. It is hard to believe that Mrs. Wharton and Mr. Clyde Fitch could co-operate sympathetically in anything. From the turn of his mind Mr. Fitch would unconsciously burlesque such a book as *The House of Mirth*. It must be unpleasant to an author to see a work of literary value vanish in the quicklime of Mr. Fitch's intelligence, and no doubt Mrs. Wharton fought hard to save what she could. The dialogue was not much debased, but the somewhat inhuman characters in the story were further dehumanised and were no longer bad or vulgar people, but symbols of badness or vulgarity. The novel, appearing as it did in a season of small things, deserved all the ejaculations of surprise that it elicited, but it was not a work of superabundant vitality. To write heartily of dogs one must not be too intellectually scornful of the dog's point of view, and so even of the New York men and women whom Mrs. Wharton had in mind. It was a finely executed study of small minds and mean desires, quite unsuited to the coarsening and syncopating process which it had to undergo at the hands of Mr. Fitch.

❦

**"Cæsar and Cleopatra"**

To a reader of Mr. Shaw's published plays *Cæsar and Cleopatra* would seem about the last one to choose for presentation. It wavers between farce and drama, achieving neither, and though this does not matter much when we read it, it does when we see it on the stage. Mr. Forbes Robertson was faithful to the Shaw notion of Cæsar, and played his part effect-

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ively, but he might as well have read it aloud. It was a waste of his own abilities, to say nothing of the hard work of his company. Most of Mr. Shaw's plays tell a story of one kind or another, and are not lacking in development. Even when defective in these respects there is the pleasure of seeing him smashing about in conventional modern china shops and setting all our every-day platitudes upside down. But conventional views as to the character of Julius Cæsar are too lightly held for iconoclasm in this field to be particularly entertaining. It was to be expected that Mr. Shaw would endow Cæsar with a highly modern sense of humour and make Cleopatra a mischievous school-girl. Despite the cleverness of the lines, the wit is too much on the order of that which runs through the various comic histories of England.

**Two Dramas of Vexation**

Both Mr. Pinero and Mr. Jones know the art of exasperating the playgoer to the limit of his endurance and of keeping him in his seat in the hope that some hypocrisy will be stripped off and some grievance redressed. And they can do this without lighting up a single character with a gleam of fancy, eloquence or wit. It would be hard to recall one word of Mr. Jones's *Hypocrites,* and equally hard to forget the feeling of annoyance that it created. On the one hand were the usual representations of what Mr. Jones would call middle-class conventional morality, including a mother who wished to conceal the relations of her son with a young woman beneath him in station, an exaggerated humbug of a parson, a lying and pompous old father and other accessories to the fraud; on the other hand was a young curate, who takes the girl's part and determines that she shall marry her seducer against all odds. The object is to make the son's family as odious as possible and the young curate's case as forlorn as possible, and to stimulate in the onlooker an absorbing desire for the extrication of the under-dog. In Mr. Pinero's *His House in Order* the under-dog is the second wife of an obtuse and weak-willed person, who lets his first wife's relatives run his household and insult and tyrannise over its mistress with a brutality and coarseness that just falls short of burlesque, till it turns out that the deceased wife, instead of being the saintly model that her relatives have held up to her successor, was guilty of adultery, and that her child is illegitimate. There is no denying the skill with which both writers have wrought on our instinct of fair play and enhanced the ugliness of the oppressor and kept up the suspense. Those who dislike the plays most pay a tribute to them by the heat with which they discuss them afterwards. Nor can we at the present time afford to belittle dramatic work that arouses in us any emotion whatever, the effect of most plays being a kind of apathy, sometimes even coma. But it is a wretchedly restricted field that Mr. Jones and Mr. Pinero have triumphed in, and their business-like setting forth of moral issues seems very dreary in the retrospect. Apparently they have long since said all they have to say.

**"The Great Divide"**

Mr. William Vaughan Moody enjoys the distinction of having come nearer to writing poetry than almost any other of the younger American bards, and to the surprise of every one who has read his verses, he suddenly produces a play which has all the elements of popularity. It is violently improbable from beginning to end. A heroine of Puritan ancestry, assailed by three ruffians in the dead of the night, promises to marry the best looking one of them immediately if he will save her from the others. He buys off one and shoots the other and flies with her across the prairie to the nearest justice of the peace. She submits to this in the full possession of her faculties, knowing that the promise was made under duress, and in spite of the fact that this most chivalrous of ravishers offers her the opportunity of shooting him instead of marrying him. Obviously in love with him from the first, and still more so after marriage, she lets her conscience torment her with the irreg-

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ularity of the event, and mopes through two acts, vowing that such unholy deeds must be expiated, till by an incredibly simple explanation of herself to herself the man wins her once for all. It is reported that Mr. Moody himself pronounces it "all rot," and so far as the probabilities are concerned, that is an accurate criticism. But there is an illusion in the play that overcomes the probabilities and a sincerity that shines through its lies. It may be the "literary quality"; it may be the unexpectedly good acting of Miss Margaret Anglin and Mr. Henry Miller; but somehow or other, in spite of its absurdities, it depicts the contest between a clean and healthy mind and a stuffy parochial bigotry. It has an idea in it, and for that reason ought not to be grouped with the other plays of Western life, such as *The Three of Us,* which is purely conventional, and *The Girl from the Golden West,* with its cowboys and gamblers and blood dripping from the ceiling.

**Sherlock Holmes in "Clarice"**

Mr. William Gillette might as well accept the fact that his original identity has been destroyed. For a time, perhaps, he may have had a dual personality. He may have been William Gillette off the stage, and Sherlock Holmes only when he was acting in that play. But now and for the rest of his life there is no longer a William Gillette, whether he calls himself that, or the Admirable Crichton, or Dr. Carrington. In whatever costume and character he chooses to appear, he is, in spite of himself, and always must be, Sherlock Holmes. Consequently, in the interesting play *Clarice,* every one who sees it regards it simply as another incident in the life of Sherlock—Sherlock Holmes pretending to be a physician, Sherlock Holmes living in South Carolina, Sherlock Holmes in love with his ward Clarice, and finally, Sherlock Holmes betraying an unheard-of obtuseness such as would properly befit only the worthy Watson. This is what makes one feel a sort of resentfulness in witnessing *Clarice.* One can put up with Sherlock in love, but when we find him acting like a purblind imbecile, unable to see what is as plain as a pikestaff, and accepting the diagnosis of an unfriendly doctor as immediately conclusive, then we want to climb over the footlights and tell him things. All the same, *Clarice* is a play which tugs at your heart-strings, because of the perfect naturalness and strong emotional capacity of Miss Marie Doro, who carries off the honours of the piece. Because of her, one can overlook the stupidity of Sherlock, the breaches of medical etiquette and the utterly improbable hypodermic which brings the play to a tearful though happy ending. As a matter of fact, the hypodermic is just what one expects in a Sherlockian drama; only the injection should be of cocaine and not of ether. We are waiting with some interest for the next play, which shall give us some further insight into the portions of Holmes's life which Watson never dreamed of.

**The Technical School and the University**

In an address delivered in September at Columbia University, and printed in a recent number of *Science,* Professor William H. Burr explains with great lucidity the nice distinction between pure science and technological practice by simply discarding altogether what he calls "the useless and senseless term 'pure' science as opposed to applied science." Let us for a moment recover our breath and examine what Professor Burr thus casts away. Surely there exists a most essential difference between scientific researches in general and those undertaken for technological purposes. The true man of science is endeavouring at all times to push his inquiry as near to absolute truth as it is possible for human effort to carry it; the technologist stops when he has approached truth near enough to satisfy the demands of his business. Engineers study the theory of stresses and the strength of materials in order that their bridges and steel buildings may not fall to pieces; true men of science do so because they believe a well-rounded and perfected mathematical theory will enrich the world like a work

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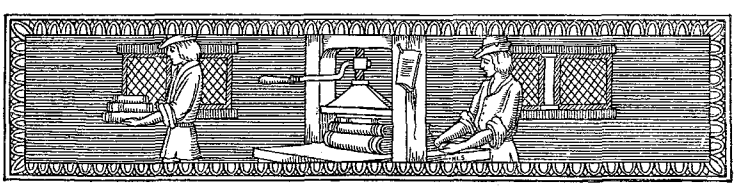
of the finest art. So the difference is one of motive. But motive is everything in human affairs. Even the forger goes free unless a criminal motive for his act can be proven. Whether the higher motive belongs to pure science or to technology is a matter of individual opinion; our own opinion turns toward the ideal rather than the material, the disinterested rather than the highly paid, the unobtrusive rather than the widely advertised.

Professor Burr indulges in a not unskilful sneer at "closet professors," and insists that engineering instruction cannot be given by men without wide professional experience. Nor can it in any profession. Take medicine, for example. It is impossible for one gentleman to teach a second gentleman how to amputate a third gentleman's leg unless he has had experience in amputating the legs of a number of other gentlemen. We can go even further. The teacher of surgery must show the student cases actually under operation. In other words, the clinic is essential. So in civil engineering we must have practical field instruction in summer schools; and mining engineers must be taught in actually existing mines. All these things have but a tenuous connection with the University. Can a mine in Mexico, or a surveying school in the distant hills of Connecticut be part of a university in New York? Can a university be in half a dozen places? The fact is that a simple administrative reason exists for placing technical schools near a university. Part of the preliminary training of their students, such as trigonometry for engineers, or simplified spelling for lawyers, is identical with what is already being done in some university department, so that an administrative economy results from combination. But the strictly technical parts of professional instruction have practically no connection with true university work; they can be taught just as well away from universities; and in fact they are largely thus separated. There is still another and stronger tie between the university and technical school. Sometimes the same professor will be engaged at work in technology and in pure scientific research as well. This rare and valuable man should have every facility, including access to students and materials in both institutions. These things are all sufficiently obvious. But we doubt whether Professor Burr had them in mind when he summed up the conclusion of his address with the modest words, "Professional schools not only belong to the university, they *are* the university." This will make the professors uncomfortable in their closets. Some of them may come out and say things.



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# THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX

## I

A letter from Denver, Colorado, runs as follows:

I will be very glad to have you tell me where to find the little poem "When Evening Cometh On." I read it long ago—perhaps fifteen or twenty years—in a magazine or newspaper, and that's all I can tell about it.

F. W.

The correct title of the poem is "When Even Cometh On." It was written by Lucy Evangeline Tilley (1859-90). The text of it can be found in her book entitled *Little Rhymes in Brown,* or, more conveniently, in Mr. Stedman's *American Anthology,* page 673 (New York, 1900).

## II

From Washington, D. C.:

In the September number of THE BOOKMAN, you—or the Senior Editor, which I suppose is the same thing—in describing your wanderings in Springfield, Massachusetts, remarked that you prefer the spelling "sondhi" for the combination of ice cream and smashed fruit which is so popular in summer. Might one ask why?

Our reason is a purely subjective reason, which in this particular case is as good as any other. Some persons spell the word "sondæ," which has a Scandinavian look quite inappropriate to a tropical confection. We have even seen the word spelled "sunday," which is still more incongruous. On the other hand, "sondhi" has an East Indian appearance, befitting the Oriental character of the thing in question. We wish that we knew the geographical limits of the use of this word. Up in Boston, for example, they call a sondhi a "college ice." We wonder what they call it in New Orleans and Minneapolis and San Francisco.

## III

A reader in Cleveland, Ohio, raises a question of chronology:

In your September number you speak of Mrs. Browning's centenary as occurring this year, and you state specifically that she was born in 1806. I find it asserted, however, in various books of reference, including the *Encyclopædia Britannica,* that her birth-year was 1809. The same date is also given in Ingram's life of Mrs. Browning, published at Boston in 1888. Have you not made an error of three years, and may not your error account for the fact that your literary contemporaries have not taken any notice of this alleged anniversary?

No; we have made no error. We fancied that all of our readers who were especially interested in Mrs. Browning were aware of the controversy which was carried on for a time over the date of her birth. She herself left no positive record on this subject; but Mr. Ingram, whom our correspondent mentions, assumed 1809 as the date of her birth because of certain general remarks which she made and which he chose to interpret with a definiteness which was obviously not intended by her. Robert Browning, her husband, wrote of her as having been born in 1806, but even his assertion did not satisfy the doubters. Subsequently, however, a careful search brought to light the records of the parish in which she was born, and in these records it was noted that she was born on March 6, 1806. This ended the controversy for all time, or at least it ought to have done so. Our questioner will please take notice of the fact.

## IV

The following question has a certain curious interest of its own:

TO THE LETTER BOX:

Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury of Yale University, in his book on the standard of English pronunciation, remarks incidentally that the rule of the road in England requires one in driving to turn to the left, whereas in this country we always turn to the right. And he observes that no one knows just how this

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difference is to be explained. Is he correct in this assertion?

We should say not. The reason for the difference is fairly obvious. In driving, the person holding the reins naturally turns in such a direction that he himself will be near the point from which danger is anticipated, so that he may see it and avoid it. Now, in England, when carriages came into general use, the roads were good; and when two vehicles passed each other the only danger to be apprehended was that their wheels might interlock. Consequently, in that country it became the practice of the drivers to turn to the left, so that they might keep their eyes upon each other's wheels and so avert the chance of a collision. In the United States, however, the roads were execrable and frequently wound around the edges of hills upon the verge of precipices and gullies, where no fence was placed to save them from a sudden and perilous descent. Therefore, in the United States drivers turned out to the right, ignoring the lesser danger of a collision and watching carefully the far greater danger of getting off the road and finding their vehicle either bemired or actually overturned.

V

A subscriber in Helena, Montana, asks a question:

Can you give me exactly a quotation which is more or less familiar but which I cannot repeat exactly? It compares the ballot to lightning. I should much like to have the precise words and also to know the name of the author.

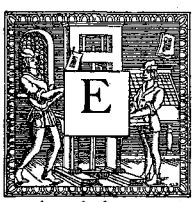
The reference is evidently to the famous stanza written by John Pierpont (1785-1866). Mr. Pierpont was a Unitarian clergyman, who early took part in the abolition movement, and who in his old age became the chaplain of a regiment in the Civil War. The stanza to which our correspondent refers speaks of the ballot as—

"A weapon that comes down as still
As snow-flakes fall upon the sod;
But executes a freeman's will,
As lightning does the will of God."

By the way, it was Pierpont who composed the well-known poetical address of Warren to the American soldiers at Bunker Hill beginning:

"Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!"

# THE CONFESSIONS OF A LITERARY PRESS AGENT



EVER since "Commercialism" reared its awful head to shake defiance at the dignified traditions of publishing, I have been wondering just when I should be caught, ink-stained instead of red-handed; branded with the infamy of my nefarious profession and turned loose as a solemn warning to enterprise to cease its "best selling" activities. My friend, the literary agent, has been held up as a horrible menace to the integrity of the relation between author and publisher. I mention him because I have a fellow-feeling for him. I, too, am a literary agent—but of the advance agent variety.

Some publishers will tell you that they tolerate the literary press agent because he is a necessary evil. This point of view is strongest, perhaps, at the time of the year when salaries are to be raised. At other times, most of them will enlarge upon the tremendous amount of publicity their enterprises are getting—and its value. But I have been asked to confess—not to boast—and by my confession ye shall know me.

Like all the rest of my tribe, I am a

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"reformed" newspaper man; that is, I went from newspaper work into something else. I went to the magazine field—a logical step forward. But I couldn't get the newspaper ink off my fingers, so I fell, and became, in addition to my magazine activities, a literary press agent. It was the old "story" instinct that lured me on. The publishing house with which I had the honour to be connected had been sending out nice, dignified, sterilised "literary notes," that found safe obscurity among their kindred. One day I met one of our authors, an Oriental with a picturesque and romantic life story. When he told it to me, I itched to write it. I saw at once that here was a rattling good newspaper tale. The man who was writing our literary notes had sent out a conventional announcement about the author. I told him I had a good plan to get a lot of publicity, and he amiably offered no objection. I went to the Oriental's home, interviewed him, and wrote a two-column article illustrated by his latest picture. I sent it to a dozen leading papers in the United States and every one published it. It was a good yarn, with the glamour of adventure about it. The book was not aggressively featured, but you couldn't read the article without knowing all about it. The result was that thousands of people all over the country heard about that man and his book—and the sales were increased.

This proved to me that progressive newspaper methods could be as successfully adapted to the exploiting of books as to the booming of plays, eliminating, of course, the diamond robbery and divorce features so strongly played up in the dramatic profession.

After that I let no guilty "story" escape, and before long I naturally succeeded to the publicity department, in addition to my other activities. I simply handled books as news.

That first performance, too, proved one very vital thing in the exploitation of books—that after the book itself, it is the personality of the author—the human interest side—that appeals to the book-buying audience. Upon this I have waged many a strenuous campaign. It is sometimes hard on the author—especially if he has a "past."

The literary press agent thus becomes the counsel for the author and pleads his case before the public. He paves the way to interest and expectancy, and when the storm clouds of criticism and discussion break about the book, he can sometimes "ride in the whirlwind." He learns that the more some books are damned, the more successful they become.

I remember the case of a certain eminent "best selling" novelist who sometimes writes with a torch. He said to me: "I'll stand for anything you write about me." Nobly he kept his word. He was the centre of a perfect maelstrom of dissension, yet the hotter it grew, the more he liked it. When the fire slumbered, he poked it himself and kept it blazing.

With this kind of author the literary press agent does his deadliest work. Then he forgets that a book is a book. He simply knows that it is a thing to be waved like a red flag in the face of the public. I remember the case of a certain author who fairly drips with publicity, who came to me some time before one of his very successful books appeared, and said:

"This book is bound to create a great fuss (I believe he wrote it to do that very thing). You will know what to do when that happens." Well—I did it. He had asked all his friends to write letters to the newspapers about it and they responded. Now the public does not know that these letters are "inspired"; they think that they

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In the form of "Confessions," the various phases of the Literary Shop have, during the past year or two, been laid bare in detail to a public which unquestionably has evinced a very lively and genuine curiosity and interest. We have had the "Confessions of the Publisher," the "Confessions of the Editor," the "Confessions of the Literary Agent," and the "Confessions of the Literary Adviser." We have had innumerable confessions from literary hacks and from disappointed authors. Publishers and editors and authors are in no way limited to our own times; they had their struggles and their grievances, and undoubtedly would have liked to have aired them, in days when Grub Street was more than a mere figure of speech. On the other hand, the Literary Agent and the Literary Adviser—especially the former—are products of newer conditions—conditions which also have made a definite place for the Literary Publicity Agent and have given his Confessions a real interest and meaning.

THE EDITORS OF THE BOOKMAN.

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represent part of the burning interest that the world is taking in the author and his book. I have helped to create many such interests and been called upon to show an intimate acquaintance with things ranging all the way from ancient history to woman's rights. You can start these "discussions" with the merest trifle—the use of toothpicks in good society, or the ethics of the use of the word *damn* at the right moment. These "red hot" discussions have caused many books to sell which otherwise would slumber safely in obscurity.

I have in mind an author who loved publicity more than bread and meat. All his literary life he hungered for it, and when it came, it was like an avalanche. It would have swamped most men, but he rode it supremely. He is the type who likes to take the public into his confidence concerning everything he thinks and believes. One day he asked me to write something about a group of men.

"But," I replied, "that is libel," scenting the familiar newspaper nightmare.

"That's all right," replied the author. "It will stir things up. If they sue, it's good advertisement."

On another occasion he came to me with a violent communication that he wanted to let loose on the world.

"What do you advise?" he asked.

"I should not send it out," I replied.

"I have already sent it," he said. What can you do with genius of that calibre?

The "mystery" has furnished excellent fuel. If the press agent can fasten a mystery on an author, or cloak his or her identity with the "unknown," he can do many things. I have built many columns of matter, and got much profitable advertising out of the mere fact that an author preferred to use a pseudonym. With a woman it is easy to say that she is "widely known," and for personal reasons prefers to remain anonymous. The very moment you can introduce this intangible quality about the identity of the author, you create interest, for people, especially women, are curious, you know.

Then, too, you can create speculation as to the sex of an author. Many fierce campaigns have been waged on the mere statement that a certain author who uses the name of a man is a woman. You can develop this into a discussion that involves nearly every characteristic of the whole human family.

But all authors are not of the incendiary kind. I have one in mind, the revelation of whose real character may be gained from the following extract from a letter he once sent me:

> I hope you'll not think me ungracious, but I fear you'll have to manage the "publicity" matter without me. I can hardly conceive myself doing anything in that way with reference to my own book; I'd rather that the book should not sell.
>
> I have a photograph of myself ten years old (there will be no later ones) to which you are welcome if you care for it, though I hope you don't. As to "biographical matter," certain old-fashioned notions have hitherto forbidden me to supply it for advertising purposes, or any other; and I'm sixty-four—too old to change my habits.
>
> In your place, I should probably want just what you want, and ask for it; but in mine—well, that is different.

I like to recall, too, an experience with a lovely and gracious woman who writes real books. It is a privilege to exploit them. You feel that you are doing the public a service and yourself a very great pleasure. I planned the campaign of one of her novels. It was a genuine piece of literature (perhaps the phrase is familiar to some of my readers), and for months her picture and dignified stories about her appeared everywhere. The book was her greatest popular success. Of course she was gratified, but she said to me one day: "I am really embarrassed by all this publicity. Can't you stop it?" I promised to do what I could.

When her next book came along, she said: "I want this book to make its own way, write as little about me as you can." Deep down in my exploiting heart I respected her profoundly for that statement. I let the book have its way and kept the publicity "lid" on tight. A book by her is a literary event and it was a success. But what else happened? In prosaic terms of business, it did not sell as well as the one before.

This simply means that publicity, and lots of it, is essential to the success of a

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book these days. Of course, a book of vital literary quality will make its own way, sometime, but it takes years. I have in mind the case of a dog story that during its first year was practically a failure. Suddenly it woke up and has been a constant seller ever since. At the start, however, it had very little publicity.

Yet I do not believe in silly book puffing. The reader is perfectly capable of discriminating between books, but the fact remains that when you read a lot in the newspapers and magazines about an author and his book, there is a pretty strong temptation to explore for yourself. Thus, publicity creates an interest, and when it does that, it is fulfilling its mission.

If I should draw the curtain from that sacred place where repose the author's confessions to the press agent, my task here would be unnecessary. I get a more intimate glimpse into the character of the author than any one else, because I appeal to his vanity. You may hear a woman say to a friend: "The way my pictures are paraded around is simply shocking," yet the chances are that she gave the press agent more different kinds of portraits of herself than he could possibly use in a year.

The best co-workers are the men and women who have worked on newspapers, because they have a "story" sense. Yet one of them wrote to me the other day: "I could never be a good press agent for myself. It was always for other people." A woman once told me a lot about herself—and one interesting detail. When she had finished, she said: "You may use all that but"—and then specified the aforesaid most interesting fact. When you gently remonstrate, you somehow get the impression that you are not doing just exactly the right thing.

It has become the fashion for some authors to act as their own press agents. I forbear to mention names, but certain activities during the past year, for example, strongly indicate that some of them have designs upon my job. The distressing feature is that I began as their press agent, and they tell me that they learned the job from me! This is gratifying—but unsatisfactory.

By this time you are perhaps wondering just how this business of introducing genius to immortality is carried on. Every book is a law unto itself when it comes to the task of exploiting it. It depends on the kind of book and kind of author you have, and the kind of public you want. Naturally, the most satisfactory public, and the one everybody tries to reach, is the buying public.

The "first" book is the hardest to pull through. Here you have a practically unknown commodity for which you are required to create a demand. If the book is sensational it is not so hard, for this quality lends itself to publicity. But when the book is just one of the abundant "promising" variety—the kind that publishers accept because they feel there is a real novel in the man and that it will be the second—you are required to tax to the utmost whatever resources you may have.

The very psychology of making an absolutely unknown author known is an intensely fascinating thing. From your desk you send that first tiny, trickling stream of publicity that sometimes becomes a rushing torrent, bearing on its breast fame, fortune and success. And the largest compensation that comes to the man behind it lies in the appreciation and friendship of the author you have exploited. It makes it well worth while.

I like to recall the case of a young American novelist whose first book I had the pleasure of exploiting. He had written several magazine articles, but he was a good example of the "unknown" novelist. He had written a book in which I believed. I took the subject with which it dealt and made a campaign on it—and it succeeded. When the book came along it spoke for itself; and it was then easy to attach the man's personality to it. He was very grateful, and he is today one of my best friends.

Perhaps I have given the impression that the author's writing a book is a mere incidental performance. This is remote from my purpose. Without the book, my machinery would be idle, although it has been said of one gentleman in my profession (and by a very eminent publisher, too) that he could get publicity out of a book with blank pages.

Writing literary notes and biographical

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sketches of authors is a very small part of the literary press agent's work. There was a time when it constituted the largest part. Now he must keep his finger on the newspaper pulse and be in touch with all the men and women everywhere who write about books. He must know what kind of matter they want—and when they want it; he must know the routine of the managing editor, the Sunday editor, the city editor and the reporter, for in this strenuous life he must play all these parts. He harnesses the power of news agencies, and if the mail is too slow he uses the cable and the telegraph. He deals in pages instead of paragraphs. There is as much satisfaction in swinging a big publicity deal as there was in the old newspaper days in scoring a great "beat" that put the opposition out of business.

Strange as it may appear—for my work is essentially advertising—I have always declined to have anything to do with the advertising department; that is, the department which places book advertising. I do not believe that the editorial and business ends should work together in that way. I opposed it when I was on a newspaper—I do not think it is compatible with the best ethics of magazine editing. Therefore, I ask no favours of newspapers with the understanding that they will get our advertising, nor do I "sneak" things in.

It is this adaptability of enterprising newspaper methods to book publicity that has caused the dignified publisher to "view with alarm" the activities of the literary press agent. Now, let us be quite frank. The author of that eminently readable book, *A Publisher's Confession*, bewailed the fact that books were advertised like soap, shoes and biscuits. It is true that frenzied circus methods have been adopted to whip a book into the "best selling" class, but in a larger sense a book *is* a commodity, and is governed by the laws of demand and supply. The publishing business is not what Mr. McCurdy called life insurance—"a philanthropic institution." If authors insist upon novelising things ranging from a packing-house stench to a political ambition, there is nothing to do but to make the most of it. When a publisher brings out a book it is his obligation to stand by it; the literary press agent is his aid. He does not exploit an author's personality or his affairs for the sheer pleasure of doing it, nor with a devilish desire to expose something; but because it is his conscientious duty to do all he can that makes for the success of the book. The same rule applies to a newspaper reporter who wakes up a sleepy man at two o'clock in the morning to ask him a question. The man slams down the window and calls the reporter a meddling, impudent disturber of the peace. But the irascible sleeper has not stopped to think that the reporter was simply under orders and doing his job.

I ease my literary conscience when I have a real book to exploit, for then I am doing a genuine service to the public—and to literature. If I treat books as a commodity, it does not imply a lack of reverence for them. To me every one is a sort of living thing, breathing some human hope or ambition. I have had this feeling ever since that boyhood day when *Robinson Crusoe* first opened its myriad wonders to me, or that later time when Keats heightened my vison with the "symbols of a high romance."

So you see I am not so bad after all.

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# A RAILWAY TRAGEDY—PERHAPS

SCENE.—*Railway station on the line between Paris and Lyons, arranged with benches and small tables. Big bell heard ringing outside. Several passengers drinking beer and eating at the tables, while others are seen walking back and forth outside. Guard rings a bell at the door.*

GUARD. *En Wagon pour Vienne, Colombe, Roussillon, Tournon, Isère, et Valence! En wagon!*

ENTER *crusty old traveller wrapped up in shawl. Drops into seat at one of the tables.*

OLD MAN. Garsong, hey, Garsong! Tea, strong and hot, and be quick about it. I call this a beastly outrage—to be dropped in this hole at four o'clock in the morning after being jolted all night in that beastly train (*yawns*). I feel as if I should never get enough sleep if I were to sleep till doomsday (*yawns*).

ENTER *Dundreary type of English traveller, who sits at same table with* OLD MAN.

DUNDREARY (*to* OLD MAN). I say, how long do we stop heah?

OLD MAN. How should I know? I am not the conductor. (*After a pause*) Do I look like a conductor? Do I look as if I knew everything?

DUNDREARY. No, no! Quite the contrary. But I thought that——

OLD MAN. Well, you had no business to think it.

DUNDREARY. —that you knew something.

(OLD MAN *snarls and wraps his shawls around him. Door opens at back.* ENTER OLD LADY, *type of fussy, nervous traveller, followed by* DAUGHTER, *both carrying many bundles, which they drop right and left. They take seats.* ENTER *waiter and barmaid, who go round among the people taking orders.* ENTER *French "dude" tourist, who bows in turn to every one, receiving stares in reply.*)

DUNDREARY (*to* OLD LADY). Madam, this is a smoking room.

OLD LADY. Well, if you can stand it, I can. My husband had a filthy old pipe with which he used to poison the atmosphere. I have talked to him about it by the hour. It shortened his life.

DUNDREARY. I have no doubt of it, madam.

FRENCHMAN. Ah, pardon, monsieur (*to* DUNDREARY, *indicating* OLD LADY) but ze lady—she knows zat she in a smoke room is?

DUNDREARY (*resigned*). Yes, she knows. But she doesn't care. If you want to smoke, smoke away.

FRENCHMAN. Mais, monsieur, I like it not. Ze lady, she may become vary seeck.

OLD LADY (*glaring at* FRENCHMAN). What! If he makes me sick I'll make him sicker. (*To* DUNDREARY) Does he understand that?

(FRENCHMAN *is abashed, but during the next ten minutes makes futile attempts to light his cigarette whenever the* OLD LADY'S *attention is diverted.* ENTER JONATHAN SMITH, *hearty English tourist, followed by wife, angular and stiff. Sit opposite each other at one of the tables.*)

DUNDREARY (*resuming conversation with* OLD MAN). Well, sir, no sooner did he see the dog coming than he said to himself, "That dog is probably mad, and my life is not insured. I shall die, my family will starve." You see, my friend was a noble character. His first thought was not of himself, but of his poor wife, who would be left penniless. All men are not so bad as books make them out to be. My poor friend was always thinking of his wife——

OLD LADY. Pshaw!

DUNDREARY. I beg your pardon, madam?

OLD LADY. Nothing, nothing. It's a good story. Was your friend killed?

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DUNDREARY. No; he seized a stone weighing nearly half a ton, for despair and the thought of his wife made him a Hercules, and hurled it at the infuriated beast. The exertion was such that he fainted. When he came to himself the dog was no longer there, although my friend could have sworn that he had crushed it to atoms.

OLD LADY. Pshaw!

OLD MAN (*joining in the conversation*). Perhaps there never was any dog. Was your friend a temperate drinker?

OLD LADY. Evidently not.

(*During the foregoing the* FRENCHMAN *has ordered something in pantomime from the waitress, who finally brings it to him.*)

FRENCHMAN. *Ah, mademoiselle! Vous me sauvez la vie!*

OLD LADY (*to* DAUGHTER). What did he say to her? I am sure it was something improper! She looked as if she liked it, the bold huzzy, so it must have been improper.

DAUGHTER. He said that she had saved his life.

OLD LADY. Ah, I was sure it was something improper! Oh, those Frenchmen! Is there anything they won't say?

DAUGHTER. But, mamma, I don't see anything wrong in what he said. He seems to be rather a nice young man. He was grateful for the beer, and said that she had saved his life, that is all.

OLD LADY. Ah, you don't know what a language French is! It is as full of what they call double-enders as this tea is full of leaves. I have heard that you can't say anything in French that may not mean something awful. Those double-enders come as naturally in French as——

(*People walking up and down, inside and out, and bells ringing. Waitress brings another glass to* FRENCHMAN.)

FRENCHMAN. *Ah, mademoiselle, encore une fois vous me sauvez la vie.*

OLD LADY. There, did you hear that? Honcore! That was what the shameless man behind us at the theatre shouted when the ballet girl kicked off the King's hat. He wants the waitress to do something of the kind. Let's get out—quick.

DAUGHTER (*holding mother back*). No, no. It's all right. Drink your tea and don't mind what you hear. These foreigners are not half so bad as you think they are.

OLD LADY. Think! Don't I know? Haven't I heard about them? Can't I see? I always believe the worst, and then I know it's a good deal worse than that. When he has had another glass he'll want her to dance. Let's get out! Quick! (*Gathering up bundles.* DAUGHTER *holds her down.*)

JONATHAN (*continuing conversation that has been carried on in pantomime during the foregoing*). That reminds me of a good story. A friend of mine had a cow that could jump a fence like any deer. His wife——

MRS. JONATHAN. Jonathan, that is not a proper story to tell before these ladies. I have been shocked by it before.

JONATHAN (*addressing ladies*). Do you think you would be shocked?

DAUGHTER. Not at all.

OLD LADY. Certainly.

DUNDREARY. Go on! Go on!

ENTER *stout* GERMAN *with bundles and several bottles of beer, which he drops right and left. Places himself opposite* OLD LADY. *Produces glass and uncorks a bottle, to the alarm of the* OLD LADY, *who turns away while the* FRENCHMAN *tries again to light his cigarette. The* GERMAN *stows his bottles under the table.*

GERMAN. Ze, ze trains goes not for three hours again. Ze beer (*drinking from* FRENCHMAN'S *glass*) here is not goot. But it is better as no beer (*drinks*). Ah, it is not goot beer!

OLD LADY (*to* DAUGHTER). If it had been, he'd buy a cask.

CONDUCTOR (*appearing in doorway ringing bell*). *Train pour Dijon.* Ze train for Dijon.

(*The* FRENCHMAN *makes another attempt to light his cigarette.*)

GERMAN (*gathering up his bottles*). Dijon! But I want to go to Dijon!

JONATHAN. Hurry up, then, or you will miss it. Then you'll have to wait three hours for the Avignon Special.

GERMAN. Dunder und blitzen! Wait here for three hours! And no goot beer!

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Never! What a country! *Ich bin halb todt! (Gathers up his bottles and bundles, dropping them all around, and finally gets out. General grumbling.)*

JONATHAN. I knew a man like that once who drank himself to death in less than three months. He was in love with a widow——

MRS. JONATHAN. Jonathan! That is not a proper story to tell before ladies.

JONATHAN. But I appeal to these ladies. Have you confidence in me? Shall I go on?

DAUGHTER. Certainly.

OLD LADY. Not at all.

JONATHAN. It happened upon this very line to an uncle of mine, and is connected with one of the most curious railway disasters in history. It is a proper story——

OLD LADY (*to* MRS. JONATHAN). Does your husband know any stories that are proper?

MRS. JONATHAN. None.

JONATHAN. Well, as I was saying, it happened on this very line about ten years ago. My uncle was in a railway coupé on his way from Paris to Lyons. It was a lovely day, and he was lazily watching the country through which the train was flying when he noticed that some peasants standing at a crossing seemed to be greatly excited at the appearance of the locomotive. A few moments later and another group of people shouted out some words lost in the roar of the express, and pointed toward the locomotive. Something was evidently wrong there. As my uncle raised his window to take a look forward, there arose above the din a shriek that froze the blood of every one who heard it.

(*General exclamation—Ah! Well! etc.*)

JONATHAN. Windows began to go up all along the train, and the truth was soon known, for shriek after shriek came from the locomotive. The passengers in the forward carriages told those behind them what the matter was, and thus the story was passed along. The whole train was soon wild with excitement. My uncle, who was next the baggage van, could, by risking his life, see that a fight to the death was going on in the locomotive. The stoker had become a raving maniac! He had driven the engineer from the cab and was keeping him off with a long, red-hot poker.

(*People passing in and out at the rear and bells ringing.*)

JONATHAN. Another weapon of the same sort was heating. Several times the crazy man, an immense brute with the leer of an ourang-outang, changed pokers, bringing forth a new one, glowing with heat, to brandish it in the air. The engineer's arm had been broken in the first struggle with the madman; but he stuck to his place upon the coal-van like a hero. Whenever the crazy man shrieked and brandished his poker, the engineer must have thought that his last hour had come, for in that crippled condition he was at the brute's mercy. Fortunately, the madman seemed to be too much pleased with the situation to follow up his advantage. He contented himself with shrieks of blood-curdling laughter and a flourish of his iron bar whenever the engineer crept toward the cab.

(*More bell ringing and noise outside.* RE-ENTER GERMAN *with his bundles and bottles. His appearance is greeted with a chorus of disapproval.*)

GERMAN. Dere vas one great plunder. I miss ze train! My head vas not right. Aber, I drink some beer—it vas not goot beer—aber, I make it out, endlich. I haf a teeckit now for Grenoble. Dose conductors vas de most stupid animals in ze vorld. (*Sits down at table.*)

(*Chorus to* JONATHAN—*Go on! Go on!*)

JONATHAN. Well, meantime the train was running faster and faster. It was going now at the rate of a mile a minute. "Has any one a revolver?" shouted the conductor, climbing from carriage to carriage at the risk of his life. He wanted to shoot the stoker, as he would be justified in doing; for unless the brute was overpowered a hundred souls would soon be rushed into eternity. The train was getting near Lyons, where it must either plunge into the Rhone or dash itself against a solid stone embankment. The horror of the situation was realised by most of the passengers. "In ten minutes," said the man next to my uncle, "we shall be in Lyons, and then"— "If there

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is no revolver, is there no priest?" said another. "We have but a few moments to live." But there was neither revolver nor priest.

GERMAN (*to* JONATHAN). Have some beer. You are getting excited. It vas not goot beer, aber——

(ALL. *No, no! Go on; let's know what happened!*)

JONATHAN. Then came a cry for a rope with which to lassoo the man after the manner of cattle on the South American pampas. But neither was there a rope. Some of the passengers suggested tearing a woman's skirt to pieces and making a rope of it. A noble woman, one of the few on the train, sacrificed her dress; but it proved not enough. She gave up her petticoat. Still it was not enough. She——

MRS. JONATHAN. Jonathan!

JONATHAN. Well, I was only going to say that she refused to give up anything else. Yet with every second the situation was becoming more critical. The train was now entering the suburbs of the city and seemed to be going faster than ever. People in the fields watched it with horror and amazement. Then came a hurried call for volunteers; men were wanted who would climb over the coal-van into the cab and disarm the madman. Several men were needed, because the first man, perhaps the second, perhaps even the third, might be killed before the brute was overpowered. The conductor's frenzied demand for help met with no response. Men looked at the madman still shrieking and brandishing his fiery iron. It was now but a question of seconds to destruction. The train was in the city. Many of the passengers began to pray. My uncle——

CONDUCTOR (*ringing bell*). All aboard! No stop between here and Lyons!

JONATHAN. What! No stop! But we want to get out at Valence. Quick! We shall have to run! (*Dragging* MRS. JONATHAN *after him.* EXIT JONATHAN and MRS. JONATHAN. *Commotion and noise of shouts, bell ringing.*)

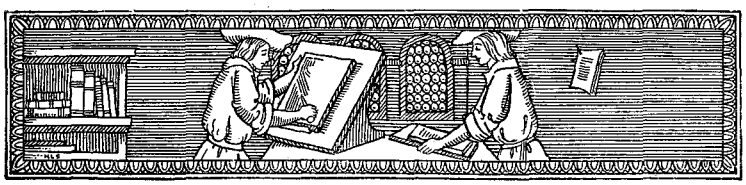
JONATHAN (*putting his head in at the door*). Gentlemen and ladies, *au revoir!* Good-bye! [EXIT

CONDUCTOR (*ringing bell*). All aboard for Paris.

CHORUS (*calling after* JONATHAN). Hey! Come back! One moment! How about your uncle? What happened? *Mais, monsieur! Dunder und blitzen!* etc., etc.

(QUICK CURTAIN.)

*Philip G. Hubert, Jr.*



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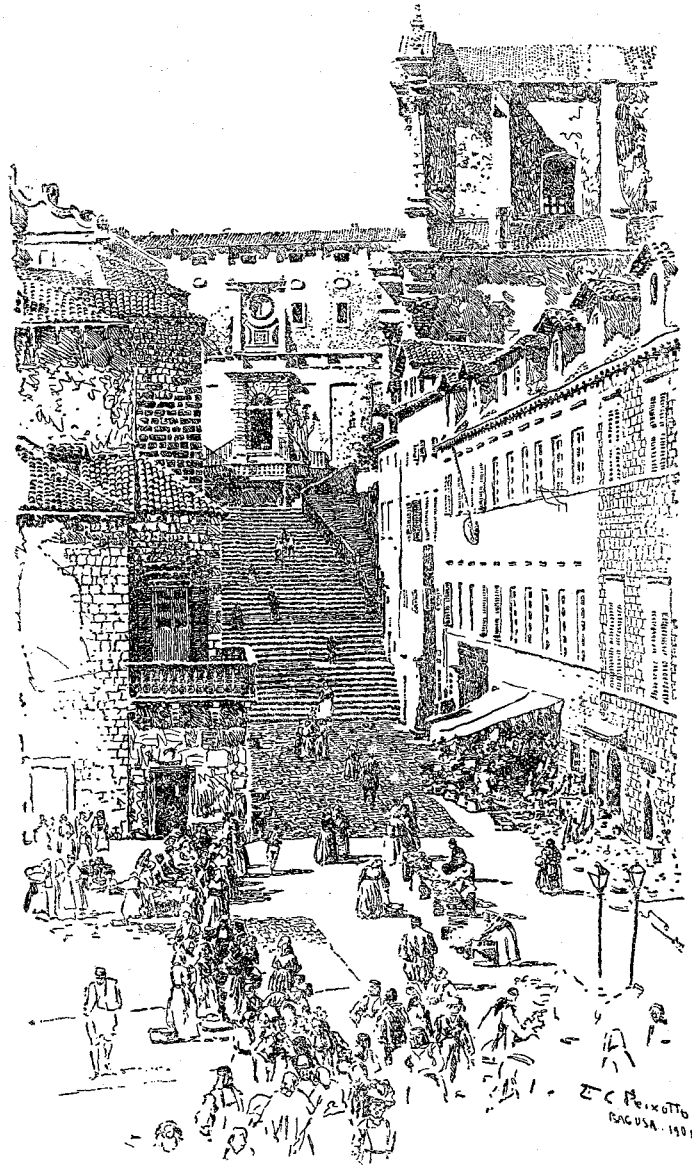
# AMONG THE SEASON'S ILLUSTRATED BOOKS




THE MARKET PLACE. RAGUSA

Drawn by E. C. Peixotto

From *By Italian Seas*, published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

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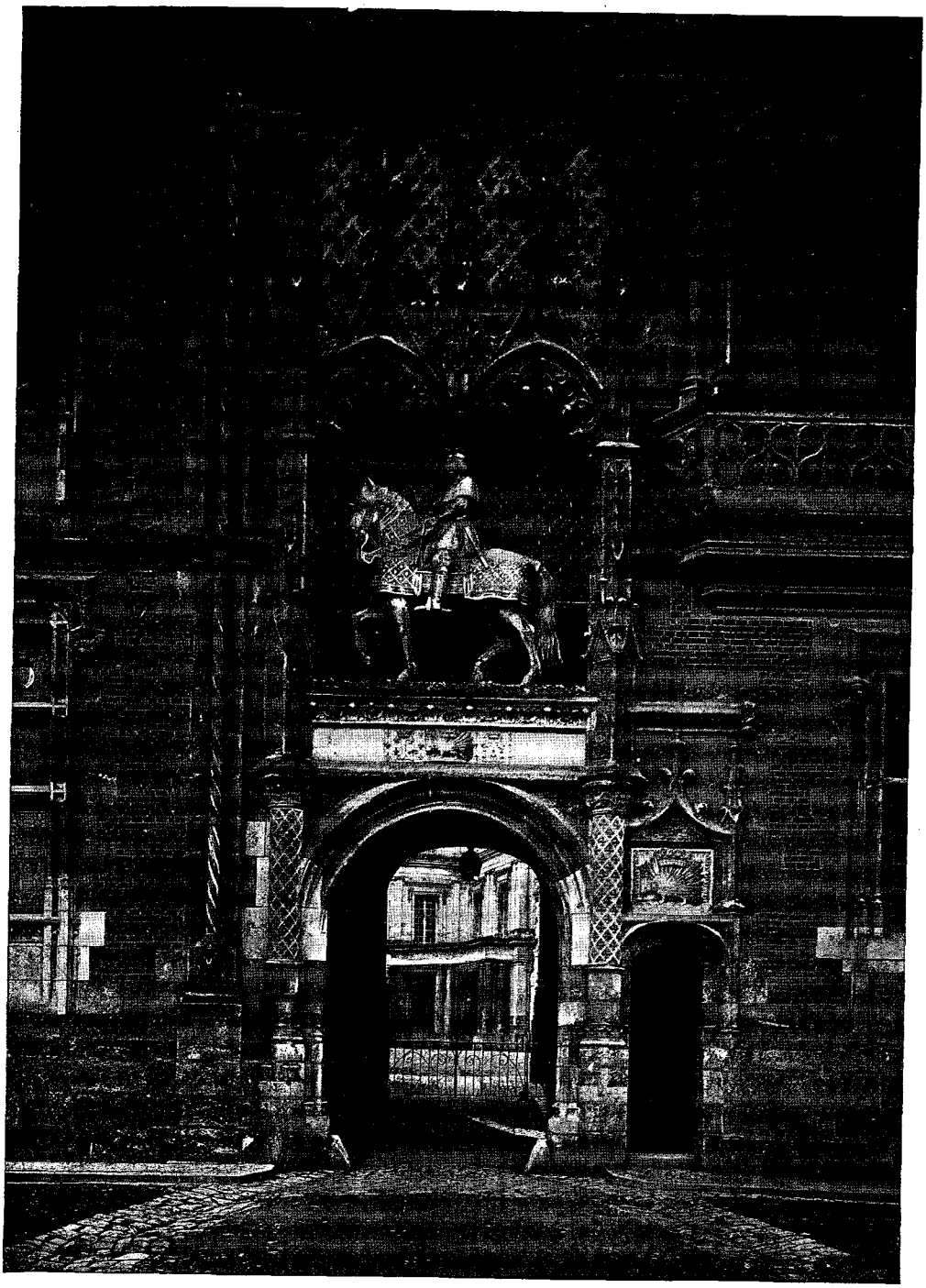

THE CHATEAU OF BLOIS

From *Chateaux of Touraine*, published by the Century Company.

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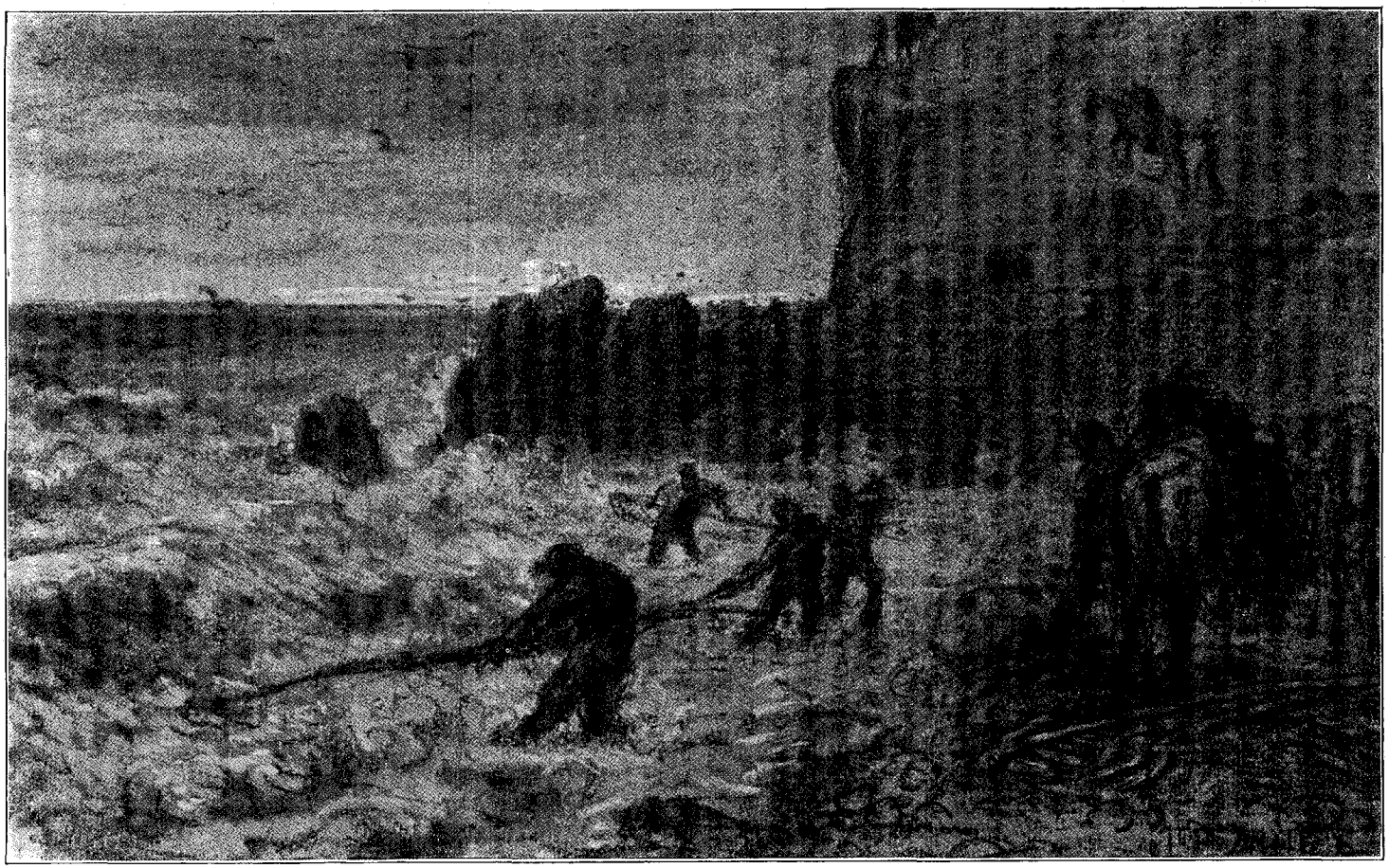

THE SEAWEED GATHERERS

From the paintings of Jean Francois Millet, published by the Lippincott Company

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SHEPHERDS AND FLOCK AT THE EDGE OF THE FOREST

From the paintings of Jean Francois Millet, published by the Lippincott Company

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THEN THE OLD CHURCH BELL RANG . . . AND THEY ALL RETURNED TO BREAKFAST

From *Mr. Pickwick's Christmas*, published by the Baker & Taylor Company

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THE ORIGINAL SKETCH FOR GAINSBOROUGH'S FAMOUS PORTRAIT OF GEORGIANA OR ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

From the *Drawings of Thomas Gainsborough*, published by Charles Scribner's Sons

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# THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH IN ILLUSTRATION

MRS. JESSIE BUSLEY AS NANCE OLDEN IN THE DRAMATISATION OF MIRIAM MICHELSON'S "IN THE BISHOP'S CARRIAGE"

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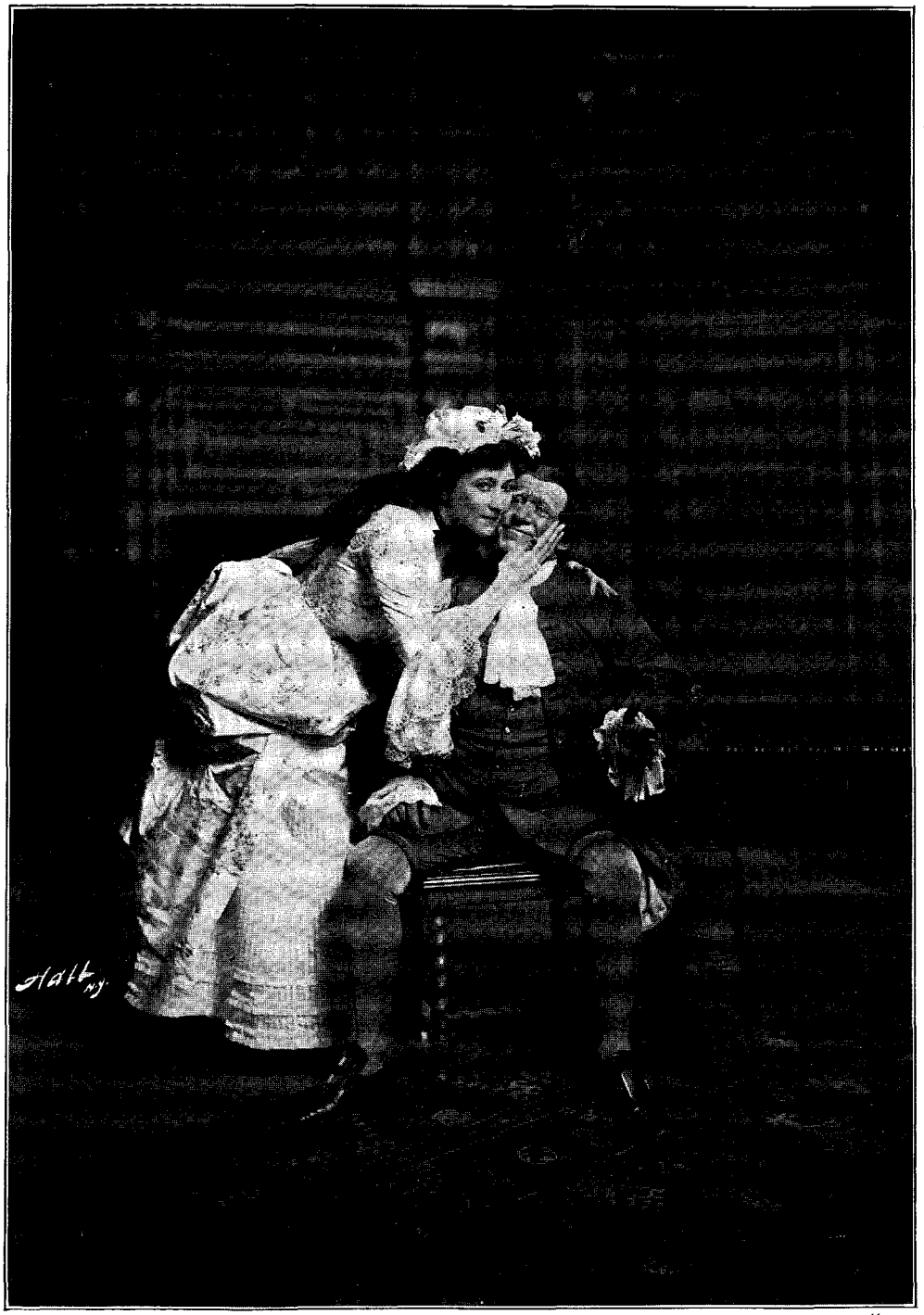

WILLIAM H. CRANE AS OLD HARDCASTLE AND ELLIS JEFFREYS AS KATE HARDCASTLE IN "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER"

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IDA CONQUEST AS THE COUNTESS KYRLE BELLEW AS BRIGADIER GERARD ELSIE FERGUSON AS AGNES

In the dramatisation of Conan Doyle's "Brigadier Gerard"

As a stage figure the impetuous Colonel Gerard should be, among Conan Doyle's heroes, a worthy successor to Sherlock Holmes. In regard to the famous detective, it may be of interest to note that a dramatisation of "The Hound of the Baskervilles" has recently been presented in Austria.

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WILLIAM GILLETTE AND MARIE DORO IN "CLARICE"

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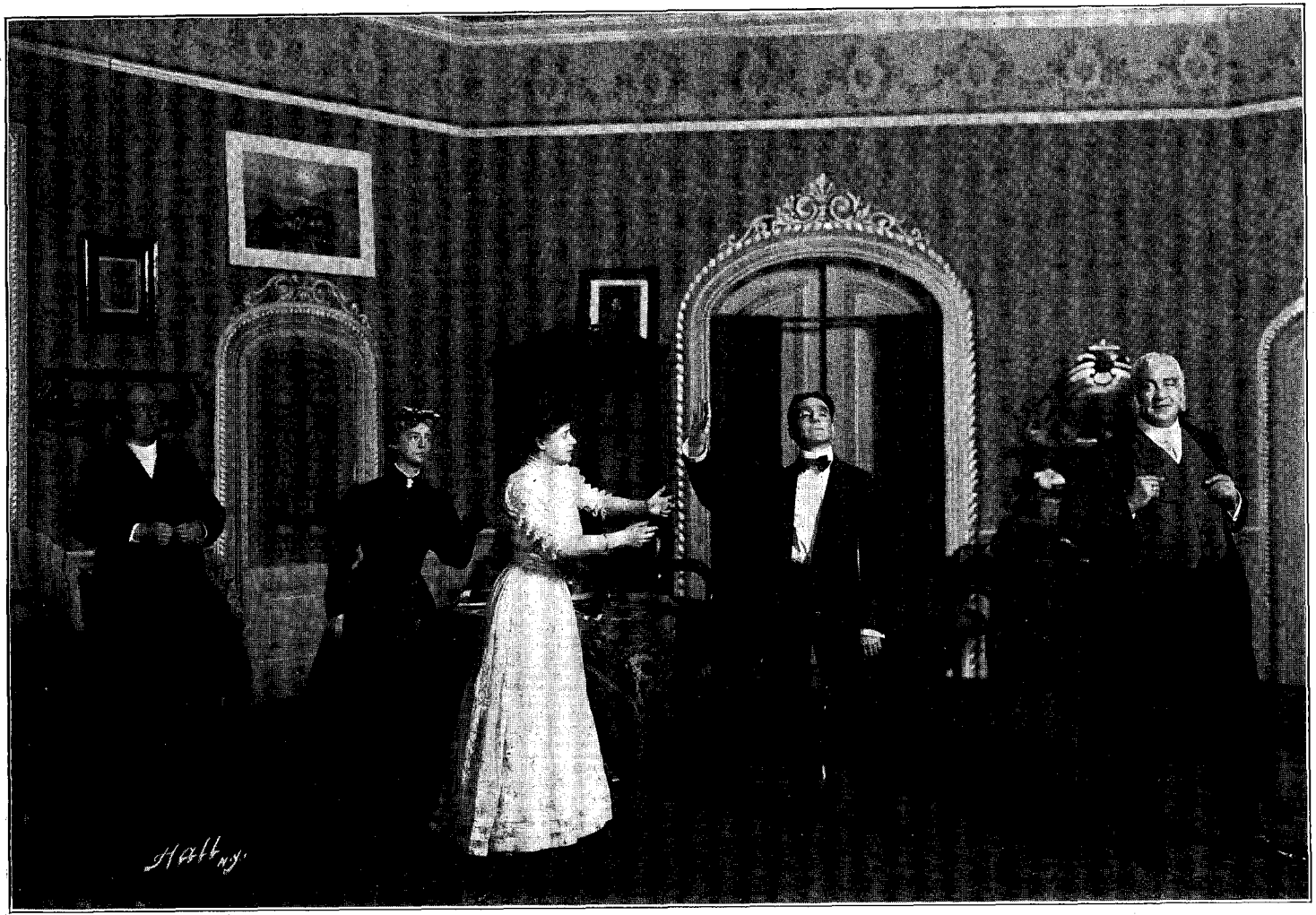

HADDON CHAMBERS'S "SIR ANTHONY"

VERNER CLARGES
AS
REV. WILKINS DELMAR

HELEN LOWELL
AS
MRS. CHOPE

OLIVE WYNDHAM
AS
OLIVE

WILLIAM NORRIS
AS
CLARENCE CHOPE

HERBERT STANDING
AS
MR. BULGER

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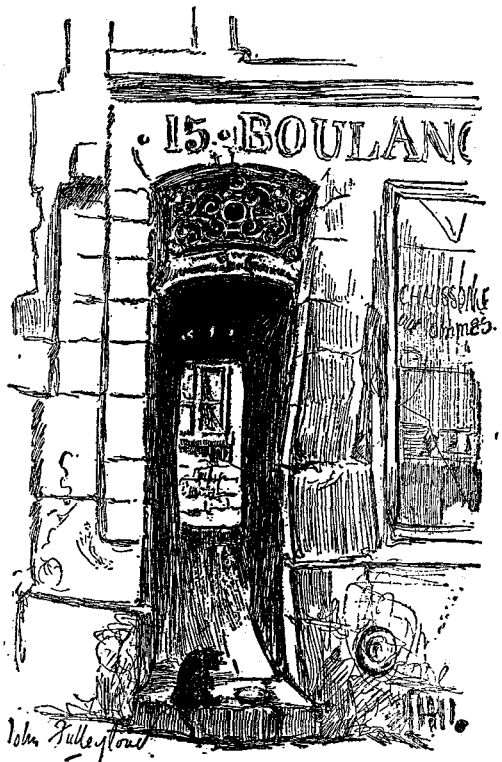
# FOURTEEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

## I

### CHATFIELD TAYLOR'S "MOLIÈRE"*

Whether Mr. Chatfield-Taylor has succeeded in doing that which very few critics of Anglo-Saxon blood have succeeded in doing, viz., in fully realising the exact point of view of the French toward the seventeenth century period of their history and literature and sympathising with it, is, to say the least, doubtful to us. To speak, after the labours of Lemaître, of Rigal, of Bernardin, of the "*pernicious* unities of time and place" (p. 225), seems almost an anachronism, and more regard for flippancy than for historical accuracy would seem to have dictated such an expression as "the greatest despot, the greatest knave and the greatest genius of France" (p. 100), when applied to Louis XIV., Cardinal Mazarin and Molière. A genius, perhaps the greatest genius of France, Molière certainly was; whether the word despot best befits the sovereign of whom Macaulay, a not over-friendly writer, says that "no sovereign has ever represented the majesty of a great state with more dignity and grace," is seriously open to question. But what will be thought on this score of a writer who, for the sake of epigram, finds no word but "knave" with which to describe an historical character who, in spite of all his faults, remains one of the greatest and most successful statesmen that ever directed the policy of France? Proofs are not wanting, moreover, that a careful study of historical facts and conditions was not included by Mr. Chatfield-Taylor in the labour of preparation required by the composition of a biography of Molière. A "*conseiller au Parlement,*" i.e., a justice of a superior court, is mistaken for a counsellor or advocate; Lamoignon, the illustrious chief-justice of the Parliament of Paris, is represented as a police official; Antoine Arnauld, the giant controversialist, the stubborn and indomitable Port Royal fighter, is repeatedly called Arnauld d'Andilly, a name which designated only one of his older brothers, the gentle father of Arnauld de Pomponne, Madame de Sévigné's friend. Considering, however, the kind of work which Mr. Chatfield-Taylor intended to write, these blemishes




STAGE DOOR OF MOLIÈRE'S THEATRE

are not of the most serious kind, and the volume which he presents to the public is, in spite of them, an exceedingly readable book and a valuable contribution to the study of the greatest of French dramatists.

The book much more than fulfils the promises of its title. It is not simply a biography of Molière, but as complete a presentation as is needed by the general public of the history, the sources and the contents of his masterpieces. The reader who has taken the trouble of going

*Molière. A Biography. By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, with Introduction by Thomas Frederick Crane. Illustrations by Job. New York: Duffield and Company, 1906. 1 vol.

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MOLIÈRE

through its very pleasingly written 379 pages knows Molière about as well as it is possible to know him for one who has not seen his plays acted on the stage and is not able to read them in the original. In some respects the book is a model of its kind. Though not intended for specialists, it has been prepared with all the care now expected from a work of historical or literary research. No authority worth mentioning has been left out; and hardly any poor authority has been made use of. In this respect the book does honour not only to Mr. Chatfield-Taylor himself, but also to his former Cornell University teacher, Professor Crane, who provides it with a very creditable introduction. The result of the

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author's painstaking investigations are presented in a series of well-digested and often entertaining chapters, in which mention of the authorities is not made any more frequently than needed in order to give the reader confidence in the truthfulness of the narrator.

The figure with which Mr. Chatfield-Taylor wishes to make us acquainted is that of Molière the world poet, much more than that of Molière the greatest incarnation of the French genius in the seventeenth century. What attracts him in the poet and his work is the profound insight of the one into the depths of human nature and the perfect workmanship and characterisation that distinguish the other. The eighty-odd pages devoted to Molière's early career, to the history of the "Illustrious Theatre," to the poet's *Wanderjahre,* have for their main object to tell us what means Molière had of observing this "Comédie Humaine," later depicted by him with such lifelike fidelity.

When Molière, then already thirty-six years of age, returns to Paris in 1658, soon to strike the loud-sounding blow of the *Précieuses Ridicules,* his harvest of observations is made, though of course not quite completed; he knows the human biped and the society constructed by him, and for a period of fourteen years, in which most of his time will have to be absorbed by his labours as actor, theatrical manager and court entertainer, he will, however, in his leisure moments write an average of two plays a year, a good half-dozen of which, at least, rank among the highest productions of human genius. These twenty-eight plays, with a couple written during Molière's provincial wanderings, Mr. Chatfield-Taylor attempts (pp. 55-57) to cast into five successive periods, designated by him as the Italian, Gallic, courtier, militant and histrionic periods. This to us seems to be the most questionable part of his conclusions. Not only the *Malade Imaginaire,* a stinging satire on the rapacity and ignorance of the physicians of his time, but also its predecessor, *Les Femmes Savantes,* the last but one of Molière's comedies, is militant no less than *Les Précieuses Ridicules,* the poet's declaration of war against affectation in manners, speech and moral conduct. Neither can we agree with Mr. Chatfield-Taylor that after the production of *Tartufe* and *Le Misanthrope,* that is, when *L'Avare, Le Médecin Malgré lui, Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* and the two plays just above alluded to were still unwritten, Molière's "power began to wane." Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's own brilliant and enthusiastic analysis of these plays, moreover, seems of itself sufficient to disprove his theory. The truth to us seems to be that though wasted by disease, Molière died in the full possession of his genius, and far from having, according to the French phrase, *"dit son dernier mot."*

One important question is suggested by this new and excellent Molière biography. Are Molière's plays as subjective as the author would have us believe? Are they as fully as he thinks a running commentary of the events of his life? Is *Le Misanthrope,* for instance, really the outcome of the domestic infelicity that followed Molière's ill-matched union with the fascinating and wayward Armande Béjart? On this point alone, as a critic of Molière as a philosopher, a chapter, moreover, not written by him, of Molière not simply as a painter, but as a judge of human nature, Mr. Chatfield-Taylor seems to us to have fallen short of what was required in order to present an adequate treatment of Molière's achievements. Leaving out the chapter on Molière and his friends, which is hardly more than a stringing together of a number of well-known anecdotes, which it was, perhaps, not possible to leave out, his chapter on *Le Misanthrope* seems to us the least satisfactory of all, because of its failure to grapple with the problem set forth by this immortal play, the conflict between sincerity and society. Strangely enough, Mr. Chatfield-Taylor, who seems to have made it a point to read everything of worth written about Molière, has here not even a passing reference to Rousseau's wonderfully eloquent, though to our mind entirely unjust, arraignment of *Le Misanthrope* in his *Lettre sur les Spectacles.* On the other hand, does not our author go a trifle too far when claiming for Molière the honour of having given France in *Don Juan* and *Le Misanthrope* lessons which, if heeded, would have "spared her Reign of Terror" (p. 230)?

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One of the charms of this book is that the author is in love with his subject. He but seldom condemns Molière, and when he does we are not quite sure that his severity is quite deserved. For instance, he wishes Molière had not condescended to present a defence of himself in *La Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes* and in *L'Impromptu de Versailles*. When, however, we know that intense hatred against Molière inspired such plays as Boursault's *Le Portrait du Peintre* or Chalussay's *Elomire Hypochondre;* when we remember, and the facts are all stated in their fulness by Mr. Chatfield-Taylor, that slander went so far as to accuse the poet of having married his own daughter, an offence then punishable by death, we do not well see how he could avoid presenting his own defence to the public and conquering his acquittal by the unmistakable accent of sincerity of his plea.

We cannot dismiss this book without calling attention to the numerous passages of Molière's plays found in its chapters. The translations, whether in prose or verse, are all Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's own work, and upon them not too much praise can be bestowed. They are simply admirable. The French text of all the translated passages is inserted in a very convenient appendix. Other valuable features of the book are a chronology of the events recorded and a bibliography of all works consulted by the author, as well as a very good index of names.

The book is beautifully gotten up, and adorned with pleasing original illustrations by Jacques Onfroy de Breville.

*Adolphe Cohn.*

## II

### Dr. Gilman's "The Launching of a University"*

During a very considerable period in the history of education in the United States Johns Hopkins unquestionably represented the truest conception and the highest attainment of the idea of a university on this side of the Atlantic. If that pre-eminence no longer exists it is due rather to the successful imitation of her methods and policies by other schools than to any failure on the part of the Baltimore institution to maintain her original standards. The *Launching of a University,* by President Emeritus Gilman, is, therefore, a book which, unlike most others of a similar character, will appeal to a much wider circle of readers than that of the alumni who were graduated during the twenty-five years of his service. To these the delightful reminiscent style of which Dr. Gilman is so completely a master will doubtless give the most cordial pleasure, while to others, whose interest is merely that of the student of educational history, the great value of the materials presented will be readily apparent. The *Launching of a University,* however, is decidedly more than a contribution to antiquarian lore. During Dr. Gilman's presidency of Johns Hopkins he enjoyed an unrivalled experience and attained a marvellous success in what, for lack of a better term, one may call the promotion of research. His election, in 1901, to the presidency of the Carnegie Institution was a fitting recognition of his brilliant earlier service in Baltimore. With all their wealth and equipment in buildings and apparatus, American universities in general can hardly claim to have produced adequate returns in this field of endeavour. What Dr. Gilman has to say on the subject of the organisation of scientific research may well be considered, therefore, the most significant part of his book.

With regard to the essentials for the development of a university the following formula, which is repeated and enlarged upon throughout the various papers presented in the volume, is of decided interest: "First, there must be wise plans; second, sufficient funds; third, powerful teachers; then will come, fourth, many students; fifth, great collections; sixth, world-wide influence and renown." One does not have to turn many pages of President Gilman's book, however, to note that while he underestimates the value of none of these factors, he recalls with peculiar pleasure the "powerful teachers" who were associated with him in the making of Johns Hopkins. And what a splendid group they were: Syl-

*The Launching of a University and other papers: A Sheaf of Remembrances. By Daniel Coit Gilman. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1906.

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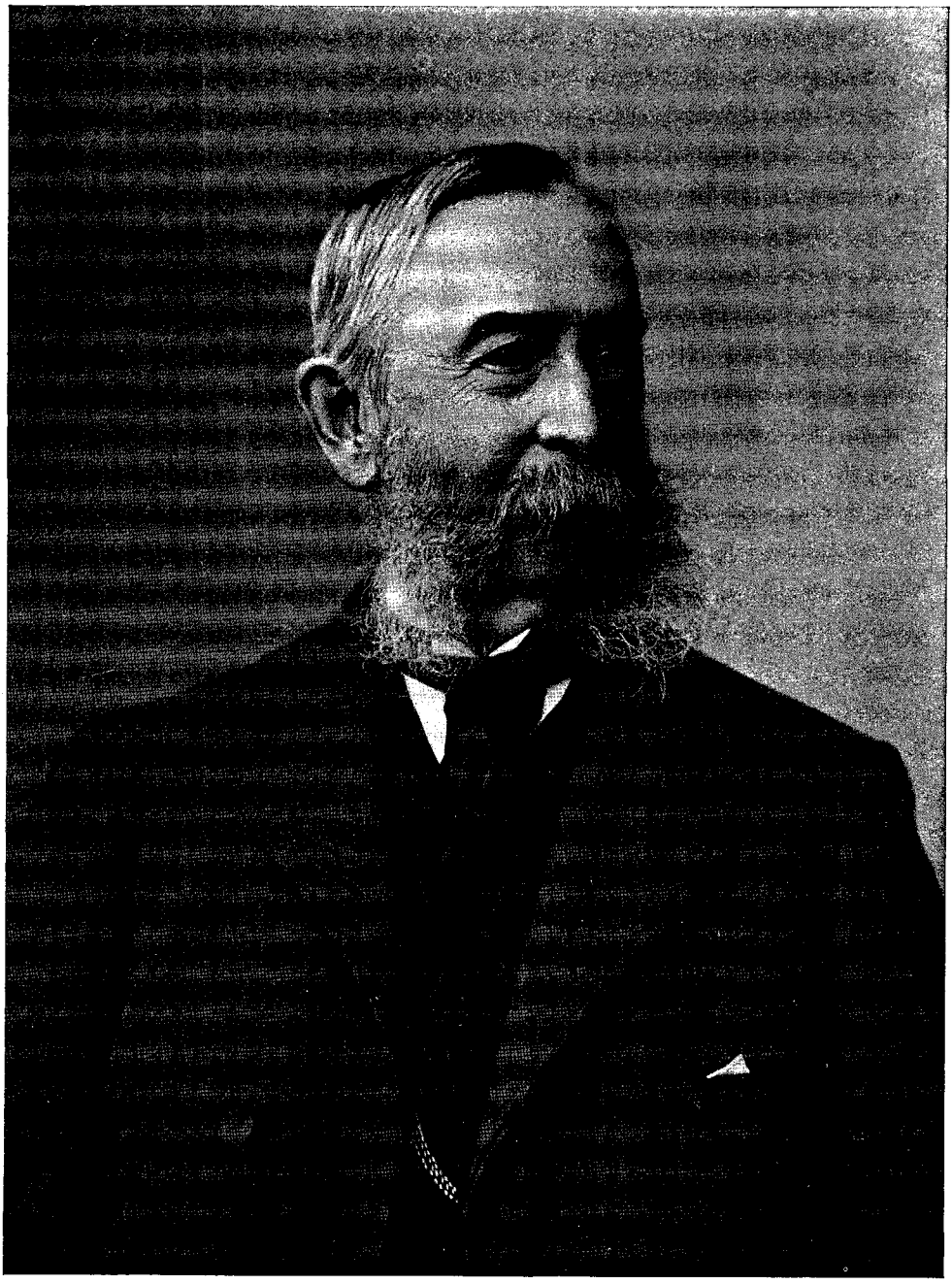

DANIEL COIT GILMAN

vester, Gildersleeve, Morris, Remsen, Rowland, and Martin—all young men with the exception of Sylvester, and the last three less than thirty years old at the time they began their service. The original associates—Adams, Brooks, Cross, Elliott, Hastings, Morse, and Scott were still younger, but were destined later to be hardly less notable. In his *Reminiscences,* Simon Newcomb observes that

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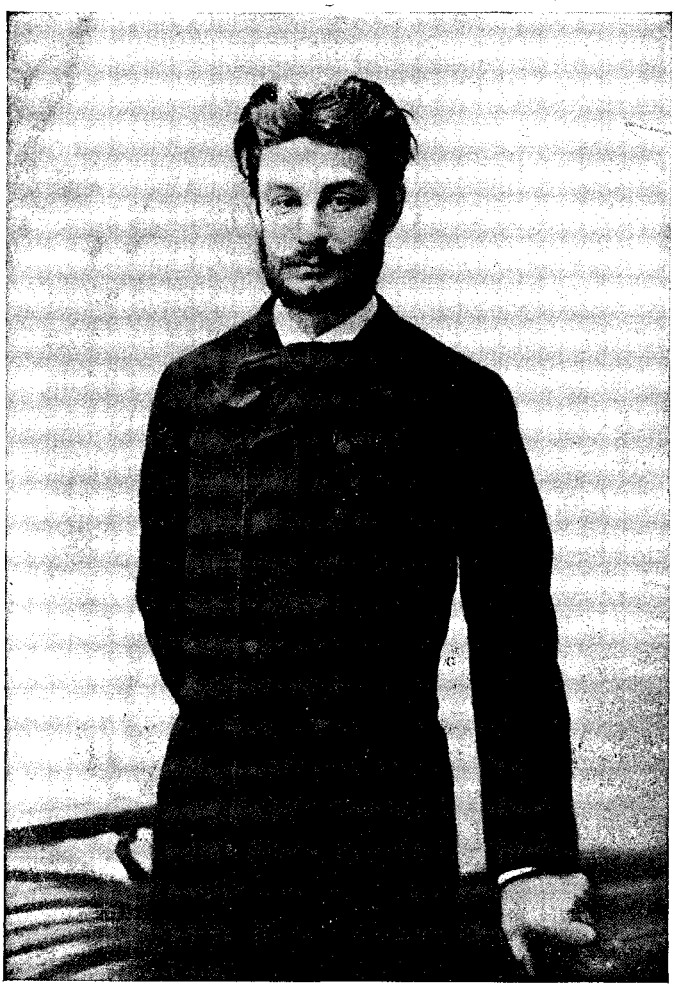

Georg Brandes.

"the selection of the coming man in science is almost as difficult as the selection of the youth who are to become senators of the United States." President Gilman's peculiar instinct for the coming "senators of science" was clearly one of the most valuable of the many admirable qualities which he brought to the founding of an institution new in its time and country. Of all his coadjutors he has many anecdotes to relate, particularly of the eccentric mathematical genius Sylvester and the fox-hunting physicist Rowland. After one of the latter's exploits in his favourite sport, a friend "found him stretched on the bed, a symphony in brown and red mud, his once glossy hat crushed into nothingness, his top-boots, once so new, a mass of Warwickshire mud. He drily remarked that he 'guessed there wouldn't be any trouble about getting his hunting suit through the custom-house now.' He came very near breaking his neck, having been thrown before he 'could calculate his orbit,' as he remarked."

Besides its regular faculty Johns Hopkins has heard at various times many distinguished non-resident lecturers, and it has also had more than its share of for-

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eign visitors of note. This affords Dr. Gilman the opportunity to tell some delightful stories of Huxley, Freeman, Cayley, Dean Stanley, Lord Kelvin, Child, Sidney Lanier, and Lowell. Lowell's reception was so hospitable that it provoked the following characteristic reference in one of his letters from Baltimore, or "Bahltimer" as he delighted to spell it. "We are overwhelmed with kindness here. I feel very much as an elderly oyster might who was suddenly whisked away into a polka by an electric eel. How I shall ever do for a consistent hermit again, heaven only knows."

In one respect the reader of historical proclivities may be inclined to find fault with the *Launching of a University*. President Gilman resolutely keeps back all references to the occasional misfortunes and unpleasantnesses which harassed him and his associates. The great financial reverse through which Johns Hopkins University passed is barely mentioned. Partly this reticence is due to consideration for those still living, but more largely it seems to be a consequence of the genial character of the author, unwilling to vex the mellow reminiscent page with memories of old anxieties and perplexities. One gains the impression that the relations of the faculty were in the main eminently happy. Hard and fast rules were avoided. "For a long time our proceedings were 'tentative,' and this term was used so often that it became a by-word for merriment." Possibly Johns Hopkins men, scattering as teachers to all parts of the country, are responsible for the popularity which the word still enjoys in college faculties everywhere.

Dr. Gilman's account of the motives of the founder of the Carnegie Institution is interesting, although exceedingly brief. With a touch that recalls Herodotus he concludes his report of the interview with the philanthropist as follows: "This was not all that he [Carnegie] said, but it is all that I tell." Most of the "Addresses on Various Occasions, Historical and Educational," which Dr. Gilman adds to the papers relating to Johns Hopkins have appeared before. They recall notable university events at Yale, Princeton, Chicago, California, Wisconsin, Western Reserve and other educational institutions, and are of the highest value to all engaged in academic work.

*Robert C. Brooks.*

## III. Reminiscences
## IV. Main Currents of the Nineteenth Century Literature

### THE YOUTH

The charm of autobiography is that it gives us glimpses of those corners of a man's brain which no one can possibly explore except himself. Another charm, equally great, is that the intentional revelation is paired with that involuntary revelation which is always given when a man talks about himself. What he thinks he is, is by contrast more nearly a true measure of what he really is than he knows. Biography can tell us what a man is and what he has done. Autobiography tells us what he would like to be, and what he wished to do. Without this angle of vision no true picture of a personality can be made. Therefore, when one of the most interesting and most complex personalities among the commanding intellects of our day bares his soul to us in this commingling of involuntary and intentional revelation, the result cannot fail to be of value.

And indeed *The Reminiscences of My Childhood and Youth,** by George Brandes, is one of the most delightful of autobiographies. What the famous critic has to tell us is of interest in view of his position and personality, and it is charmingly told. The book is vibrant with that strange mixture of sharp objective observing and subjective aliveness that make George Brandes what he is to-day. It has that technical composition which an able American critic recently asserted to be a necessity for a novel which should be truly great. Against a big background of changing scenes and character, a portraying of the intellectual influences swaying European thought during a certain period, we have

*Reminiscences of my Childhood and Youth. By George Brandes. Translated by G. M. Fox-Davies. New York: Duffield and Company. $2.50 net.

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a single central figure instinct with life. We see this background as it is, but it is brought into the sphere of our sympathy through its relation to the mental development of the young Dane who was to revolutionise literary and political thought in his own country, and to exercise an influence on methods of literary criticism far beyond the confining limits of nationality or language. The book concerns itself far more with things of the mind than with the physical facts of daily existence; there are whole pages which are treatises on different systems of philosophy. Yet it is so pulsing with life, with the vivid iridescence of the personality of the writer, that it reads like the most exciting novel of action.

The first two chapters, recording the first impressions of childhood and the boy's first thoughts about the world around him, are interesting in that this early environment had much to do with moulding personality. The child's first mental impressions are told delightfully. His ponderings over the simpler facts of religion, his ideas of war—Brandes's childhood days fell in the time of the first German-Danish conflict over Sleswig—his first visits to the theatre—this would all be quite charming even were they only an imagined picture of an imaginary child. We learn that the great critic passed his infancy and boyhood in a comfortable home, where modernity of thought prevailed, and where intellectual interests, while not the chief business of life, were accorded due respect and attention. The prettiest picture of these first two chapters, and the one that lives longest with the reader, is the portrait of the mother. This woman, whose two elder sons became leaders of thought in their country—Eduard Brandes in his varied activity as politician, playwright and critic has been for years an important figure in Denmark—this mother appears to have been a woman of unusual character, and there is no other woman portrayed in the book who is so much alive to the reader. Brandes writes:

> It gradually dawned upon me that there was no one more difficult to please than my mother. No one was more chary of praise than she. She met me with superior intelligence, corrected me, and brought me up by satire. . . . Rational as she was through and through, she met my visionary inclinations, both religious and philosophical, with unshaken common-sense, and if I were sometimes tempted by lesser people's overestimating of my abilities to overestimate them myself, it was she who, with inflexible firmness, urged her conviction of the limitations of my nature. . . . The relations between us remained in all essentials the same even after I had become much her superior in knowledge and she in some things my pupil. So that it affected me very much when, many years after, my younger brother said to me somewhat sadly: "Has it struck you that Mother is growing old?" "Why do you think so?" I asked. "I think, God help me, that she is beginning to admire us."

We follow the boy in his first school years, his boyhood friendships, his growing independence of thought, and his awakening desire for knowledge, a thirst that frightens him sometimes by its voracity. He begins to reason on what he sees, crudely, youthfully, but with honest sincerity in the desire to understand, to reach the heart of things. Brandes's disinclination to accept a fact of itself, his wish to understand it at once in its relation to numerous other facts, developed early in life. It is the attitude with which he meets every impression that comes to him, mental and physical. He says of this:

> As my being grew and developed within me, and I slowly emerged from the double state of which I had been conscious, in other words, the more I became one and individual and strove to be honest and true, the less I felt myself to be a mere individual, the more I realised that I was bound up with humanity, one link in the chain, one organ belonging to the Universe.

The philosophic Pantheism that early attracted the boy's awakening mind remained the strongest current in his brain throughout this book, as indeed it has influenced all his work until he reached middle age. It makes him a radical in political and economic thought, it colours his religious views, it influences his growing talent for literary criticism. It is most interesting to note how Brandes,

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who has now become chief interpreter of others' creative thought, had never desired this goal in his youth. His ambition was for action; not physical action, it is true, but for the active mental influence on the thought of his times that the orator, the statesman, the creative poet, exercises. It was not until much later that he found his means of expression in a criticism that was at once an interpretation and a preachment.

In his student years financial reverses at home threw Brandes largely on his own resources, and he experienced for many years the life of the poor scholar. But family connections and his growing personality did not allow him to sink into obscurity, and opened up chances for intellectual companionship of the highest in his travels abroad. Along with his interest in philosophical thought, Brandes's desire to express himself in prose and verse led to an intense cultivation of the forms of his own language. He even went to the length of studying musical harmonics and thoroughbass in order to come to an understanding of what he terms the "musical elements in speech," particularly in metrical art. Here again is his inclination to search for the relation of things.

The years in Paris, in his first and second visits, when the unknown young Dane became the friend and pet of men like Taine, Renan and John Stuart Mill; the months of his stay in Italy, where study and pleasure were interrupted by a long and weary illness, which nevertheless gives him a chance to interrupt his thoughts on intellectual influences by some very pretty studies of Italian types; the visit to England, undertaken at the suggestion of Mill, whose influence was very strong with the young foreigner he befriended—these all form chapters for themselves, full of interest, historical and personal. Most instructive to his readers in English are the pictures of the mental life in those wonderful little northern countries, his own particular field. The enmity between Björnson and Brandes; his friendship with Ibsen, and their influence on each other's development; and the early opposition to the youthful Brandes at home, some of which is still rampant to-day, will probably never be told by others with the same vividness with which they are here portrayed. Through all his keenness of enjoyment in other countries, through all his appreciation of what he owes to them mentally, Brandes preserves his love for his own home, and particularly for the language of his youth. He understands that a man can never know but one language thoroughly well in all its intimate shadings and possibilities, and, wonderful linguist that he is, he early chose that that one language for him should be his mother-tongue. With this thought in mind, he closes the book as he returns to active work in Denmark after years of travel, full of instruction and of pleasure.

### THE MAN

The publication of this youthful autobiography within a short time of the completion of the first English edition of George Brandes's chief work, *The Main Currents of Nineteenth Century Literature*,* affords an excellent vantage ground from which to study the personality of this most cosmopolitan critic of to-day. In the one book we see the youth; in the other, the mature man. In the one we see Brandes as he would like to be, in his youthful dreams and visions; in the other we see the gradually ripened maturity of what he really is. The change does not come all at once. The six volumes of the *Main Currents* cover a long period of their author's life, a period during which so mobile a mind could not help but change standpoints and opinions. But in these volumes his personality stands complete, as he was in the first years of active manhood, and the collective work stands as the best expression for the position of George Brandes in modern critical thought.

The *Main Currents* were begun in a series of lectures given in Copenhagen in the autumn of 1871. While the work is gradually coming to be considered a necessary part of the study of literary criticism in any European country now, it must not be forgotten in judging it that

*Main Currents of Nineteenth Century Literature. By George Brandes. New York: The Macmillan Company. Complete in six volumes. $1.75 a volume; $10.00 the set.

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it was not intended to be the authoritative word on French, English or German literature for French, English or German people. It was planned to be a narration for the Scandinavians, particularly for Danes, of the main forces in intellectual literary thought in the great centres of civilisation. Brandes felt that his countrymen, with all their remarkable literary ability, and with the sense of form and style that brings them nearer the French ideal than most German literature can come, still stood outside the main currents of intellectual thought, and were persisting in their isolation to their own disadvantage. He felt it a mission worth while to give his strength to their enlightenment, and with this object in view the *Main Currents* were given to the world in the form of lectures, and later collected into volume form. The introduction to the original Danish edition, as well as to the German edition, explains this, in that it makes a direct personal appeal to Danish thought. The only fault one can find with the handsome English edition of the Macmillan Company is that the introduction has been shorn of this personal appeal, and contains merely a few general remarks on the relation of literature to public life. It shows only vaguely the keynote of Brandes's viewpoint as a critic, the fact that he refuses to consider literature as an end in itself. It is to him either a vehicle for great ideas that shall be of influence in forming the life of a nation, or the expression of personality. As such alone is it of value, and from this theoretical tower does he observe and criticise. It may lose for him a certain clear, high intellectual impartiality which is the proud possession of some one or two of the other great critics of the world. But it gives him an added virility, the enthusiasm and intimate vividness of the fighter in the midst of battle, that captivates his readers and prevents his writings from ever becoming academically didactic. And the cutting of the personal appeal to Danish hearers robs the English reader of a key to the better valuation of an important work. However, there is otherwise only praise for the undertaking of a putting into English of a work of this character.

Brandes's wide cosmopolitanism, that has made him so valuable as a leader of thought in his own country, and has enabled him to win far-reaching influence upon the public life of his nation, is what has roused the keenest opposition to him at home. He is attacked as a ruthless iconoclast who has no reverence for national ideals, no understanding for the old Norse traditions from which modern literature in Scandinavia has sprung. Nevertheless, it is undeniable that the group of writers who grew up about Brandes, looking to him as a leader, number among them the proudest names in Northern literature to-day. His appreciation of Björnsterne Björnson is just and comprehending, although the two were bitter enemies for many years. His opinions on the mission of literature to lead public thought undoubtedly influenced Ibsen in the turn the great dramatist's genius took in the fine plays of his second creative period, the social dramas. J. P. Jacobsen, whose two small volumes of collected fiction and poetry revolutionised Danish prose style; Holger Drachman, Scandinavia's leading lyric poet; the virile Sophus Schandorph—these and many more came to maturity in sympathy with Brandes, and supported by his approval and teachings.

And it is the fact that Brandes was a Dane, in spite of his wide cosmopolitanism, that gives his work its value for study elsewhere. France and England have been so long centres of thought that it seems impossible for their critics to escape a certain insulation of egotism, which prevents a just view of the intellectual life of other nations. This is particularly true of French criticism. Brandes grew up outside of these main centres, and came to them free and unbiased, looking at them from the outside, thus seeing them in their true proportion one to another, and in their relation to other nationalities. He can judge of the Main Currents of literary thought in Europe as one who sits upon a rock beside the stream and watches it go by without being in it. He has given his countrymen a clear and comprehensive survey of what has been thought and said elsewhere. In other critical essays he has discovered the rich field of Northern

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literature for other nations, who until lately knew nothing of it. And he has also given to the nations hitherto the leaders in literary thought a view of themselves as seen by an outsider.

## V

### Mr. R. H. Sherard's "Life of Oscar Wilde"*

It is not easy to see precisely why a volume of some five hundred pages should be devoted to the life of Oscar Wilde. Viewed solely as a man of letters, his achievement was not great enough to merit this distinction. Viewed as a member of society and an individual, he and his unhappy story might better have been left to oblivion and not made the subject of posthumous exploitation. Nevertheless, here is the book, and one cannot deny that it is interesting, even though parts of it be painful. It is written frankly from the standpoint of a friend. It is at once a eulogy and a defence. Mr. Sherard himself regards Wilde as a man of unusual genius, of great intellectual power and of enduring accomplishment. He also strives to see in him throughout the greater part of his career, "a gentleman in the truest sense of the word," whose personality was marked by "courteous and kindly dignity." We should be loath to take issue with Mr. Sherard in his admiration of much that Wilde wrote in his earlier days. His poetry has often a ring of manliness and sincerity. No one who has ever read them can forget the splendid lines of "Ave Imperatrix," which Lord Roberts read with emotion to his officers around an Afghan campfire. For the pure pleasure of it we venture to quote the opening stanzas, which need not fear comparison with anything in the same *genre* which bears the name of Tennyson or Kipling:

Set in this stormy Northern sea,
  Queen of these restless fields of tide,
England! what shall men say of thee,
  Before whose feet the worlds divide?

The earth, a brittle globe of glass,
  Lies in the hollow of thy hand,
And through its heart of crystal pass,
  Like shadows through a twilight land,

The spears of crimson-suited war,
  The long, white-crested waves of fight,
And all the deadly fires which are
  The torches of the lords of Night.

The yellow leopards, strained and lean,
  The treacherous Russian knows so well,
With gaping, blackened jaws are seen
  Leap through the hail of screaming shell.

The strong sea-lion of England's wars
  Hath left his sapphire cave of sea,
To battle with the storm that mars
  The star of England's chivalry.

The brazen-throated clarion blows
  Across the Pathan's reedy fen,
And the high steeps of Indian snows
  Shake to the tread of armèd men.

And many an Afghan chief, who lies
  Beneath his cool pomegranate-trees,
Clutches his sword in fierce surmise
  When on the mountain side he sees

The fleet-foot Marri scout, who comes
  To tell how he hath heard afar
The measured roll of English drums
  Beat at the gates of Kandahar.

For southern wind and east wind meet
  Where, girt and crowned by sword and fire,
England, with bare and bloody feet,
  Climbs the steep road of wide empire.

This is noble and inspiring poetry, and much that Wilde wrote at the same period is worthy to be set beside it. His prose is also singularly harmonious. He was a master of epigram, and even his comedies, although both cynical and meretricious, sparkle with wit and give evidence of more than ordinary talent.

On the other hand, as a man, no convincing defence of Oscar Wilde has yet been written, and we think it most unlikely that it ever can be. Mr. Sherard himself, though his attitude is that of an advocate, is forced to make so many admissions unfavourable to his subject as to demolish the case which he endeavours

*The Life of Oscar Wilde. By R. H. Sherard. Illustrated. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

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to present. Let us look at these admissions and see whether, after all, they do not practically justify the opinion which is current regarding the unhappy man of whom Mr. Sherard writes with sympathy.

In the first place, Wilde was most unfortunate in his parentage; and such charity as the world extends to him must find its justification in a remembrance of what was entailed upon him by heredity. His father, Sir William Wilde, was a well-known Dublin surgeon, a man of great ability in his own profession, yet devoid of character and regarded by those who knew him with something like abhorrence. Given to drink, devoid of any moral sense, unrestrained in his vices even by the code of professional honour, Sir William's conflicting traits were written on his countenance—upon his high brow, his clear-seeing eyes and his simian mouth, all of which made him a strange blending of the student and the satyr. Lady Wilde was erratic to a degree. She was popular and at the same time the object of much ridicule. When more than fifty years of age she still sought to maintain the illusion of youth by paint and powder and the most bizarre costuming. She wrote poetry; she talked treason; she strove to create something like a *salon* in the Irish capital. Her character was irreproachable, but her conversation was terrifying to modest minds, so that young Wilde himself on one occasion spoke of her as "heading a Society for the Suppression of Virtue." She was, in fact, mentally unsound; and from her the son inherited a lack of mental poise and a love of eccentricity just as from his father he derived a tendency to the lowest forms of dissipation.

Oscar Wilde himself—he was baptized Oscar Fingal O'Flaherty Wills Wilde—seems throughout his whole career to have lived beyond the pale of the really normal. As a schoolboy he was unpopular with his companions. He never took part in their games; he kept aloof from them in all things as much as possible; and he showed even then traces of his remarkable gift for ridicule and for bestowing offensive nicknames upon others. At Oxford, where he acquired the æsthetic tastes which later he cultivated to the point of absurdity, he became well known even if not well liked. The effect upon him of the semi-pagan æsthetic atmosphere of Oxford at that time is summed up by Mr. Sherard in a passage so striking as to deserve quotation for its own sake. How true it is can be realised only by such as have studied at first hand the effects of certain tendencies which flourish in that home of beauty and over-cultivation by the Isis:

> Oxford, which is the finest school in the world for the highest culture, is also the worst training-ground for the lowest forms of debauchery. It all depends on the character of the student, his early home-training, his natural propensities, his physical state, his religious belief. Oxford produces side by side the saint, the sage, and the depraved libertine. She sends men to Parnassus or to the public-house, to Latium or the lenocinium. The Dons ignore the horrors which are going on under their very eyes. They are wrapped up in the petty concerns of the University hierarchy; they are of men the most unpractical and least worldly; while possibly their deep classical studies have so familiarised them with certain pathological manifestations that they really fail to understand the horror of much that is the common jest of the undergraduates. Oxford has rendered incalculable services to the empire, but she has also fostered and sent forth great numbers of men who have contributed to poison English society.

This constitutes a terrible indictment of one side of England's greatest University. And here, again, perhaps, we may be charitable to Oscar Wilde. As Mr. Sherard says, had Wilde never been sent to Oxford, he might now be living in Dublin as one of the lights of Trinity College, a scholar and a gentleman of excellent reputation. Even before he left the University, however, he had begun to assume what his own biographer admits to be a pose. "It was here that the curtain rose on that tragi-comedy in which his fine intellect was to lend itself to grotesque performances." Knowing little of music, and still less of painting, and having no special understanding of decorative art, he was forced to figure as a connoisseur and to discuss music, musicians, art and decoration with the languid finality of a past master. From this time are to be dated his studied

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eccentricities, which led Gilbert to caricature him as Bunthorne, and which gave him during his subsequent visit to the United States the sort of notoriety which would have been revolting to a truly self-respecting gentleman. His long hair, his lilies, his velvet coats, his affected phrases, were all assumed by him in order to force himself upon society, not as a genius, but as a freak. Even in this he was only moderately successful, as Mr. Sherard is driven to admit. The fashionable world of London always looked at him askance; and when he visited Paris, the French men of letters, who were at first disposed to greet him with admiration as a poet, soon set him down as a mere *blagueur*. Daudet in particular mistrusted him as insincere, and Edmond de Goncourt was no less unfavourably impressed. In England as in France there was something about Wilde which made men hold themselves aloof from him. In part, perhaps, it was his bitter tongue, which led him to say unkind things of his contemporaries merely for the sake of seeming clever. Thus he declared that Rudyard Kipling "reveals life by splendid flashes of vulgarity." Of Hall Caine he said that "he writes at the top of his voice." He described Henry James as composing fiction as if it were a painful duty. Another individual of influence was habitually spoken of by Wilde as "a fœtus in a bottle." Some of these things may have been witty, and others of them may have been quite true; but their utterance did not tend to make Wilde popular.

Then came the time when, after a long struggle against pecuniary difficulties, he began the writing of plays, and attained what seemed to be success. Unfortunately, he could not bear success. Until then he had of necessity been abstemious and temperate in his habits. He now yielded without restraint to the atavistic tendencies which were strong within him. He became addicted to the grossest pleasures of the table, to drink, and to tobacco. His biographer says:

> By reason of his descent, his indulgences in strong drink and gourmandising on stimulating foods, which would have been harmless to a man not predisposed by heredity, incontestably produced a terrible mischief, which was the cause of his ruin, disgrace, and death. . . . The alcohol had whipped the sleeping fiend into activity. Alcohol was sheer poison to him. All the extraordinary acts which he committed, the acts of sheer insanity, were committed when alcohol had developed an epileptic crisis in his head.

Here, in fact, is found the essence of Mr. Sherard's defence of Oscar Wilde. He holds him to have been the victim of a progressive disease, epileptiform in its character, and one which rendered him irresponsible for his acts. Certain it is that he underwent a striking change, both moral, physical and mental, between 1893 and 1895. His face became bloated. Indolence settled down upon him. He conducted all his correspondence by telegram. His conversation had lost its brilliancy. He was in reality a broken man.

We need pursue no further this study of a subject which is in the highest degree distressing. Since, however, Mr. Sherard has seen fit to devote a bulky volume to a sort of *apologia* of his former friend, it is but right to show that the verdict of the world at large is on the whole a just one, and that it is unlikely to be reversed by anything that can be written.

*Richard W. Kemp.*

## VI

### Bram Stoker's "Irving"*

Mr. Bram Stoker's book is singularly interesting on account of the intimate view which it affords of the fascinating personality of a very remarkable man, who played a prominent part for nearly a third of a century in the artistic and social world. Readers who expect to find in it an illuminating account of the making of a great actor, any critical or comparative review of his capacities or an impartial estimate of his actual achievements, will be disappointed, but they will learn some of the secrets of his extraordinary success and still more extraordinary popularity. Incidentally, too, they will learn a great deal about the

*Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving. By Bram Stoker. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1906.

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MATHIAS AND SHYLOCK PRESENTED TO HER MAJESTY AT SANDRINGHAM, 1889

energetic, loyal and enthusiastic character of Mr. Stoker himself, who, in the discharge of his function as a modern Boswell, throws the fullest light upon the extent of his own able, indefatigable and loving service. His amiable and quite unconscious egotism only serves to emphasise an affection highly honourable to both men.

From the very first the clever Irishman, who had already won recognition as a scholar and athlete at Dublin University, was dominated by Irving's masterful individuality. He tells how he was made hysterical by the weird power of the actor's recitation of Hood's "Eugene Aram," and how the manifestation of sensibility won Irving's heart and cemented a friendship only to be ended by death. Thenceforward Irving was to him a paragon, and it is not surprising, perhaps, that he can only speak of him in terms of eulogy, in which, however, there is no trace of subserviency. But his indomitable enthusiasm, scorning all reservation or qualification, deprives his opinions on the subject of Irving's acting of all weight. To him each new impersonation was but the signal for a new rhapsody. The actor's mannerisms and physical limitations, so conspicuous to all unprejudiced observers, were for him practically non-existent. Apparently he deemed his glorified chief's Othello, Lear, Macbeth and Romeo, only to mention a few instances, to be on the same plane of excellence with his Mathias, Louis XI., Malvolio and Iago. But if his opinions are misleading, his facts are most interesting and instructive. Nobody can read his account of the golden period of the London Lyceum, with its wealth of official detail, without realising that Irving was a man of the rarest nervous force,

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HENRY IRVING BETWEEN ENGLAND AND AMERICA

From a drawing by Fred Barnard, 1883. After the picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, "Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy"

most resolute will and great intellectuality as well as phenomenal executive ability. This last quality displayed itself in the judgment which he displayed in the selection of his executive staff, but Mr. Stoker makes it quite plain that he was not only the soul of that vast establishment, with its army of actors, scene-painters, mechanics and supernumeraries, but that he actually superintended and directed everything, from the music in the orchestra to the painting of the scenes and the management of the stage. In some cases he was known to discard the costumes prepared by the experts whom he had engaged in favour of others which he had copied from rare prints of the designated period. More than once during the preparation of some great spectacle he helped famous artists to solve problems in colour or arrangement by which they had been baffled. Although he had no ear for music, he was able to give Sir Arthur Sullivan hints as to the nature of the accompaniment which he desired when that eminent composer had failed to meet his requirements. He got the inspiration for his wonderful production of *The Merchant of Venice* from Morocco, and took his scene painters to Nuremberg to get local colour for his *Faust*. No pains or expense was too great, no detail too small, for his attention when a new piece was in hand, and it was by this conscientious

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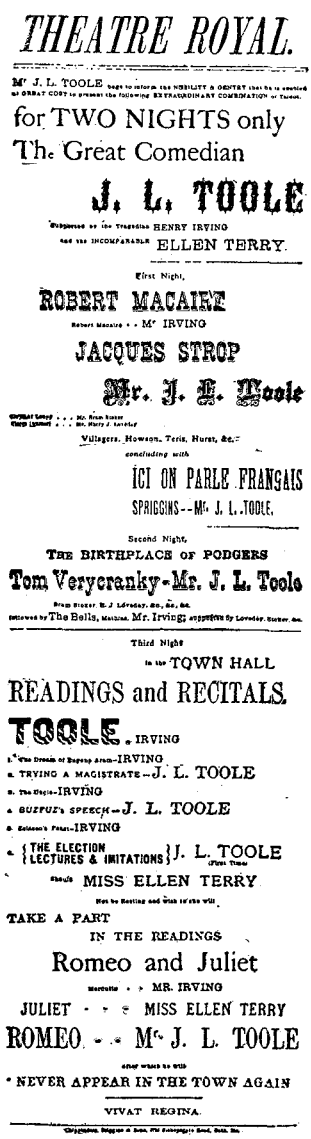

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raised. When particular dresses were required, the London shops would be ransacked for the most suitable material, and sometimes after all the costumes had been completed and found unsatisfactory a new set was ordered. In preparing for a stage picture, cost was the last thing taken into consideration. Whether this sumptuous adornment was always in accordance with the highest principles of dramatic art is a question that is open to debate, but it is impossible not to admire the zeal that dictated it.

labour, backed by a comprehensive intelligence and the keenest theatrical instinct, that he secured the harmonious effects so characteristic of his representations. The amount of money that he spent habitually on scenery, furniture and costumes sounds almost fabulous. But Mr. Stoker is precise in his figures. In one instance, at least, a sum of $75,000 was expended before the curtain was

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Money for its own sake Irving never valued. For many years it flowed in upon him in continuous streams from England and America, and he flung it away with a reckless generosity. Many of Mr. Stoker's pages are devoted to the record of the feasts with which he entertained the multitude of his friends and acquaintance. The publication of many long columns of the names of the more or less illustrious personages who accepted his hospitality, which was profuse and inexhaustible, is in questionable taste, but it illustrates the social position to which he had attained. Many of the most distinguished men and women in all ranks of life, princes and nobles of every degree, statesmen, clergy, painters, authors, explorers, judges, leaders of all kinds, in politics, science or theology, were proud to be numbered among his guests. In his later days he came to be regarded almost as a national institution. As a self-constituted prime minister of the arts he became the host of colonial delegations organised for imperial affairs. The Indian princes who did homage to Queen Victoria at her jubilee proceeded from the Queen at Buckingham Palace to the player king at the Lyceum. Nor could royalty itself excel the splendour of his innumerable banquets, while the intellectual fare which he provided was far superior to that which is to be found in courts. No actor ever before stood so high in the esteem of the titled and the learned worlds, while his acquaintance among mere ordinary mortals was simply limitless. All this and much more Mr. Stoker sets forth in lively and entertaining narrative. His pages teem with anecdotes of the great persons with whom Irving consorted on equal terms—Gladstone, Disraeli, Browning, Tennyson, Burne Jones, Renan, Richard Barton, Stanley, Vambéry, Randolph Churchill and countless others. He dwells, too, at considerable length upon the honours which Irving received at Dublin, Oxford and Cambridge, Harvard and other Universities in England and America, and various learned organisations, and upon the skill and distinction with which he always acquitted himself. He does not mention the fact that he did not always write his own addresses, thinking, perhaps, that he could have done so had he wished. And doubtless Irving was a man of wide information if not of deep learning, and endowed, moreover, with wonderful tact, great self-reliance and almost irresistible personal charm.

Mr. Stoker gives an eloquent and pathetic account of the actor's last days, his gallant endurance of the sudden and repeated shocks of ill-fortune, his final collapse and his burial in Westminster Abbey. There can be little doubt that his death occurred for him at a happy time, while his fame was still fresh and his state fairly prosperous. This tribute of love and admiration which his sorrowing lieutenant lays upon his tomb is not the least of his honours.

*I. Ranken Towse.*

## VII

### "The Guilds of Florence"*

Mingled with the admiration bestowed upon Florence, there is an element of perennial wonderment quite different from any feeling evoked by the other cities of the Old World, which successively caught up and bore onward the torch of civilisation. The supremacy of Athens or Rome or Constantinople in turn is of vast import, but it involves no mystery. As one glances back over recorded history, it is difficult to see where learning could have found a patron after the downfall of Greece if not in Rome; or what asylum remained for it if not Byzantium when Rome in turn declined. Geography, climate and the course of trade seemed to foreordain each of these cities to be for a time the mistress of the world.

But with Florence the conditions were utterly different. Beginning as one of a score of obscure and struggling towns, always at war within and without her walls, and never a world power, either in territorial or military strength, she none the less mysteriously raised herself to the position of chief seat of learning and centre of the world's commerce, at a time

*The Guilds of Florence. By Edgcumbe Staley. New York: A. C. McClurg and Company.

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when the rest of Europe had hardly awakened from the night of mediævalism. Historians are prone to point out that climate and geography also played their part in the rise of the city on the Arno; that the facts that she lay upon the main highway to Northern Europe, and that through her harbour at Pisa she could command the sea were potent factors in her supremacy. Yet such arguments go to show only why Florence was one of the possible candidates for the high position. The reason why she was the successful one is to be sought primarily in the peculiarities of the Tuscan race. In no other community of which we have records was the artistic temperament so closely and advantageously blended with shrewd business instinct. These two traits, which to-day we have come to regard as so fundamentally opposed that to say that a man has the "artistic temperament" is supposed to explain his laxness of business methods, were apparently inborn in every Florentine, in nearly equal proportions. One must grasp this fact thoroughly, brood upon it, let it sink in, if one is ever to reconcile what the Florentines did with what they were, and still are. One is led equally far from the truth if in every Florentine carpenter or stone cutter one sees, as Ruskin saw, only the artist; or if one goes, with Maurice Hewlett, to the other extreme and insists that the art of Giotto and Ghirlandajo and Della Robbia "was an affair of the yard-stick and the scales—and why in Heaven's name should it not be?"

The reason why Florence occupies a unique position in the history of culture is that there, for once, a whole community united in putting into practice their belief that every trade may be raised to the dignity of an art, if only the worker put forth honestly and unflaggingly the best that is in him; and that every art should receive equal recognition on a strict business basis in the commercial world. It is to the lasting honour of Florence that for centuries she not only enrolled every one of her citizens who earned his livelihood—and for citizens of any other sort she had no use—in one or another of the established guilds; but that from the heads of these guilds, the "Capitudini," came the form of government under which the best of all that Florence had to give in art and letters was fostered. In other words, the governing body of the Republic of Florence was a sort of glorified board of trade.

You cannot study Tuscan history without a knowledge of these guilds; you cannot read Tuscan literature without constantly running up against them; you cannot visit the city itself without finding some record and memorial of them staring you in the face from its monuments. Old Florence, especially the little which survived of guildhouses and old market places, is rapidly being swept away. Each time that one returns, after a ten years' absence, one experiences anew a sense of robbery, through the legalised vandalism of municipal improvement and sanitation. Yet so long as the substantial bulk of Or San Michele raises its substantial bulk, bearing on high the armorial devices of the twelve guilds that united to adorn it with statues, just so long it will be remembered that there was a time in Florence when the calling of judge and physician, draper and money-changer, butcher and bricklayer, were all held in equal honour, and all dignified by the name of *Arti*.

Curiously enough, a detailed and complete history of these *Arti* had never been undertaken until Mr. Edgcumbe Staley turned his energy and industry to the collection of material for the bulky and deeply interesting volume that has only recently been completed—*The Guilds of Florence*. That his work is not exhaustive and definitive the author himself implies in his preface, where he says that the early constitutions and statutes of many of the guilds were written in a mixture of abbreviated Latin and vernacular Tuscan that would have required a lifetime to decipher. A German undertaking to cover the same field would cheerfully have given the lifetime required, and would have produced a work intensely erudite and intensely dull. A Frenchman, with fewer facts, would have skimmed the surface of his subject with considerably more grace of style. Mr. Staley seems to have struck a happy mean. He is not always easy to read—too flowery at times, too dull at others; but in the end you feel that you have

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the essential facts of the commercial rise of Florence, and with them the key to some of the secrets of Florentine art and letters. It is not exactly one of the volumes which the stranger and sojourner in Florence may carry with him. It takes up too many cubic inches of space; it increases too seriously the restricted "kilos" of admissible luggage. Yet in it one finds conveniently the answer to so many questions that arise through a morning's wanderings in narrow and alluring byways. Even its dry statistics of revenues and taxes help you to repeople the dead centuries by the sense of activity and enterprise which the mere figures convey. There was small chance for any one, man or boy, in old Florence to be idle. Once turned sixteen, he must join a guild or else be dubbed *Scioperato*—loafer, and have no voice in the city's affairs. Yet only the native-born Florentine who was both honest and thrifty was eligible to membership. He must produce sponsors for his good character, must prove that he has never been convicted of a misdemeanor, and must show a property qualification, besides paying a tax to the state and an entrance fee to the particular guild. And after this, as probationer or apprentice, he must serve ten years before earning the right to call himself a master of his craft. They guarded the honour of their guilds well, those shrewd, progressive old Florentines.

Mr. Staley not only traces in a general way the rise and development of the guild system, but he takes up severally each of the guilds in turn, the seven greater guilds, the five intermediate and the nine minor, giving in regard to each a fund of curious and enlightening facts. That Dante matriculated in the Guild of Doctors and Apothecaries is a fact known to most readers of the *Divine Comedy,* but that literature and painting were both enrolled under the fostering care of that guild is as little known as is the reason—that books were sold regularly in pharmacies, and that the painters placed themselves under the banner of that guild, "being beholden for their supply of pigment to the apothecaries and their agents in foreign lands." Enlightening, also, are such bits of information as that the "Calimala," or Guild of Cloth Finishers, was held so high in honour that men as famous as Dante, Petrarch, Brunetto Latini and Boccaccio did not disdain to serve as foreign agents in their offices in Paris.

The profusion of curious old woodcuts and other rare illustrations add a value of their own to a volume which is not only a real contribution to the history of Florence, but an admirable support of the author's dictum that "while the Florentines were essentially a nation of shopkeepers, they were at the same time a Republic of independent gentlemen."

*Frederic Taber Cooper.*

## VIII

### Professor Thomson's "Brain and Personality."*

This work on Brain and Personality ought to be of interest to every person who possesses either of those entities. Aiming to acquaint the general reader with the remarkable discoveries of modern physiological science, it is eminently clear and readable; thus in explaining the various theories of the inter-relations of mind and body, use is made not only of the most ancient but the most recent illustrations: figures of speech, ranging from the æolian harp, the library and the violin, to the telephone, the phonograph and the automobile. Besides these illuminating similes, the book abounds in stimulating paradoxes: there is no such thing as *a* brain in a human being, he always has two brains; there is nothing in his physical frame which truly separates him from other animals, because every member and organ of his body has its counterpart or analogue in the bodies of other animals; lastly, in respect to the faculty of speech, it is not, as some reasoners loosely state, that language makes man, but man who makes language. Or put in a more enlarged and less startling form: the modern physiologist has discovered that the conscious personality has a material organ to think with, which exists in two symet-

*Brain and Personality. By William Hanna Thomson, M.D., L.L.D., pp. v+320. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1906.

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rical halves; that it is only one-half of this organ, however, which can be used for speech, or for recognising or knowing anything which is either seen or heard or touched, in the sense of the touch which is educated; finally, that all *acquired* endowments, therefore, are acquired by a modification of the material comprising the speaking half of the brain; this speaking half of the brain not originally having a single one of these great functions, not a single place in it for them, any more than its fellow-hemisphere has to the end of its life; they are all stamped, as it were, each in its respective place in the speaking hemisphere, by a single creative agency, the human personality.

How important are these discoveries, made within the lifetime of our generation, is shown by way of contrast through an historical review of the progress of human knowledge concerning the brain, from the Aristotelian notion that it was a refrigerator of the blood, through the mediæval that it was a receptacle for the animal spirits, to the phrenological that it was a set of compartments for the various mental faculties. In this somewhat hasty and superficial historical introduction, attention might have been profitably called to the achievements of the early American thinkers, especially of the Philadelphia school of materialists. Such was B. Franklin's criticism of the animal spirits as connected with the absurdities of animal magnetism, Benjamin Rush's employment of the word phrenology a decade before it was applied to the system of Gall, and, in a sense, which adumbrated the modern conceptions of cerebral localisation; and Frederick Beasley's anticipation of the formula of psychophysical parallelism, when he conjectured that in every case in which there is performed an operation of the mind, there takes place at the same time a correspondent, correlative and consentient operation of the body. These opinions of a century or more ago incidentally disprove Dr. Thomson's contention that it was reserved for physicians and not for psychologists to light upon these great discoveries, as to definite relations between particular portions of brain matter and thought, by the fact that Dr. Rush, like several of the given authorities from Hitzig to Charcot, was a psychologist as well as a physician. However, the author's omissions on the historical side do but give point to his assertion that the findings as to the physical relations of the brain to the mind are scarcely known to the general public, and their important bearing on the old question of matter and mind is even less appreciated.

Now, what are these relations, and what are their bearings? Negatively, that phrenology, as a science of the mind, was too good to be true; that while the inner table of the skull corresponds in a general way with the subadjacent convolutions, as respects the outer table of the skull, there may be no correspondence; positively, that while "bumpbology" is false, cerebral localisation is true, provided the latter be taken to mean that each of the special senses has its anatomical seat in the brain. We might contrast these two points of view in the following manner: The old phrenologists made a cross-section of the brain look like the cross-section of an apartment house, separate compartments representing separate faculties, from domesticity to philoprogenitiveness; the modern physiologists put in place of this seductive picture a diagram of the functional areas of the surface of the cerebral hemispheres, which, in its way, is more wonderful than those hotel appliances by whose proper manipulation the guest may obtain anything from ice-water to a cocktail. Indeed, few occupants of this tenement of clay realise what a complicated system of push-buttons it contains, and that by the proper stimulus of one area, the normal activities of the tongue are brought about, and by an improper stimulus of another, abnormal activities of the legs. How minute are these areas is to be gathered from the extremely informing chapters on the faculty of speech. Thus it is found that the paralysis of a small patch of grey matter no larger than a hazel nut causes various aphasias or derangements of speech; such are cases of word blindness, where the patient can see words but not recognise them; of word deafness, where the patient can read and write as well as ever, but cannot hear his own words or those of others; of music-note blindness,

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where the patient loses the power of reading music, but can still play his favourite instrument. Here the writer might have added to his violin centre a special business centre, for there seem to be separate registries for figures. Such is the case of a rich man from whose examination after an attack of apoplexy it was found that though he could not read or write words, yet he could both read and write figures as well as ever; in fact, that he was unusually adept in all arithmetical calculations. And so it is, reasons the author, that processes of disease enable us to analyse our brain mechanism of speech with all the precision of well-devised experiment. All this might lead one to wish that there were some painless process of mental surgery by which, without opening up the subject's head, the mysteries of high finance could be opened up; as, for example, how insurance presidents, being put on the witness stand, are afflicted with financial amnesia, remembering certain figures but forgetting the personages with which they were connected. But this would lead into the field of criminal psychology, that science which attempts to show how the absence of certain brain cells may explain the moral imbecile's presence in a prison cell.

If these are fancies, we pass to what the author offers as facts—his most interesting if not most debatable chapter on the relations of the brain to personality. While in the preceding chapter it is shown that the evolution of the nervous system is guided by the great principle of special nervous reaction to environment, yet in the case of man it is declared that this is not enough. Man, like all animals, has a nervous system, and, like his lower brethren, the Banderlog, has a brain which can hardly be told from that of a chimpanzee; but in addition he has something else, and that something, which would explain everything, is the Ego, or Human Personality! Forgetful of his former strictures against the metaphysicians, whose help he had spurned, whose teleologies or theories of purpose he had derided, the physician now takes his place in one of the two metaphysical camps by joining the forces of the spiritualistic dualists and not of the materialistic monists. To the latter, who claim that there is no such thing as personality apart from the brain, that the organisation of cerebral matter accounts for everything mental, that our consciousness represents only a passing phase of our cerebral activities, and that the ego in us is nothing more than the functional result of the arrangement for the time being of the molecules or ions of our brain matter—to these people and their contentions the non-metaphysical writer replies that personality is the most certain reality of the universe, all other phenomena being relative to consciousness, and that as to the ego, the statements of the other side are to be rejected because they are purely metaphysical assumptions. This being a severe arraignment, to it the author's opponents might retort that he is a metaphysician in spite of himself, and a poor one at that, not because he confuses agnosticism with phenomenalism, the doctrine that we know nothing at all with the doctrine that we know only the appearances of things, but because he complicates the problem of mentality instead of simplifying it. Instead of his triple alliance of personality, will and mind, an impossible trinity without any thought of the binding unity of the self, they would prefer to look upon the human constitution as resembling the United States Constitution, a creation which implies not three separate governments, but one government with three separate functions. Hence the absurdity of claiming that the will is separate from the mind, or higher than the mind; such an unwarranted assumption would turn man into a mere machine run by an inscrutable will, or, to adapt a previous figure of speech, would make mentality the automobile and volition the driver with a hidden face. In fine, the writer, in dealing with the problem of personality, discovers himself a metaphysician of a peculiar stripe; showing himself in doctrine of the blind will a veritable follower of Schopenhauer, and in his praise of the benevolent will an unconscious follower of Edwards. But these confusions and inconsistencies in ontology do not invalidate the author's contributions to physiology, for, like the brain itself, while one part may be useless in solving problems, the other half is indispensable.

*I. Woodbridge Riley.*

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## IX

### Mr. White's "The Pass." *

Mr. White's idea of a mountain pass will surprise those who remember the definition of their dictionary or who recall what they have seen from the car windows on the transcontinental trip. Elizabeth Pass, named after the writer's wife who accompanied him and the faithful "Wes" on this journey, is traced by a thin line on a quarter inch scale on a back page of the book. But, except for certain figures in the margin which indicate that the travellers reached considerable heights at times, this map is an innocent looking affair and as inadequate in its way as is the title of the volume. For the opening of Elizabeth Pass, despite Mr. White's modest disclaimer, was no easy task. Its accomplishment involved an experience in mountain climbing, an intimate knowledge of these particular mountains, a steadiness of nerve and muscle, and a rough and ready engineering skill combined, which nine out of ten of those who make much of their exploits in mountain climbing do not possess. Moreover, the party had to pick their own path. The pass, in fact, was an unmarked and, for the most part, untrodden way, from a point on Roaring River some seven thousand feet above sea level, across the Sierras, to the main trail on the Kaweah River, and its elevations ranged as high as thirteen thousand feet. It was beset with glacial declivities, precipices, snow, ankle-deep loose shale, and intervening shoulders of the mountains; and at times it became necessary to anchor the pack animals against a side slip with lariats. More than once only the united muscular strength of the men saved the horses from a tumble to death.

It is the triumph of Mr. White's enthusiasm and of his ability to put his facts and his impressions into the right words that what was encountered and what was seen on the trip is almost as plain on the printed page as it would have been to you or me had we taken the trip with him.

But there is a good deal more in the book than adventure and the disclosure of what difficulties were met and how they were overcome. The hazards of mountain climbing will always lure the imagination, and vivid accounts of stirring experiences have become almost a commonplace. The chief charm of *The Pass* is due to what so many of these same accounts lack: a comprehension of life which is fine and rare, a buoyant spirit of delight in being out of doors which is contagious. The unconscious effort of the book, as of *The Mountains* and *The Forest* and indeed of all Mr. White has written, is to emphasise the benignity of Nature, to bring us into better understanding with her in her various moods. Mr. White does not seek to soften the austerity of some of the heights which he traversed—those "giants of the Kaweah group, black, scarred by storms, wreathed with snow clinging in streaks to their polished steep sides"—the wildest and most rugged of the Sierras, where the Great Western Divide, above fourteen thousand feet, runs down from the northwest, "to the left a great cirque, a semicircle of sheer mountains, of nothing but granite and snow, . . . in the cup a torment of splintered granite debris." These Titian upheavals dominated everything, and his descriptions of their bleak prospect are among the best things he has done. But always he discovers relief from their rigour. Their majestic sternness, he makes evident, is only what broadens to the first grand sweep of the vision. He shows us that, looking closer, these vast distances and barren peaks and sides resolve themselves into boundaries and landmarks, and that between them, below them, perhaps at one's feet, a lake ripples back the sunshine, a floor of tree-tops stretches away in restful expanse, the carpet of a grass-grown plateau spreads itself to the nearest stream. Take the Big Meadow which lies in a shallow cup "exactly like a lake, only the waters are the green grass, arms of which reach among and around wooded knolls like bays and estuaries. A forest surrounds it, and hills surround the forest, and mountain peaks the hills." This is hardly what occurs to us when we think of the rugged steeps of the Sierras; yet it is the patch

*The Pass. By Stewart Edward White. New York: The Outing Publishing Company.

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of sky-blue lupins, the graceful waving fans of the balsam so often in the foreground of Mr. White's pictures or, at least, made a focussing point, that testify to the fact that his eyes miss nothing and that it is for the smiling side of nature he looks.

Nor is the human element missing from the book. Besides the party of whose individual qualities we have occasional glimpses, there are bits like this which show the type of man living in such vast solitudes and fit to cope with its forces: "Big Meadow," Mr. White says, "flourished under a benign and patriarchal government. The Forest Ranger was the head of it. His many big sons hearkened to his counsels and obeyed his commands implicitly and cheerfully; the women looked to him as the women in the tents of Shem looked to their masters; and the very beasts seemed to repose trust in him as the beneficent arbiter of their destinies. So much giving, so much ordering of affairs had bred in him a certain deliberate largeness of spirit. He never had to assert his authority, because by habit it had long since become assured. His control seemed almost Indian in its scope; yet it was in no sense an oppressive control. The kindly breadth of his spirit seemed to find its exact counterpart in his appearance, for he was deep-chested, thick-shouldered, sturdy of limb; and his massive, handsome face, with twinkling eyes, was well set off by his close-cropped grizzled hair." Not less suggestive in its way is the passing allusion to those ancients, those "jolly and harmless old frauds," the white-bearded men whom one meets occasionally on these barren hillsides, prospecting, always prospecting, and never finding the vast treasure-bearing mines to seek which each summer season they forsake the respectable life of the valley towns as soon as the mountaineering blood begins to stir in them.

Mr. White has a knack of summing up character and temperament in a few words which is distinctly impressive. Some of the anecdotes in the present volume are capital, too, and a sense of quiet humour livens more than one page, notably when he speaks of the qualities and behaviour of the party's faithful companions—the horses and the two dogs, Tuxana and Pepper.

*The Mountains* was a book of larger proportions than *The Pass,* and so was *The Forest,* and these both were of more variety; but, for all that, no one who already knows Mr. White will be disappointed in the new volume. In some respects it shows an advance in literary workmanship, and it ought to make its author new friends. A word of praise is fairly due the reproductions of some uncommon photographs.

*Churchill Williams.*

## X

### Robert Hichens's "The Call of the Blood"*

In these days, when novelists are "interviewed" as to how they write books: whether with scenarioed plots sketched in advance or blindly, from chapter to chapter, led only by the guidance of genius, it is not uncommon to read how Jones's characters, once created, take themselves out of their creator's hands and run the incidents and the conclusion to suit themselves. It is a pretty assumption, but perhaps in most cases an affectation pure and simple—fiction, along with the rest of Jones's product and calculated to invest Jones's creations with a reality they often fail to maintain. Still, because this is usually only a theory adopted to flatter an author's egotism despite its seeming modesty, it does not follow that the thing is impossible.

Probably no book in the last year or two has given rise to such argument over its conclusion as has Mr. Hichens's *Garden of Allah;* and now his *Call of the Blood,* while not calculated to arose the same measure of discussion, is yet equally interesting as a literary phenomenon. The motive of the book is simple and obvious; perhaps even a trifle crude. Hermione Lester, a brilliant but plain-looking woman of thirty-four, loves and marries Maurice Delarey, a singular, handsome and intellectually ordinary man of twenty-four. Both are English, but one of Dalarey's grandmothers was of Sicilian peasant stock. The couple hurry

*The Call of the Blood. By Robert Hichens. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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off to spend their honeymoon in a cottage in the hills above Marechiaro (Taormina), but Hermione is compelled shortly after to go to Africa for a few weeks to take care of an old friend who is dangerously ill, and Maurice, influenced solely by the blood of his grandmother, as Mr. Hichens elucidates, prefers to stay in Sicily, plays enthusiastically with the peasants and fishermen, and finally, in the fickleness of his Sicilian man-nature, plays much too seriously with a pretty contadina and is murdered by her father.

Now, it is conceivable that the presence of the quarter strain might result in a sort of reincarnation, but it seems one needs hardly to invent so occult a cause for all that happens. It, or something more or less akin to it, would be pretty sure to result under the same conditions, be the blood what it might. Hermione is a fine woman—a noble woman, as Mr. Hichens takes pains to impress on us. She is also a very able woman, with an indescribable charm. Still, she is undeniably plain; she is "old" from the subconscious standpoint of any husband of twenty-four years, and she is, as such a woman would be apt to be, almost mawkishly sentimental about him and their love. He has been attracted in the first instance, as most young empty-heads might be, by her intellectual position and charm; he is flattered by her preference, and he thinks he loves her, but in how many of such incongruous matches could the woman hope to hold the man's devotion, even should she recognise incongruities and bend all her intelligence and self-control to meeting the situation accordingly. That would be her one possible chance, and is possible only if the husband were a rather remarkable man.

In Hermione's case she recognises nothing except quite academically, and in that she is eminently feminine and natural. Like most women who have made something of a position for themselves, she is intensely self-centred. She has imagined over and over what her marriage and her husband are to be, and any failure in the least detail of her dream is to her gentle nature a source of silent sorrow. To that of the modern woman of average disposition the silent sorrow is apt to be virtuous indignation.

Perhaps the reason that self-centredness thrives best among the cleverest women who have accomplished something and among the dullest men who haven't is because women have not yet reached the point where they can take "accomplishing something" as a matter of course. The self-centred man is generally just the dull bore of society, but it would seem as if the able woman who has succeeded in some definite direction could never quite get away from the contemplation of her success. Henceforth she views the world subjectively. Such women are not good matrimonial timber at the best, and with one ten years older than one's self, marriage is a foreordained failure without any Sicilian grandmother or *Call of the Blood* to explain it. Mr. Hichens envelops himself in his rather artificial motive and seems quite oblivious of the influences that must really move his characters to act with consummate naturalness to an inevitable end.

It is pertinent in this connection to hark back to the earlier novel, for we find in *The Garden of Allah* more than ample substantiation of our theory *in re* Hichens. I assume we have all sat by while indignant women criticised that story to the effect that no religious notion would have availed to make a woman like Domini send the man she loved to end his life of expiation in his monastery. I believe these critics are entirely right in their contention, and that, from the standpoint of the author, in so far as he has vouchsafed to disclose it, the ending of the story is forced and inartistic. But have we not here, also, a case of the characters themselves dominating, developing the plot as it should be developed and would naturally develop in life? Mr. Hichens drops no hint of being conscious of other motives than those he ascribes to his people, and it seems fair to assume that he meant them to be governed by no others. That the individuals themselves are equally unconscious is quite in keeping with what we see around us every day. Briefly, to recall the situation, Domini Enfilden, an English woman of thirty-two years, cultured, accustomed to all the refinements of society, but with a physical nature that, by reason of its

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very intensity, had never been awakened by the conventionalised masculinity of the men she had met, goes to Beni-Mora, on the edge of the Sahara. The climate, nature, humanity of the place all combine to produce a sort of hot-house atmosphere for the hitherto suppressed woman in her. There she meets Boris Androvsky. His is the crude, forceful masculinity that appeals to the dormant side of her nature, and the flame flashes out. They marry and spend a long honeymoon in the solitude of the desert, with none but three Arab servants to distract her attention from the man she is infatuated with; and what is he? A male animal, an uncultured barbarian, an ignorant child, one who cannot give her a single moment of intellectual or social companionship; one who puts her to shame by his inconceivable gaucheries on the two or three occasions when they fall in with other civilised wanderers. What is the natural result? What must be the natural result of the situation? Were such a woman to marry such a man and live with him under the most favourable conditions, I think all who knew them would predict a year or two as the limit of the experiment. Under conditions where she must rely solely on him for companionship, with no pleasures or occupations to distract, who will claim that physical love alone would suffice? What would happen in ninety-nine cases out of an hundred? What *does* happen in Domini's case is intellectual and social boredom, sapping the very foundations of her earth-born passion. After a month and more of this comes the disclosure and the confession that Boris is a monk fled from his vows, driven by the urgings of the flesh, and a curious but admirably natural reaction follows. Domini is a woman of neurotic temperament. She is a Roman Catholic, but you never fail to realise that her religion is of a highly emotionalised type. I do not maintain, and it is not necessary to maintain, that she was conscious of being tired of her husband. In a nature like hers, while the result would be inevitable, it is equally inevitable that she would not admit the fact to herself for a long time after she had begun to suspect it. In the present situation it is doubtless true that she has not even begun to suspect her real mental attitude. Still, the disclosure of Boris's sin acts upon her as violently as had his physical masculinity; she turns from him as sharply and as irrevocably as she had turned to him, and she doubtless does not suspect any more than Mr. Hichens seems to that the forces that govern her revolt are other than the deepest sense of religious duty. As for me, I see only in the conclusion physical satiety, social humiliation and subconscious intellectual boredom acting unconsciously under the perfectly sincere pretext of religious devotion. With such a temperament as Domini's, the circumstances could hardly admit of any other result. By way of prophecy, let me hazard further that Boris will never stay in his monastery. He is doubly sure to break out again, while Domini herself will do anything but spend the rest of her life in her desert villa. *Duffield Osborne.*

## XI

### A. T. Quiller-Couch's "Sir John Constantine"*

How much reading of romantic fiction maketh a surfeited man, and what will be the ultimate relation, in proportion to its numbers, that the novel of adventure will bear to literature? These be timely questions at the present moment, when the supply of romance has shrunk, with the dwindling of the demand for it, to insignificant proportions. The inferior article—that made of plot alone—has disappeared from the booksellers' counters, but there remains, fortunately, a well-balanced supply of, and demand for, the superior work, in which there is semblance of life and character and beauty of craftsmanship, as well as incident, situation and action.

Mr. Quiller-Couch is a factor of no small importance in the continuance of what is best in a much-overworked genre. He has the dramatic instinct mellowed by an appreciation of poetic chivalry; he has humour, a humour that never fails him,

*Sir John Constantine: Memoirs of His Adventures at Home and Abroad, and particularly in the Island of Corsica: beginning with the Year 1756; written by his son, Prosper Paleologus, otherwise Constantine. Edited by Q. (A. T. Quiller-Couch). New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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and that, which is rarer, never gets out of hand; he gives his characters their rights as living beings; and, finally, his style and technique are pleasures that worthily and alluringly crown the whole.

*The Ship of Stars* was probably a higher and more loftily sustained flight of a knightly imagination than is *Sir John Constantine,* yet the central idea of this new story soars fully as majestically and freely. It is in its development that the author dips closer to earth, and this apparently for a curious reason. It would seem, at least, that when Mr. Quiller-Couch was planning the story of Sir John Constantine's lifelong devotion to the high graces of the distant captive queen of Corsica, and developing the course of his adventurous plot to place the crown of that realm upon the head of his only son, the author, delighted with the Quixotic quality of this English gentleman of his fashioning, resolved to give him not only one, but several prudent, prosaic, materialistic companions, no Quixote of fiction being effective, of course, without his Sancho Panza. The book has gained in humour by this, but it has suffered somewhat in the sustained flight of its romance, at least in the earlier pages.

However, this is not really to our point. The true and enduring delight of *Sir John Constantine* lies elsewhere—in its literary affiliations, which will endear it to those whom reading hath made "full men." Even in its construction the novel is ingeniously made to bear its reminder of the period with which it deals, the middle of the eighteenth century. Sir John himself, to be sure, who knows his Shakespeare, cares for little in the English literature of his own day beyond the *Compleat Angler* and the *Life of Sir Henry Wotton,* but the spirit of Laurence Sterne is in the atmosphere of the book; Defoe gives it a fillip occasionally, and how adroitly is the tale of the *Interrupted Betrothal* placed upon the lips of Mr. Fett, who, as a strolling player, must have been quite familiar with the writings of Mr. Henry Fielding. One constantly comes upon some passing allusion, some negligent little hint of delightful literary intimacies, some reminder of forgotten worthies.

The book presents a puzzle in some seemingly direct derivations from later writers, which yet probably have reality only in the mind of a surfeited reader of fiction. The touch of Tartarin, just a flick of the whip, so to speak, is almost unquestionably deliberate; it fits Mr. Quiller-Couch's lively humour so well. A reference to Stevenson appears to be obligatory whenever his work is discussed at length, though in this case there certainly is no cause for it; but why, when Corsica has been reached, is one reminded so forcibly of Prosper Mérimée? Surely, this is a trick of the reader's memory, not the author's. Stranger still is the remarkable coincidence, due allowance being made, between the closing episode in Brussels of the early misadventures of Mr. Quiller-Couch's Corsican princess and a similar misfortune, but carried to the bitter end, in the life of another kidnapped daughter of royalty in fiction, in Eugene Sue's *Mysteries of Paris.*

These are but disturbing tricks of the memory, which mars as many pleasures as it makes. They will not interfere with the delight one takes in Sir John, his ambitions, or his spirited encounters with Barbary corsairs and Corsican patriots, nor will they detract one iota from the poetry of the father's love for the queen, or the son's for the princess. A novel of adventure of many merits is *Sir John Constantine,* about whose ultimate relation to the literature of its period there need be but little doubt.

*A. Schade van Westrum.*

## XII

### Anthony Hope's "Sophy of Kravonia"*

For years Anthony Hope has seemed to be in the position of a man trying to live down the indiscretions of his mad, glad youth. It was *The Prisoner of Zenda* that gave him his audience and established a genuine "school" of fiction; and no one—not even the author himself—has been able quite to forget that story. Of late years he has tried diligently to give us something better. He

*Sophy of Kravonia. By Anthony Hope. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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has made honest, conscientious studies of the characters and problems of modern society without a touch of the fantastic impossibility of that early romance. Their dignified merit has been recognised, the serious purpose of the author applauded, and every comment has ended with the reflection, "Of course, it is not at all like *The Prisoner of Zenda.*" The persistent reference of everything he has written to that trifling product of his salad days seems at last to have got on the author's nerves. "Hang it all!" he may be imagined saying, "they're still talking about that silly, superficial thing, are they? Very well; if they want *Zenda* stories, they shall have them." And forthwith he writes the best story he has given us since *The Prisoner of Zenda.*

Not, of course, quite so delightful as his early tale; he can never recapture that first fine, careless rapture. For *The Prisoner of Zenda* was in its kind a little masterpiece. Not a great kind, perhaps; a tissue of pure romance, as unreal as a dream. But it was supremely well done. It had the glamour, the verve and dash, the inspiriting clash of arms, the pretty sentiment, that belongs to romance. The spirit of the game never flagged. If it was not for a moment real life, it at least made you wish it were. And its influence has not yet perished. If Anthony Hope owed much to Stevenson—the Stevenson of *Prince Otto*—in its writing, he is in turn the model for all the romances of the last dozen years, which have played themselves out amid the intrigues and fighting of that imaginary kingdom whose real name on the map is Cockaigne. The imitators are, it is true, for the most part a sorry lot; it is a thing distinctly not worth doing unless it is done superlatively well. But Stevenson, whose most characteristic work is all informed with the spirit of inexhaustible youth, has by virtue thereof his rightful place on our shelves; and surely *The Prisoner of Zenda* is worthy of a place beside *Prince Otto.*

So Anthony Hope has at last turned imitator of himself. That fact is the exact measure of the distance between *Sophy of Kravonia* and *The Prisoner of Zenda.* Well, if we can't have the fine original again, let us be thankful for an imitation so nearly perfect. In this sort of thing Anthony Hope at his second best is far, far ahead of his competitors at their best. The new story has not only the familiar outlines, but as well much of the swing and dash of the model. The fact that the alien in the land of Kravonia is a woman—an Englishwoman, of course—doesn't matter. Kravonia meets her half way with a prince instead of a princess. And then Sophy is of the race of princesses of romance—a beautiful, daring, full-blooded, life-loving woman—a true adventuress, without the sinister implication of the word. Yet she has her touch of originality. The red star, the little wafer-like birthmark on her cheek that glows red when her heart beats fast, is a charming disfigurement. From the time Sophy comes by chance to Kravonia—the history of her earlier life is, to tell the truth, scarcely worth while—events move swiftly enough. The plots which surround the succession to the throne are ingeniously developed, Sophy's part in them inevitable. There is good fighting and better love-making. Perhaps Mr. Hope has lost some of his old exultation in the mere physical struggle, the actual meeting of enemies. There is brevity and reticence rather than gloating over the hand-to-hand conflicts. It is when the lovers meet that his own heart is enlisted. Here we have a lover who can declare his love, a girl who can receive it, equally without self-conscious posing and mawkish silliness. It is sentiment, but it is simple and sincere. The scene wherein the mountain people make Sophy their queen, and that at the end of it all, when the girl goes out alone to decide what she shall do with her broken life, have real pathos. There are no thoughts here that do lie too deep for tears, but there is the simple, direct art of touching the surface where the tears lie readiest.

Mr. Hope keeps most of the varied threads of the story well in hand. At one point, however, he must have nodded. He describes with abundant detail Lepage's escape from the palace and his roundabout journey, after swimming the river, to Zerkovitch, whose house he reached about midnight. Colonel Stafnitz, who knew his relations with Zerko-

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vitch, must have known hours before of his escape. Why, then, was he not intercepted at Zerkovitch's house? Why was Zerkovitch allowed to leave the city in the morning and carry to the prince the news of the king's death? Here is a big knot in the skein that requires untangling. But conspirators notoriously have their moments of monumental stupidity, and perhaps an author should be allowed on occasion to put himself in the place of his characters. A more grievous wrong Mr. Hope has done us in bringing his story to its real climax too early—which may, however, be offset by the neat way in which, once he is through, he has cleared the field of all vestiges of the combat. Kravonia disappears from the map as Sophy leaves it, engulfed by the armies of the adjacent great powers, much as the desert island sinks beneath the flood just as the rescued castaway sails away, or as Rider Haggard's nicely poised rock was dislodged by the final mighty leap of Ayesha's lover. No longer is there a Kravonia to which we may be again conducted in a sequel; which is, when one comes to meditate on it, not an unmixed blessing.

*Edward Clark Marsh.*

## XIII

### John Oliver Hobbes's "The Dream and the Business"*

In the epilogue to *The Dream and the Business* Tessa writes: "Women of my type who are not strong enough to bear the strain of moral suffering soon and gladly flicker out." And in truth, an echo of moral suffering, an aching submission to a world where cross-currents are over swift, speak so poignantly through this book that instead of regretting that it can have no successor, one can only feel that perhaps the flickering out has brought welcome peace to a troubled spirit.

A note of decorously muffled despair sounds from the very opening, where James Firmalden, clever and ardent, bestows his heart upon a pretty, empty face; where Sophy, his sister, knows but one happy kiss, and then finds her universe hopelessly awry. With the exception of Miss Cloots, who is merely small and silly, and of Tessard, who is irresponsible rather than bad, these people of Mrs. Craigie's are honourable and conscientious. They stand by their principles, sacrifice inclination to duty and are highly religious in their various creeds, but the sun never shines upon them. They are restless, driven by unsatisfied longings. They reason, they see all around any situation, even their own, and neither goodness nor reason suffices to give them one hour of happiness.

The book breathes a strange and patient tolerance. The author sees it all—the futility of life, the inadequacy of passion, the disappointments of friendship, the gnawing isolation. She even seems to accept it as a melancholy game where ninety-nine chances are for the bank and one only for all the players.

Under her customary lightness of manner the tone is full of grave sincerity, but this does not mean that the story is a tract—far from it!—or that it is dull. On the contrary, her workmanship has never been more careful or her good sayings more abundant.

Except in the well-defined character part of Nannie Cloots and the admirably indicated lodging-house keeper and the theatrical dresser, it is true that the people speak much alike, but fortunately they also speak like Mrs. Craigie, with her wit and her veiled humour.

It is not that she fails to conceive them clearly and solidly, but that the temptation to use them as mouthpieces for her own teeming ideas at times proves irresistible. Equally fortunate, no matter how sombre her theme, the author's sense of comedy never deserts her, but shines from the first dreary concert where, "as no encores were allowed, the applause was, in consequence, frequently enormous," to the distressing evening when poor Lord Marlesford feared he would be innocently involved in something so unsuitable as an inquest.

His monosyllabic uneasiness, as he stands consciously wincing in the squalid hallway, is given with a restraint and appreciation which produce a high degree of somewhat grim comedy.

There is also much humour in the rich aunt's way of disposing of art and artists.

*The Dream and the Business. By John Oliver Hobbes. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

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"That is life, my dear," Mrs. Twomley assures the recalcitrant Sophy. "Learn to face it, and do not, like the heedless, mistake the mustard for the sandwich. The sandwich can exist without the mustard, but the mustard would be nothing without the sandwich. Art is mustard—writ large."

Here, indeed, one doubts if the lady in question could have commanded epigram and antithesis with quite such Chestertonian agility. It is unmistakably Mrs. Craigie's summary of a point of view, but the point of view has been perfectly understood.

As to the mere matter of story telling, *The Dream and the Business* has an exceedingly intricate plot, but with complications entirely possible in ordinary life. Everything happens naturally, not obviously. Any one of half a dozen changes might have taken place in Sophy Firmalden's life, but until they come to pass you have no preconceived idea in which direction her career will move; yet after each event you are satisfied that it has been neither unprepared nor unlikely.

Furthermore, in spite of its seriousness, the book is never didactic. Mrs. Craigie knows no more than the least of her readers; or, rather, she seems to lead you through a series of scenes, brilliant and sombre, where, amid throngs of restless men and women, with her you grope for some clue to an existence, which for all its possibilities appears in the end so meaningless, since the good and simple fare no better than the worldlings and the Church of Rome brings no greater peace than a Dissenting Chapel.

*Mary Moss.*

## XIV

### Mr. Kipling's "Puck of Pook's Hill"*

No long review of Mr. Kipling's latest book is necessary. In it he has imagined two modern English children—very modern indeed—who in their play in one of the romantic corners of England are enabled by the magic of Puck to see and talk with many of the men of olden time, who, one after the other, revisit the scenes of their former lives and exploits. The device is not a particularly ingenious one; nor, like some other of Mr. Kipling's essays in the supernatural, does it bring even a momentary conviction of reality to the reader. It is needless to say, however, that the author has steeped himself in antiquarian lore and that his imagination vivifies it and gives to it a wonderful human interest, even though at times his knowledge of old, far-off, forgotten things is almost oppressive to the less learned student of British and Roman and Saxon antiquities.

One may therefore discuss the book briefly and with more especial reference to Mr. Kipling's later literary form and manner. There is no doubt that he has gained in his mastery of technique. There is equally no doubt that he has lost immensely in spontaneity and vigour. One reads him now with admiration, but without being in the least swept away by the inimitable dash and force and fire of his earlier and rougher style. His artistry is something exquisite. Every one recognised this when he published *They;* but at the same time we must regret that no longer do we find the splendid carelessness and the magic, compelling touch which fairly mastered us when we read for the first time his famous Indian stories and made the acquaintance of his three Immortals. No one can tell what Mr. Kipling may do hereafter. He has a trick of reverting most unexpectedly to his old-time sway over the mind and the emotions. Yet at the present time there can be no question that *Kim* remains the last great book that he has given to the world—the high-water mark of a flood of marvellous achievement.

*Harry Thurston Peck.*

*Puck of Pook's Hill. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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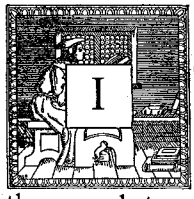
# THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE AND SOME RECENT BOOKS



N his suggestive little monograph upon "The Novel," Marion Crawford once pointed out, with some justice, that in countries where the English speech prevails, the moral tone of what we see upon the stage and what we read between the covers of our books is largely regulated for us by the School Girl. And so long as the doors of our theatres and the shelves of our libraries continue to be thrown open indiscriminately to the Young Person, it is perhaps quite as it should be that the average novelist and playwright cater to her needs and limitations. The mere fact that an ample proportion of our current fiction has, from policy, been adapted to the taste of the young woman in her teens is not in itself a serious menace to literature. The real harm begins only when critics fall into the disastrous narrowness of assuming that a definite standard has thereby been set, and that any novel which cannot unhesitatingly be placed in her hands is at once self-condemned as immoral and unclean. Such an attitude places an arbitrary and unjustifiable restriction upon the maker of fiction, in attempting to dictate to him the particular public for whom he shall write. As a matter of fact, there is no good reason why each writer should not choose his own audience; there is every reason why a novelist, with a broad, sane, comprehending outlook upon life, should, if he choose, write exclusively for a limited public of mature, serious-minded men and women, who possess the worldly wisdom to understand him and approve. To censure any work of fiction, no matter how fearlessly frank or how pitilessly true, for no better reason than that it is not adapted to a certain class of readers—for whom it obviously was never intended—is as puerile a criticism as it would be to brand as immoral a medical text book, because not suited to the needs of a public grammar school.

The question naturally arises, If a novelist chooses to probe the moral plague-spots of our social system, what is the standard by which his book is to be judged? Have we the right to say to him arbitrarily, "There are certain subjects which you will not be allowed to treat in fiction; certain aspects of life known to all grown men and women, to which you, a painter of life, must deliberately close your eyes"? Or are we to concede this privilege to the maker of "purpose-novels," provided he be ponderously didactic and carefully twist and distort the truth, in order to make the punishment fit the crime, in the approved fashion of an Æsop's fable? And what are we to do with the big-souled, clear-visioned writer, who sees life broadly, the good and the bad together, recognising that the worst and the best of human deeds and impulses are all factors in the kaleidoscopic, infinitely complex picture he is trying to copy, and accepting the simple creed that life itself will bring due punishment and reward, if only he hold unswervingly to the truth?

These are questions to which it is not easy to give an unqualified answer. But surely, in judging the morality of a novel, the same grave duty rests upon a reviewer, as in all other questions that come up for criticism—first of all to study carefully the author's motives, and not to censure him for failing to do something which he never had the least intention of trying to do. In that astonishingly frank and clear-sighted novel of Theodore Dreiser, *Sister Carrie,* which still forms a sort of bond of union among the narrow circle of readers who properly understood it, the final chapter leaves the woman at the zenith of her meretricious progress, while the man who is the dupe and victim of her vice stands shivering in the breadline, hungrily awaiting the dole of a stale loaf. To certain myopic critics this chapter condemned the book; the moral, they said, was all wrong; the woman ought to have been punished. They failed to

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understand that the last thing Mr. Dreiser thought of doing was to usurp the part of fate; that what he tried to do, and what he did do triumphantly, unerringly, was to show how the laws of life actually work in the real, every-day world, and to suggest that, even though the woman still enjoyed her brief glitter of triumph, her day of penance, sooner or later, inevitably awaited her, but when or how was not a part of his story.

Yet the more one ponders on the question of morality in fiction, the more clearly one sees that it is not really a question of subject-matter, but of treatment—not a question of a book's fitness for the shelf of a Sunday-school library, but whether it presents the truth with dignity, sincerity and fearlessness. For, after all, every book which trespasses beyond the border-line of vice must contain its justification within itself, if it is ever to be justified at all. To handle without reproach the ugly facts of life, its temper must be calm, judicial, without self-consciousness, as far removed from the taint of wantonness as from hysterical repulsion. It should emulate the unflinching firmness of the surgeon, to whom the bared human flesh represents only his science—the detachment of the artist, to whom the model personifies nothing but his art. And this comparison suggests a subtler, more far-reaching analogy between the artist and the novelist. Every man who handles brush and palette is expected to have a knowledge of the human form. He need not necessarily use this knowledge in painting "Judgments of Paris" or "Births of Venus;" his talents may be spent in picturing athletic young women and stalwart young men, immaculately clad, for the pages of the ten-cent magazines; but if a study of the nude has not formed a part of his apprenticeship, he will betray his ignorance in the awkward pose of a body, the impossible hang of a skirt. In like manner, the novelist need not use his knowledge of life solely to produce a *Nana* or a *Fécondité;* but if he has not taken the trouble to study life stripped of its conventional veil, he can scarcely write the simplest, most harmless idyl of happy domesticity without somewhere betraying his limitations. It was Benjamin Swift who christened one of his volumes *Nude Souls,* a title worthy of a better book. Well, the study of "nude souls" is precisely the study upon which our makers of fiction might profitably spend more time. In three-quarters of our novels the real personality, the soul of the characters, persistently eludes us. There are crucial moments when we think that under the stress of emotion they are going to reveal themselves; but instead, they wrap themselves more closely than ever in the garb of convention. We tell ourselves, "That man or that woman never really did or said so-and-so; it is the author who makes them say or do it, either because he has not the courage to tell the truth, or because he has never frankly studied the naked soul. What he needs is another year in the life class, another term of dissecting hearts in the psychological laboratory."

To sum up: No novelist can hope to attain to the greater heights and yet ignore the existence of the Tree of Knowledge. Good and evil are so intricately interwoven in this world that it is impossible to draw a hard and fast line or to say boldly what part of any man's character is the resultant of right influences and what part the resultant of wrong. In every large city there exist great social evils; the influence of the "half-world" reaches out far beyond its own frontiers, invading one after another the successive strata of complex city life; men in high places are oftentimes enmeshed within its toils. These facts, all too familiar in actuality, need not be treated in fiction; but if they are treated at all, then it is better to deal with them with the wise insight of a Daudet or the almost brutal impersonality of a Maupassant than with the hysterical sentimentality of the author of *La Dame aux Camélias.*

There happen to be several books on the shelf this month which fit in with the doctrine of the Tree of Knowledge. There is just one book which has suggested the whole discussion—*The Sands of Pleasure,* by Filson Young. Here is an author who has studied minutely the nudity of souls until scarcely a single misleading illusion remains. Yet his study has taught him a cheerful and con-

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tagious optimism. If rewards of merit were distributed in accordance with strict justice in the literary world, Mr. Young's book would have leaped into fame over night. Instead, it has made its way slowly and through devious channels, receiving its impetus chiefly from the personal endorsement of individual readers, who discover it and zealously pass it on. There is so much that may be cordially said in praise of *The Sands of Pleasure* that a word or two of disparagement may be allowed regarding its unevenness. Mr. Young has an instinct for form and a strong preference for symbolic treatment; and having conceived a most unusual and poignant central theme, he could not resist the temptation to divide his story into three symmetrical parts, expanding what are at best only prologue and epilogue into dimensions equal to that of the main part of the story, and insisting quite unnecessarily upon the symbolic meaning of his title. Yet this question of structure is of minor importance in a book so tense with the vital issues of life. Because a man knows how to build upon a rock, so far as his business interests are concerned, it does not follow, Mr. Young would have us know, that he will erect the structure of his happiness upon any firmer basis than the sands—the sands of pleasure. The Richard Gray of his novel is pre-eminently a builder upon rock, a specialist in the erection of lighthouses, who has spent his life calculating the wear and tear of waves, the enduring quality of different kinds of stone, but he knows nothing of the laws of building for happiness. In his knowledge of women he is a novice, an impractical dreamer. And when he is in the full flush of thirty years fate flings him all unprepared into the gay, inconsequent, tumultuous life of Paris. And then, one night at Maxim's, he meets with Toni. If there were nothing else admirable in Mr. Young's book, it still would deserve to be hailed as an exceptional production simply for the sake of this one bit of character drawing. Of all the women in recent fiction, there is none so vitally, convincingly, refreshingly real. Her reality is as unmistakable as her vocation. From the instant that she moves into the reader's field of vision there is not the remotest doubt precisely what manner of woman she is. And yet the music of her voice, with its piquant betrayal of her German-Polish origin, is almost audible as you read; the perverse charm of her child-like face, contradicted by the equivocal wisdom of her golden eyes, haunts you long after you close the covers. Toni is of the aristocracy of the *demi-monde;* but a *demi-mondaine* she remains, with all the limitations of her class. Even love, when suddenly, illogically, it lays claim to her, softens her, bends her will, but cannot ennoble her narrow, mercenary, grasping little soul. The downfall of Richard's house upon the sands is so inevitable that you see it trembling to its ruin long before the final shock comes to overthrow it. Yet the finest, wisest, subtlest chapter in a book that from first to last is stamped by a rare sanity and subtle wisdom is that in which the rupture between Richard and Toni is shown to come, not from any outside interference, not from jealousy or satiety, but simply, naturally, from the inherent impossibility of mutual understanding. The scene of their dramatic parting and its petty, sordid cause is too wonderful in its perfect comprehension to spoil by a clumsy retelling. It is one of those little miracles of intuition which are the hallmarks of genius.

**"The Sands of Pleasure"**

Mr. Robert Hichens is one of those authors who emphasise almost too much the note of the Tree of Knowledge. He always leaves you with an impression that you have been reading something much more unsavoury than his plot ever really contains. Take, for instance, his new volume, *The Call of the Blood.* It is simply the story of an English girl who marries a man apparently quite as English as herself, but through his grandmother he has inherited a strain of Sicilian blood. She makes the mistake of suggesting that their honeymoon shall be passed in Sicily. And once there, the dormant blood of his Italian grandmother awakes within him, he undergoes a swift and subtle transformation, picking up the native dialect and native customs as one

**"The Call of the Blood"**

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picks up the half-forgotten habits of one's earlier years. And in the end he betrays his wife deliberately, indifferently, with a peasant girl; and the girl's father, administering justice in primitive Sicilian fashion, murders him one night down by the water's edge. And another man of finer fibre than the husband, happening to cherish a true love for the wife, at the cost of no small exertion and sacrifice, so arranges matters that she never knows the truth of her husband's infidelity or of his fate. This is really the whole framework upon which Mr. Hichens has stretched a canvas glowing with a sensuous warmth of verbal colour. He has something of Théophile Gautier's delight in prismatic effects of language; and the vividness with which he mirrors back the blue sky and bluer water, the sunshine and laughter and redolent warmth of Sicily, and the passionate loves and hates of the Sicilian peasantry, is no small *tour de force.* So far as the matter of scene painting goes, *The Call of the Blood* recalls the splendid richness of colour in *The Garden of Allah,* while in all other respects it serves only to emphasise the marked superiority of the earlier volume.

**"Traffic"**

A bolder book than either of the foregoing is *Traffic,* by E. Temple Thurston. Yet there is no doubt of the author's sincerity of purpose, nor of the dramatic strength with which he presents his theme. *Traffic* may be most conveniently defined as a bitter protest against the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church toward divorce. Here is the test case that he offers for our consideration: Nanno Troy is the illegitimate child and household drudge of a slatternly, bad-tempered, unscrupulous Irish peasant woman, who forces the girl into a loveless union with a drunken brute. The story of her life with this man, whose mere presence sets her shuddering, is as grim and as repellent as any of the scenes in Zola's *L'Assommoir.* They leave a most unpleasant taste behind them; yet their sombre power must be conceded. When life in common with this husband ceases to be endurable; when his brutality has almost cost her her life; when her child has been born dead, and she has fled from him to London, determined never to see him again, you feel that if ever a woman had a right to demand divorce that right belongs to Nanno. Besides, there is another man, an Englishman of culture and position, who has long been interested in the girl; and in London he comes across her in the restaurant where she finds employment, and suddenly the two realise that they love each other. If she will ask the law to free her from her bonds, the Englishman will marry her; but Nanno is a Catholic, and divorce means to her excommunication. So, instead of marriage and happiness with the man she loves, Nanno drifts from poverty to destitution, from starvation to a life of shame, choosing sin as a lesser evil than divorce. She can still look forward, in the midst of her ignominy, to the day when she can make confession and do penance, while divorce and marriage would have meant permanent denial to her of the rites of the church. A forceful, pathetic, but most unpleasant book.

**"The Poet and the Parish"**

A good example of a novelist who understands pretty thoroughly the anatomy of human nature, even though she chooses to picture it for the most part under the decorous garb of conventional life, is Mary Moss, the author of *The Poet and the Parish.* Among the readers of Miss Moss's earlier novel, *A Sequence in Hearts,* there were a good many who felt that this clear-sighted critic of life had the knowledge and the power to produce a finer and more significant book, and this belief is amply justified in her new volume. The atmosphere of the narrow, conservative little town where the scene is laid is delightfully rendered; it is an atmosphere that one has breathed so often in real life and been half stifled by. One knows almost before the central interest of the story is made clear exactly what the attitude of the parish will be toward a young man born in France, of a French mother—a young man who wrote poems that were said to be "French in tone, my dear! decidedly French!" and who was at least suspected to have a leaning toward the Catholic Church. The only thing which any one in the parish dares to say in excuse for this young man's wholly

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reprehensible conduct is, that his father had died too early to follow the proper course of bringing his child home to his native town, where he would have stood at least a chance of growing up "just like everybody else!" Miss Moss's book is a history of what happens when this poet, Felix Gwynne, not only comes back to stay in his father's old home, but actually wins and marries Adelaide Noël, the only daughter of the most self-righteous and conventional family in town. The first half of the book, at least, deserves cordial and sincere praise. It is a piece of clever satire, keen without bitterness, and with no touch of caricature. Her characters are unmistakably genuine. It is only in the later chapters of the book that Miss Moss seems to fall away from the higher standard that she set herself at the outset. That Felix, as a result of the growing estrangement from his wife, should have entangled himself with some actress or chorus girl is quite in accordance with even the rudiments of the Knowledge of Good and Evil; but that such an entanglement should have been quite involuntary and also quite innocent; that it should have been brought about by an automobile accident, which flung Felix unconscious into a Gypsy camp on the very day that Nina Braeme happened to be there, working up her new part in *The Romany Rawnie,* and that this innocent couple should have their reputation torn to shreds in the course of a police trial in which they were held as witnesses against certain members of the gypsy band—all this, if not actually melodrama, is largely surplusage. It really serves no useful purpose, but actually tends to obscure the main interest of the book, which is, What will be the logical outcome of a marriage between two people so obviously and fundamentally mismated? None the less, she has failed to spoil a book which contains much that is strong and fine and eminently true.

In that essay on *The Novel* already referred to, Mr. Crawford admitted that almost every novelist sooner or later felt the temptation to write books "with the help of the knowledge of evil, as well as with the help of the knowledge of good," and in consequence "occasionally introduced a page or chapter which might have the effect, so to say, of turning weak tea into bad whiskey." This phrase is worth quoting here, not for the sake of commending it—indeed, the bigotry of such an attitude goes a long way toward explaining the artistic superiority of continental fiction over Anglo-Saxon—but because it throws some little light upon Mr. Crawford's own writings. If he were in a candid mood, he would probably own that in writing his new volume, *A Lady of Rome,* he had yielded rather more than is his wont to this temptation to invoke the help of the knowledge of evil. Not that *The Lady of Rome* is especially startling, or even reprehensible, to readers who are not over-delicate in taste. It is rather the self-consciousness on the author's part, his obvious misgiving lest he may be giving bad whiskey instead of the weak and innocuous tea that he has served more than once of late years, that calls your attention to the fact that everything is not quite *virginibus puerisque.* Yet let there be no mistake about *A Lady of Rome.* It belongs distinctly in the first rank of Mr. Crawford's novels by quite as good a right as *Tarquisara* or *Pietro Ghisleri,* even if it does not attain the standard set by the *Saracinesca* trilogy. It shows once more the same assured ease in picturing the inner circles of Roman social life; and as one after another a luminous pen-portrait, an unforgettable scene, a piquant scrap of dialogue, are flung out with careless fertility, one regrets once more that Mr. Crawford ever wasted precious hours upon *An American Politician* or *The Witch of Prague.* Turning to the plot of his new story, the situation at the opening is scarcely inferior in interest to *Saracinesca* itself. Baldassare Castiglione loves a married woman, Maria Montaldo, quite as ardently as Saracinesca loved Coronna Astrardente, but with this difference, that Maria Montaldo has a little son who is the image of Castiglione, and her husband is estranged from her and lives in Spain. For many years she has not seen Baldassare, because during these years she has lied to her own conscience regarding her responsibility for

**"A Lady of Rome"**

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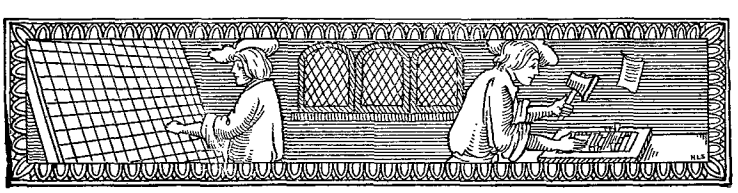
all that happened in the past. It is needless in a review to attempt to put into words just how Maria analysed her feelings and her motives—Mr. Crawford himself did not find the task easy, even in the ample space of 350 pages, hampered as he was by that dread of purveying illicit stimulants. But at all events, his heroine undergoes such a change of heart that the man she has all these years been trying to hate suddenly becomes indispensable to her. They meet, they exchange confessions of devotion, they vow that their future conduct shall be beyond reproach; and still they continue to play with fire. As regards this sort of situation in fiction, tastes differ widely. The present reviewer confesses that it always leaves upon him an impression of utter falseness, a feeling that the characters in the book are acting circumspectly solely because they are conscious that they are not alone, that the eye of the reader is fixed sternly upon them. And when the author shows the hero virtuously refraining even from kissing his lady's hand, there remains the suspicion that so soon as the reader's glance is averted and the book closed, presto! the fair hand will be raised and the kiss given. If authors could only be brought to see that it is not what they make their characters do, but what they suggest that they are saving their characters from, that gives a novel the aroma of fusel oil, we might hope for a franker and more virile type of book—and in the main a healthier. None the less, *A Lady of Rome* holds its interest in spite of the rather sudden taking off of the inconvenient husband—an episode which copies with needless closeness the corresponding situation in *Saracinesca.*

Mrs. Henry Dudeney will probably never again rise to the level of *The Maternity of Harriott Wicken* and *Folly Corner,* but none the less, *The Battle of the Weak* is an advance upon such volumes as *Robin Brilliant* and *The Story of Susan.* The scene is a coast village in the south of England; the principal actors are Quaker Jay, a reckless, untamed lad of unknown parentage, whose mother had been flung dying on the strand from a wrecked ship; Lucy Bertram, who has long felt the charm of Quaker's wayward personality, but never suspected that she loves him until after she has become the affianced wife of a country doctor, Richard Vernon. Then one day as she and Quaker take a clandestine walk far along the seashore they exchange confessions, their lips meet and the girl's peace of mind is destroyed. She keeps her promise to Dr. Vernon, and Quaker Jay leaves the village on an outgoing ship. But it is the absent Quaker and not her husband who fills Lucy's thoughts, sleeping and waking; and two years later, when her child is born, though physically a Vernon, yet in voice and in a hundred tricks of manner it recalls to all who see it the wild, reckless Quaker Jay. And when, in the course of time, the fact becomes apparent that the child's brain is defective, and that he will never be capable of rational speech, Lucy regards this blow as a punishment for her sin toward the father—the sin of having given another man her thoughts. There are many poignant pages in Mrs. Dudeney's new book, and for their sake she may be pardoned the palpable effort she had to make at last to secure a happy ending.

**"The Battle of the Weak"**

*Frederic Taber Cooper.*



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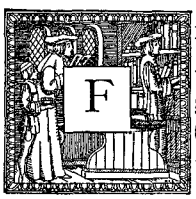
# CHRONICLES OF THE IMP

BY JEFFERY FARNOL

## III.—"THE DESPERADOES"



FANE COURT stands bowered in trees, with a wide stretch of the greenest of green lawns sloping down to the river stairs.

They are quaint old stairs, with a marble rail and carved balusters, worn and crumbling, yet whose decay is half hid by the kindly green of lichens and mosses; stairs indeed for an idle fellow to dream over on a hot summer's afternoon—and they were, moreover, a favourite haunt of Lisbeth. It was here that I had moored my boat, therefore, and now lay back, pipe in mouth and with a cushion beneath my head, in that blissful state between sleeping and waking.

Now, as I lay, from the blue wreathes of my pipe I wove me fair fancies:

And lo! the stairs were no longer deserted; there were fine gentlemen, patched and powdered, in silks and satins, with shoe-buckles that flashed in the sun; There were dainty ladies in quilted petticoats and flowered gowns, with most wonderful coiffures; and there was Lisbeth, fairer and daintier than them all, and there, too, was I. And behold how demurely she courtesied and smiled behind her ivory fan! With what a grace I took a pinch of snuff! With what an air I ogled and bowed with hand on heart! Then, somehow, it seemed we were alone, she on the top stair, I on the lower. And standing thus I raised my arms to her with an appealing gesture. Her eyes looked down into mine, the patch quivered at the corner of her scarlet mouth, and there beside it was the dimple. Beneath her petticoat I saw her foot in a little pink satin shoe come slowly toward me and stop again. I watched, scarce breathing, for it seemed my fate hung in the balance. Would she come down to Love and me, or——

"Ship ahoy!" cried a voice, and in that moment my dream vanished. I sighed, and looking round, beheld a head peering at me over the balustrade; a head bound up in a bandanna handkerchief of large pattern and vivid colouring.

"Why, Imp!" I exclaimed. But my surprise abated when he emerged into full view.

About his waist was a broad-buckled belt, which supported a wooden cutlass, two or three murderous wooden daggers and a brace of toy pistols; while upon his legs were a pair of top-boots many sizes too large for him, so that walking required no little care. Yet on the whole his appearance was decidedly effective. There could be no mistake—he was a bloodthirsty pirate!

The Imp is an artist to his grimy finger-tips.

"Avast, shipmate!" I cried. "How's the wind?"

"Oh," he exclaimed, falling over his boots with eagerness, "do take me in your boat, an' let's be pirates, will you, Uncle Dick?"

"Well, that depends. Where is your Auntie Lisbeth?"

"Mr. Selwyn is going to row her and Dorothy up the river."

"The deuce he is!"

"Yes, an' they won't take me."

"Why not, my Imp?"

"'Cause they're 'fraid I should upset the boat. So I thought I'd come an' ask you to be a pirate, you know. I'll lend you my best dagger an' one of my pistols. Will you, Uncle Dick?"

"Come aboard, shipmate, if you are for Hispaniola, the Tortugas, and the Spanish Main," said I, whereupon he scrambled in, losing a boot overboard in his haste, which necessitated much intricate angling with the boat-hook ere it was recovered.

"They're Peter's, you know," he explained as he emptied out the water. "I

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took them out of the harness-room; a pirate must have boots, you know, but I'm 'fraid Peter'll swear."

"Not a doubt of it when he sees them," I said as we pushed off.

"I wish," he began, looking round thoughtfully after a minute or so, "I wish we could get a plank or a yard-arm from somewhere."

"What for, my Imp?"

"Why, don't you remember, pirates always had a plank for people to 'walk,' you know, an' used to 'swing them up to the yard-arm.' "

"You seem to know all about it," I said as I pulled slowly down stream.

"Oh, yes; I read it all in *Scarlet Sam, the Scourge of the South Seas.* Scarlet Sam was fine. He used to stride up and down the quarterdeck an' flourish his cutlass, an' his eyes would roll, an' he'd foam at the mouth, an'——"

"Knock everybody into 'the lee scuppers,' " I put in.

"Yes," cried the Imp in a tone of unfeigned surprise. "How did you know that, Uncle Dick?"

"Once upon a time," I said, as I swung lazily at the sculls, "I was a boy myself, and read a lot about a gentleman named 'Beetle-browed Ben.' I tell you, Imp, he was a terror for foaming and stamping, if you like, and used to kill three or four people every morning, just to get an appetite for breakfast." The Imp regarded me with round eyes.

"How fine!" he breathed, hugging himself in an ecstasy.

"It was," I nodded; "and then he was a very wonderful man in other ways. You see, he was always getting himself shot through the head, or run through the body, but it never hurt Beetle-browed Ben—not a bit of it."

"An' did he 'swing people at the yard-arm—with a bitter smile'?"

"Lots of 'em!" I answered.

"An' make them 'walk the plank—with a horrid laugh'?"

"By the hundred!"

"An' 'maroon them on a desolate island—with a low chuckle'?"

"Many a time," I answered; "and generally with a chuckle."

"Oh, I should like to read about him!" said the Imp with a deep sigh; "will you lend me your book about him, Uncle Dick?"

I shook my head. "Unfortunately, that, together with many other valued possessions, has been ravaged from me by the ruthless maw of Time," I replied sadly.

The Imp sat plunged in deep thought, trailing his fingers pensively in the water.

"And so your Auntie Lisbeth is going for a row with Mr. Selwyn, is she?" I said.

"Yes, an' I told her she could come an' be a pirate with me if she liked—but she wouldn't."

"Strange!" I murmured.

"Uncle Dick, do you think Auntie Lisbeth is in love with Mr. Selwyn?"

"What?" I exclaimed, and stopped rowing.

"I mean, do you think Mr. Selwyn is in love with Auntie Lisbeth?"

"My Imp, I'm afraid he is. Why?"

"'Cause cook says he is, an' so does Jane, an' they know all about love, you know. I've heard them read it out of a book lots an' lots of times. But I think love is awfull' silly, don't you, Uncle Dick?"

"Occasionally I greatly fear so," I sighed.

"You wouldn't go loving anybody, would you, Uncle Dick?"

"Not if I could help it," I answered, shaking my head; "but I do love some one, and that's the worst of it."

"Oh!" exclaimed the Imp, but in a tone more of sorrow than anger.

"Don't be too hard on me, Imp," I said; "your turn may come when you are older; you may love somebody one of these days."

The Imp frowned and shook his head. "No," he answered sternly; "when I grow up big I shall keep ferrets. Ben, the gardener's boy, has one with the littlest, teeniest pink nose you ever saw."

"Certainly a ferret has its advantages," I mused. "A ferret will not frown upon one one minute and flash a dimple at one the next. And then, again, a ferret cannot be reasonably supposed to possess an aunt. There is something to be said for your idea after all, Imp."

"Why, then, let's be pirates, Uncle Dick," he said with an air of finality. "I

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think I'll be Scarlet Sam, 'cause I know all about him, an' you can be Timothy Bone, the boatswain."

"Aye, aye, sir," I responded promptly; "only I say, Imp, don't roll your eyes so frightfully or you may roll yourself overboard."

Scorning reply, he drew his cutlass, and setting it between his teeth in most approved pirate fashion, sat, pistol in hand, frowning terrifically at creation in general.

"Starboard your helm—starboard!" he cried, removing his weapon for the purpose.

"Starboard it is!" I answered.

"Clear away for action!" growled the Imp. "Double-shot the cannonades, and bo'sun, pipe all hands to quarters."

Hereupon I executed a lively imitation of a boatswain's whistle.

Most children are blessed with imagination, but the Imp in this respect is gifted beyond his years. For him there is no such thing as "pretence"; he has but to close his eyes a moment to open them upon a new and a very real world of his own—the golden world of Romance, wherein so few of us are privileged to walk in these cold days of common-sense. And yet it is a very fair world, peopled with giants and fairies; where castles lift their grim, embattled towers; where magic woods and forests cast their shade, full of strange beasts; where knights ride forth with lance in rest and their armour shining in the sun. And right well we know them. There is Roland, Sir William Wallace, and Hereward the Wake; Ivanhoe, the Black Knight, and bold Robin Hood. There is Amyas Leigh, old Salvation Yeo, and that lovely rascal Long John Silver. And there, too, is King Arthur, with his Knights of the Round Table—but the throng is very great, and who could name them all?

So the Imp and I sailed away into this wonderful world of romance aboard our gallant vessel, which, like any other pirate ship that ever existed—in books or out of them—"luffed, and filling upon another tack, stood away in pursuit of the Spanish treasure galleon in the offing."

What pen could justly describe the fight which followed—how guns roared and pistols flashed, while the air was full of shouts and cries and the thundering din of battle; how Scarlet Sam foamed and stamped and flourished his cutlass; how Timothy Bone piped his whistle as a bo'sun should? We had already sunk five great galleons and were hard at work with a sixth, which was evidently in a bad way, when Scarlet Sam ceased foaming and pointed over my shoulder with his dripping blade.

"Sail ho!" he cried.

"Where away?" I called back.

"Three points on the weather bow." As he spoke came the sound of oars, and turning my head, I saw a skiff approaching, sculled by a man in irreproachable flannels and straw hat.

"Why, it's—it's him!" cried the Imp suddenly. "Heave to, there!" he bellowed in the voice of Scarlet Sam. "Heave to, or I'll sink you with a 'murderous broadside!'" Almost with the words, and before I could prevent him, he gave a sharp tug to the rudder lines; there was an angry exclamation behind me, a shock, a splintering of wood, and I found myself face to face with Mr. Selwyn, flushed and hatless.

"Damn!" said Mr. Selwyn, and proceeded to fish for his hat with the shaft of his broken oar.

The Imp sat for a moment half frightened at his handiwork, then rose to his feet, cutlass in hand, but I punted him gently back into his seat with my foot.

"Really," I began, "I'm awfully sorry, you know—er——"

"May I inquire," said Mr. Selwyn cuttingly, as he surveyed his dripping hat—"may I inquire how it all happened?"

"A most deplorable accident, I assure you. If I can tow you back I shall be delighted, and as for the damage——"

"The damage is trifling, thanks," he returned icily; "it is the delay that I find annoying."

"You have my very humblest apologies," I said meekly. "If I can be of any service——" Mr. Selwyn stopped me with a wave of his hand.

"Thank you, I think I can manage," he said; "but I should rather like to know how it happened. You are unused to rowing, I presume?"

"Sir," I answered, "it was chiefly

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owing to the hot-headedness of Scarlet Sam, the Scourge of the South Seas."

"I beg your pardon?" said Mr. Selwyn with raised brows.

"Sir," I went on, "at this moment you probably believe yourself to be Mr. Selwyn of Selwyn Park. Allow me to dispel that illusion; you are, on the contrary, Don Pedro Vasquez da Silva, commanding the *Esmeralda* galleasse, bound out of Santa Crux. In us you behold Scarlet Sam and Timothy Bone, of the good ship *Black Death,* with the 'skull and cross-bones' fluttering at our peak. If you don't see it, that is not our fault."

Mr. Selwyn stared at me in wide-eyed astonishment, then shrugging his shoulders, turned his back upon me and paddled away as best he might.

"Well, Imp," I said, "you've done it this time!"

"'Fraid I have," he returned; "but oh! wasn't it grand—and all that about Don Pedro an' the treasure galleon! I do wish I knew as much as you do, Uncle Dick. I'd be a real pirate then."

"Heaven forfend!" I exclaimed.

So I presently turned and rowed back upstream, not a little perturbed in my mind as to the outcome of the adventure.

"Not a word, mind!" I cautioned as I caught sight of a certain dainty figure watching our approach from the shade of her parasol. The Imp nodded, sighed, and sheathed his cutlass.

"Well!" said Lisbeth as we glided up to the water-stairs; "I wonder what mischief you have been after together?"

"We have been floating upon a river of dreams," I answered, rising and lifting my hat; "we have likewise discoursed of many things. In the words of the immortal Carroll:

"'Of shoes, and ships, and sealing wax, and cabbages, and——'"

"Pirates!" burst out the Imp.

"This dream river of ours," I went on, quelling him with a glance, "has carried us to you, which is very right and proper. Dream rivers always should, more especially when you sit

"''Mid sunshine throned, and all alone.'"

"But I'm not all alone, Dick."

"No; I'm here," said a voice, and Dorothy appeared with her small and very fluffy kitten under her arm as usual. "We are waiting for Mr. Selwyn, you know. We've waited, oh! a long, long time, but he hasn't come, and Auntie says he's a beast, and——"

"Dorothy!" exclaimed Lisbeth, frowning.

"Yes, you did, Auntie," said Dorothy, nodding her head. "I heard you when Louise ran up a tree and I had to coax her back; and I have a clean frock on, too, and Louise will be oh so disappointed!" Here she kissed the fluffy kitten on the nose. "So he is a beast; don't you think so, Uncle Dick?"

"Such delay is highly reprehensible," I nodded.

"I'm glad you've come, Uncle Dick, and so is Auntie. She was hoping——"

"That will do, Dorothy!" Lisbeth interrupted.

"I wonder what she was hoping?" I sighed.

"If you say another word, Dorothy, I won't tell you any more about the Fairy Prince," said Lisbeth.

"Why, then," I continued, seeing the threat had the desired effect, "since Mr. Selwyn hasn't turned up, perhaps you would care to——"

—"Be a pirate?" put in the Imp.

"To come for a row with us?" I corrected.

—"Aboard the good ship *Black Death,*" he went on, "'with the skull an' cross-bones at our peak.'"

"Thanks," said Lisbeth, "but really, I don't think I should. What a horrible name!"

"What's in a name? a boat by any other—" I misquoted. "If you like, we'll call it the *Joyful Hope,* bound for the Land of Heart's Delight." Lisbeth shook her head, but I fancied the dimple peeped at me for a moment.

"It would be a pity to disappoint Louise," I said, reaching up to stroke the fluffy kitten.

"Yes," cried Dorothy, "do let's go, Auntie."

"For the sake of Louise," I urged, and held out my arms to her. Lisbeth was standing on the top stair and I on the lower, in exactly the same attitudes as I had beheld in my vision. I saw her foot

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come slowly toward me and stop again; her red lips quivered into a smile, and lo, there was the dimple! Dorothy saw it, too—children are wonderfully quick in such matters—and next moment was ensconced in the boat, Louise in her lap, and there was nothing left for Lisbeth but to follow.

The Imp went forward to keep a "look-out," and finding a length of fishing line, announced his intention of "heaving the lead."

I have upon several occasions ridden with Lisbeth—she is a good horse-woman—frequently danced with her, but never before had I been with her in a boat. The novelty of it was therefore decidedly pleasing, the more so as she sat so close that by furtively reaching out a foot I could just touch the hem of her dress.

"Uncle Dick," said Dorothy, looking up at me with her big grey eyes, "where is the Land of Heart's Delight?"

"It lies beyond the River of Dreams," I answered.

"Is it far away?"

"I'm afraid it is, Dorothy."

"Oh!—and hard to get to?"

"Yes; though it depends altogether upon who is at the helm."

Lisbeth very slowly began to tie a knot in the rudder-line.

"Well, Auntie's steering now. Could she get us there?"

"Yes, she could get us there, if she would."

"Oh!" cried Dorothy, "do—do steer for the Land of Heart's Delight, Auntie Lisbeth; it sounds so pretty, and I'm sure Louise would like it ever so much."

But Lisbeth only laughed, and tied another knot in the rudder-line.

"The Land of Heart's Delight!" repeated Dorothy. "It sounds rather like Auntie's tale of the Fairy Prince. His name was Trueheart."

"And what was Prince Trueheart like?" I inquired.

"Fine!" broke in the Imp. "He used to fight dragons, you know."

"And he lived in a palace of crystal," continued Dorothy, "and he was so good and kind that the birds used to make friends with him!"

"An' he wore gold armour, an' a big feather in his helmet!" supplemented the Imp.

"And of course he loved the beautiful princess," I ended.

"Yes," nodded Dorothy; "but how did you know there was a beautiful princess?"

"Uncle Dick knows everything, of course," returned the Imp sententiously.

"Do you think the beautiful princess loved the prince, Dorothy?" I asked, glancing at Lisbeth's averted face.

"Well," answered Dorothy, pursing her mouth thoughtfully, "I don't know, Uncle Dick; you see, Auntie hasn't got to that yet, but everybody loves somebody sometime, you know. Betty—she's our cook, you know—Betty says all nice tales end up in marrying and living happy ever after."

"Not a doubt of it," said I, resting on my oars. "What do you think, Lisbeth?" She leaned back and regarded me demurely beneath her long lashes for a moment.

"I think," she answered, "that it would be much nicer if you would go on rowing."

"One more question," I said. "Tell me, has this Prince Trueheart got a moustache?"

"Like Mr. Selwyn?" cried the Imp; "should think not. The prince was a fine chap, an' used to kill dragons, you know."

"Ah! I'm glad of that," I murmured, passing my fingers across my shaven upper lip; "very glad indeed." Lisbeth laughed, but I saw her colour deepen and she looked away.

"Oh, it must be lovely to kill a dragon!" sighed the Imp.

Now, as he spoke, chancing to look round, I saw in the distance a man in a boat, who rowed most lustily—and the man wore a panama.

Hereupon, taking a fresh grip upon my long sculls, I began to row—to row, indeed, as I had not done for many a year, with a long, steady stroke that made the skiff fairly leap.

Who does not know that feeling of exhilaration as the blades grip the water and the gentle lapping at the bow swells into a gurgling song? The memorable time when I had "stroked" Cambridge

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to victory was nothing to this. Then it was but empty glory that hung in the balance, while now——!

I settled my feet more firmly, and lengthening my stroke, pulled with a will. Lisbeth sat up, and I saw her fingers tighten upon the rudder-lines.

"You asked me to row, you know," I said in response to her look.

"Yo ho!" roared Scarlet Sam in the gruffest of nautical tones. "By the deep nine, an' the wind's a-lee, so heave, my mariners all—O!"

At first we began to gain considerably upon our pursuer, but presently I saw him turn his head, saw the panama tossed aside as Mr. Selwyn settled down to real business—and the struggle began.

Very soon, probably owing to the fixedness of my gaze, or my unremitting exertion, or both, Lisbeth seemed to become aware of the situation, and turned to look over her shoulder. I set my teeth as I waited to meet her indignant look, for I had determined to continue the struggle, come what might. But when at last she did confront me her eyes were shining, her cheeks were flushed and there actually was—the dimple.

"Sit still, children," she said, and that was all; but for one moment her eyes looked into mine.

The old river has witnessed many a hard-fought race in its time, but never was there one more hotly contested than this. Never was the song of the water more pleasant to my ear, never was the spring and bend of the long sculls more grateful, as the banks swept by faster and faster. No pirate straining every inch of canvas to escape well-merited capture, no smuggler fleeing for some sheltered cove, with the revenue cutter close astern, ever experienced a keener excitement than did we.

The Imp was in a perfect ecstasy of delight; even Dorothy forgot her beloved Louise for the time, while Lisbeth leaned toward me, the tiller-lines over her shoulders, her lips parted and a light in her eyes I had never seen there before. And yet Selwyn hung fast in our rear. If he was deficient in a sense of humour, he could certainly row.

"He was an Oxford Blue," said Lisbeth, speaking almost in a whisper, "and he has an empty boat!"

I longed to kiss the point of her little tan shoe or the hem of her dress for those impulsive words, and tried to tell her so with my eyes—breath was too precious just then. Whether she understood or not I won't be sure, but I fancy she did from the way her lashes drooped.

"Oh, my eyes!" bellowed Scarlet Sam; "keep her to it, quartermaster, an' take a turn at the mizzen-shrouds!"

When I again glanced at our pursuer I saw that he was gaining. Yes, there could be no mistake; slowly but surely, try as I would, the distance between us lessened and lessened, until he was so near that I could discern the very parting of his back hair. So, perforce, bowing to the inevitable, I ceased my exertions, contenting myself with a long, easy stroke. Thus by the time he was alongside I had in some measure recovered my breath.

"Miss—Eliz—beth," he panted, very hot of face and moist of brow, "must beg—the—favour—of few words with you."

"With pleasure, Mr. Selwyn," answered Lisbeth, radiant with smiles; "as many as you wish." Forthwith Mr. Selwyn panted out his indictment against the desperadoes of the *Black Death*, while the Imp glanced apprehensively from him to Lisbeth and stole his hand furtively into mine.

"I should not have troubled you with this, Miss Elizabeth," Selwyn ended, "but that I would not have you think me neglectful of an appointment, especially with you."

"Indeed, Mr. Selwyn, I am very grateful to you for opening my eyes to such a—a——"

"Very deplorable accident," I put in.

"I—I was perfectly certain," she continued, without so much as glancing in my direction, "that you would never have kept me waiting without sufficient reason. And now, Mr. Brent, if you will be so obliging as to take us to the bank, Mr. Selwyn shall row us back—if he will."

"Delighted!" he murmured.

"I ordered tea served in the orchard at

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five o'clock," smiled Lisbeth, "and it is only just four, so——"

"Which bank would you prefer," I inquired—"the right or the left?"

"The nearest," said Lisbeth.

"Which should you think was the nearest, Mr. Selwyn?" I queried.

Disdaining any reply, Selwyn ran his skiff ashore, and I obediently followed. Without waiting for my assistance, Lisbeth deftly made the exchange from one boat to the other, followed more slowly by Dorothy.

"Come, Reginald," she said, as Selwyn made ready to push off; "we're waiting for you!" The Imp squatted closer to me.

"Reginald Augustus!" said Lisbeth. The Imp shuffled uneasily.

"Are you coming?" inquired Lisbeth.

"I—I'd rather be a pirate with Uncle Dick, please, Auntie Lisbeth," he said at last.

"Very well," nodded Lisbeth with an air of finality; "then of course I must punish you." But her tone was strangely gentle, and as she turned away I'll swear I saw the ghost of that dimple—yes, I'll swear it.

So we sat very lonely and dejected, the Imp and I, desperadoes though we were, as we watched Selwyn's boat grow smaller and smaller until it was lost round a bend in the river.

"'Spect I shall get sent to bed for this," said the Imp after a long pause.

"I think it more than probable, my Imp."

"But then, it was a very fine race—oh, beautiful!" he sighed; "an' I couldn't desert my ship an' Timothy Bone, an' leave you here all by yourself—now could I, Uncle Dick?"

"Of course not, Imp."

"What are you thinking about, Uncle Dick?" he inquired as I stared, chin in hand, at nothing in particular.

"I was wondering, Imp, where the River of Dreams was going to lead me, after all."

"To the Land of Heart's Delight, of course," he answered promptly; "you said so, you know, an' you never tell lies, Uncle Dick—never."

(*To be continued.*)

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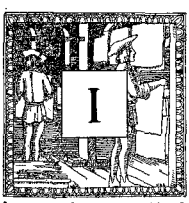
# TAINTED NEWS AS SEEN IN THE MAKING



IN the recent campaign for the governorship in the Empire State the honesty of the newspaper was a vital issue. The searchlight of partisan zeal did much to set into clear relief the suppression and distortion of news employed by the great Hearst publicity machine to achieve its results. It also did something, as manipulated on the other side, to bring to notice the less glaring, yet hardly less effective, methods for the instillation of "safe and sane" doctrine of the anti-Hearst organs. The beneficial enlightenment as to newspaper methods due to this campaign emphasises the value from the standpoint of good citizenship and common honesty, for the sake of a sound public opinion, of an inquiry into a development in the methods of creating public thought and feeling which has introduced into the realm of news a corrupting element more subtle and far less well understood than the spread of campaign lies and political sophistry. It concerns itself frequently with the efforts of shrewd business men to allay public indignation brought upon them by the

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revelation of their unfair dealings. It is employed to provide for their secret or open representatives in municipal, state or national governments such real or seeming support in the attitude of the people as to sustain these unliveried retainers against a rising tide of public sentiment. It has advanced far beyond the scope in publicity work of the brilliant but comparatively harmless theatrical press agent or the advertising write-up and it is less crude than the outright purchase of a newspaper or of editorial opinion. These latter are soon "spotted" and with that their efficiency wanes. This newly grown bastard of journalism and commerce, the industrial publicity agent, publicity bureau, or even "bureau of industrial statistics," "news service," "press service," or what not, takes for its arena the whole field of current information as expressed by printers' type, but by predilection devotes itself to what concerns the money counter. The printed matter originating under its auspices appears in the reading columns of reputable newspapers and periodicals in a form totally unrecognisable by any outward sign as the product of a hired agent whose object is not to provide for the public true information but to further the private interests of his client, who pays for its production according to the benefits he hopes to derive from its effect in moulding the thought of the unsuspecting reader.

The titanic struggle of Philadelphia with a ring of grafting politicians that had held the city in relentless grip for a generation is a recent memory that still evokes thanksgiving in the hearts of believers in free government. The final successful phase of this fight against oppression was precipitated by the audacity of the United Gas Improvement Company, from which the political marauders of the city derived a large share of the plunder filched from the people. This company had become anathema in Philadelphia. Yet to a representative of this corporation, the head of one of the most accomplished of these bureaus for the creation of public opinion recently declared: "I am fully convinced that we can convert Philadelphia for you." There may have been something of the solicitor's enthusiasm for his own wares in that assertion, but intimate knowledge of his resources leads me to believe that, given a free hand, if he did not deliver the good folk of Philadelphia as worshippers at the shrine of the gas company he would yet have made them loiter in friendly curiosity under its portals.

### THE PUBLICITY BUREAU

It behooves the reader of newspapers, interested in the true nature of the matter put before him—nor need the magazine reader sniff contemptuous security—to examine the machine that accomplishes such results, or aims to accomplish them. The maker of opinion-to-order goes upon the principle that with bait you catch fish, and that even a very palpable hook will go down provided your bait is tempting enough. Editors want copy. They ransack the world for it and they put on it good value in dollars and cents. Let it only be interesting enough. In the daily paper, newness supplies the chief interest. Hence the publicity man provides news or he creates a literary interest. With this he baits his hook. The amount of concealment necessary to assure an easy passage for this instrument down the editorial gullet depends upon the state of the editor's mind as regulated by the attitude of the public with reference to the cause for which the publicity man proposes to win acceptance. If it is that of a public service corporation that has maltreated its patrons to the point of rebellion, he drops in only a few sentences here and there in the article or news "story" of his "doctrine," the argument he wants to drive home, and subordinates these to a "lead" of an innocuous character. If, on the other hand, he is spreading a propaganda for legislation for free alcohol he comes out unreservedly with his point. Many hooks, moreover, to carry the figure farther, set in many different directions, increase the chances of a bite. Therefore, the "story" may be manifolded and sent to a few hundred papers, or it may be modified to suit the individual tastes of editors, carefully studied beforehand. Space is not purchased. It is secured in return for free copy; that is all.

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On the largest scale, the publicity bureau displayed its activities last winter, in the endeavour of a combination of the great railroads of the country to dam, by this means, the tide of popular feeling in favour of stringent rate regulation. It bent itself to gaining for those senators who stood out at first against all legislation and later for such a bill as would effect the smallest degree of change, such a showing of public support as might be inferred from stacks of newspaper clippings favourable to their position. By this means, too timid legislators, who, without some sign of backing in the press, would fear to follow their inclinations to stand by the railroad side of the controversy, might have their backbone strengthened, and lukewarm opponents be won over or reduced to non-activity. The game played against the unorganised public was in a measure successful. It helped to make possible the passage of a rate bill shorn of its nails and with its teeth drawn. The story of that campaign deserves fuller treatment than is here possible. On a smaller scale, however, somewhat similar tactics may be illustrated by work done recently in our large cities.

### WORKING UP SENTIMENT

A public service corporation, whose name had become a byword of execration, had long nourished a desire to add to its system of surface traction a connecting link of elevated structure. While not without advantages to the public, holding out, in fact, to residents of the more remote sections of the city possibilities of amelioration to their conditions of transit, this piece of construction had been violently and ably opposed by dwellers in that portion of the city through which it was to pass. It would shut out their light and air, they argued, and add discomfort, if not positive danger, to their lives. The whole question had been up before and the corporation had suffered defeat before the tribunal whose consent was necessary to the execution of the project. Since that time the railroad had resigned itself to the apparently inevitable.

It happened that the company had in its employ a publicity bureau. This organisation had been fighting an up-hill fight to win even a modicum of amiability from the public toward its client. The newspapers of the city unanimously and fervently "got after" the railroad company whenever opportunity offered, and that was about every time they went to press. To the publicity bureau the construction project gave an opening. Here was a proposition that had merits. It had, however, once encountered failure, and, with the detested railroad company as its sponsor, would invite opposition at once. That was a difficulty that could be met. "Give the word and we'll give you your elevated road," said the representative of the bureau to the railroad company. The word was given. The publicity machine began to whir.

It was a stipulation under which the publicity organisation did its work, exacted by the railroad company, that the connection between the two should remain concealed. To a man of the bureau was given the assignment to "work up sentiment for the L." He sallied forth, loaded with his reporter's instincts and the resolution to get his "story." He called on a man with ambitions as a civic leader. This man wanted the L because his department store was so situated that he would benefit. If the thing were carried through, moreover, it would further his political ambitions in that particular locality. He had advocated the L project when it had been under discussion before and had watched over its obsequies. He was told that the subject was again coming to public notice, that there "was talk" of pushing it hard. Didn't he want to say something? He held back. "The project is deader than a door nail. To talk about it is a waste of breath," he said. But he talked. His argument, deftly shaped by the interviewer, enlarged upon the benefits to the public which would follow and made no mention of the railroad company. This interview was given an introduction that referred to the "renewed interest in the L plan among prominent business men," literally true as it referred to the eminent men of business in the railroad company and in the publicity bureau. The "story" was manifolded and mailed to every

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paper in the city. It was printed in one. Perhaps the name of the public-spirited citizen—he was of the same political complexion as the paper and a large advertiser—here appealed to the editorial sympathies.

### WAGING THE CAMPAIGN

Other interviews were secured, all whooping for the L as a means of doing away with existing shameful conditions on the rapid transit system. That the railroad itself wanted it was not anywhere indicated. In fact the stories were "greased" with a certain amount of criticism of the road. The stories laid stress on the growth in public demand for this piece of construction. They brought out all the arguments in its favour and ignored all disadvantages. Prominent men were interviewed and, if favourable, their remarks were worked up as news features. If unfavourable, they were simply ignored. In his requests for interviews, the publicity worker appeared as a "free lance" newspaper man, or armed with a word of introduction over the telephone from an advocate of the plan. By a little dexterity, he could readily avoid the embarassing query as to whom he was representing in the matter. He was bound, at the price of his job, to prevent discovery of that pertinent fact.

Every day saw its piece of "news" planted somewhere, now in this paper, now in that. A story specially strong in its news quality would run through a considerable number of papers. Others would only land in one or two. The matter reached the editors of the papers anonymously. If they guessed its inspiration they kept quiet about it in their columns. If they sent their reporters round to the railroad company, these were met with the statement that the facts were all right, but that as to the source of this activity the company was ignorant! Gradually effects became visible. Officials of civic bodies were put on record as advocates of the plan and their organisations took favourable action. At this stage the agitation began to support itself. The newspapers on their own account were obliged to take cognisance of the action of public bodies in order not to lose the news.

At an opportune moment was sprung the *deus ex machina* of this little municipal drama. The city engineer, whose approval was necessary for any construction of this sort, could manifestly give his sanction to such a plan with much better grace when it was a matter of public demand than at the request of an unpopular railroad corporation. It is probable that the railroad knew his views when it entered upon its campaign. At any rate, the grantor of the interview which served as the starting point of the movement urged upon the engineer the propriety of his publicly declaring his advocacy of a structure such as the railroad had been aiming to secure. The engineer made the desired statement. His interrogator thereupon called up his favourite newspaper. The next morning appeared the announcement that the engineer was for the L.

Little remained for the publicity promotor. The thing had now got such headway that it took care of itself. Mass meetings were held and resolutions passed. The attitude of the railroad came up for discussion only incidentally. Its officers now let it be understood that they would do anything reasonable to put the project through. Delightful admission! It is fair to suppose, though, that a franchise obtained under these conditions would contain less onerous stipulations than one secured without the careful preparation of public sentiment which made it appear that the railroad company only reluctantly entered upon the plan. The opposition, naturally, had shown its head; but it was now an opposition to a faction and not aimed directly at the railroad company.

### THE OFFICIAL AND THE TRACTION COMPANY

In this instance, the publicity bureau was used to strengthen the hand of an official from whom action of advantage to the client was desired. It is, however, as frequently called upon to hinder the activities of an official who makes himself obnoxious to a corporation. There was, for instance, the case of a city official who had been elected on the

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strength of his promises to curb the insolence of a traction company. He discovered, when he began to put some of his curbing tactics into execution, that he was contending with a force that threatened seriously to undermine his popularity and that eventually effectually dampened his ardour for this particular line of reform. The official corporation tamer had threatened to employ his power of blocking franchises which the traction company might seek to obtain, in order to hold this corporation up to a higher standard of service. This intention he advertised widely through his own personal press agency. The facile publicity bureau employed by this traction company hit upon a line of defence. Its representative interviewed heads of prominent real estate firms having large property interests in outlying sections, the development of which would depend almost entirely upon further extensions of the rapid transit system. By means of the customary expedients of the newspaper interviewer he led these men on to talk of their hopes for development through growth of transit facilities. One more bold than the rest could be induced to deprecate an official attitude that would hinder such development.

Here was supplied the basis for a series of newspaper articles spreading alarm as to the great damage the official in question might inflict on the development of the city by persisting in his attitude of opposition to franchises. The bait used in this instance to secure admittance to the columns of the newspapers was the fact that the real estate men interviewed were among the heaviest advertisers in these papers. Necessarily, the instincts of the business office would dictate that these men be given space to have their say. It followed, too, that with the stretching of inference and strengthening of emphasis, to which the writing up of an interview gave scope, the real estate men found themselves taking a stronger attitude in print than they had been aware of in themselves. Here again the client ostensibly was not responsible for the stories. In this instance, too, from an insignificant seed a noticeable sentiment was developed. The proposal was made of an indignation meeting of real estate men. The articles put out by the publicity bureau, moreover, carried delicate little suggestions of the purpose of self-advertisement actuating the over-active city official in his *pronunciamentos,* etc., etc. The upshot was that this gentleman subsided into harmless quiescence and the traction company issued orders to its press lieutenants to hold their fire.

New York had a little experience with the publicity game when an independent telephone company tried to wrest from the local branch of the Bell system its monopoly of the service. The heavy advertising of the company in possession flung at the public broadsides of quotations from the country over, lauding the advantages of a single set of telephones and representing as a most shocking evil the admission of a second telephone system to the city. But this was only the exposed front of the attack. The masked batteries let loose their fire in the shape of news articles and editorials carrying the specious single telephone argument. This was comparatively crude work. It was carried into the papers as a gratuity for big advertising contracts and consequently was so out-and-out in its method that it might be easily recognised as the work of the telephone press agent. It was somewhat shocking, nevertheless, to the sensibilities of a man who believes that the newspaper should be an unbiased medium for the dissemination of news to read in the editorial columns of a reputable New York evening paper a telephone argument that he knew from direct evidence had been prepared in the office of the telephone company's publicity agent.

### THE CASE OF THE AMERICAN ICE COMPANY

The American Ice Company, whose reputation needs no setting forth, resorted to the expedient of employing a publicity bureau in its defence when, last summer, it found public clamour becoming insistent in its demands for an investigation. In New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington statements were issued for the company by this agency, which maintains representatives in several of the large cities,

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under attractive but somewhat disingenuous firm names. These statements were put out frankly as coming from the ice company, and the newspapers printed them as such. This was fair. The public was now at liberty to apply its judgment to the facts submitted, knowing their source. It is probable, though, that the more effective work done for the ice men was that which did not bear a label. This was made up of entertainingly written articles giving picturesque descriptions of the hardships and drawbacks of unprofitableness of the ice business. These articles bore various date lines, as, for instance, Gardiner, Maine, and appeared to have been written by special correspondents of the papers using them. They were printed, therefore, with the stamp of editorial approval upon them. This fact and that their "doctrine" reflected upon the American Ice Company only indirectly but in an exceedingly pleasant way made them, of course, well qualified to convince the reader who could not go behind the facts as presented to him and was deprived of the corrective which the knowedge that the article was put out by the American Ice Company would have supplied.

### NEWSPAPER CULPABILITY

This sort of thing well illustrates the form of conspiracy against their readers in which newspapers which admit this kind of matter to their columns engage. Their motives may not always be mercenary. In the sort of publicity work that has been here particularly under examination, the space is not even indirectly paid for by advertising. The only consideration, for the most part, is that of securing good copy free. Of course, in small papers even this is of some moment. In the case of metropolitan dailies, on the other hand, it matters little that the copy costs them nothing. And yet newspapers that pride themselves on their purity of motive and freedom from the sins of their journalistic brethren have shown themselves, as observed by me under especially favourable conditions for comparison, among the most prone to open their columns to matter which, in effect, they are palming off on their readers under false pretences. In singling out a conspicuous illustration it is not my intention to pillory any one newspaper. It is, however, the most striking of those that could be cited. The high standing of this publication but heightens one's sympathy. The instance I have in mind is that of the New York *Evening Post* which, in a single Saturday issue, some time ago carried no less than six publicity articles. At least two of these were close to two columns in length and the others ran from half a column upwards. Only one of these articles was admittedly the outgiving of an "interest," and that was the shortest of the lot.

The New York *Tribune,* likewise, shows great hospitality to this disguised propaganda or advertising. It habitually carries it in its Sunday issues, although it exercises no ungenerous exclusiveness on week days. It is also not unknown in the columns of the Boston *Transcript,* the New York *Herald,* the *World,* the *Sun,* the Washington *Post* and other papers of equal importance throughout the country. By contrast, the much-condemned "yellow journals" are practically immune. "You can't come within a thousand miles of landing this stuff in the New York *American,*" commented a publicity man who makes a specialty of placing the output of one of the biggest concerns in the business. This holds for papers of the type of the *American* generally. If the matter is sent to them they are more likely to "roast" it than otherwise. This is a distinction that cannot be said, however, to raise the *American* to any superior degree in the scale of probity. Pandering to vicious sensationalism and the cause of its own propaganda supply sufficiently effective motives for the corruption of the news it prints to make the deception involved in the use of publicity matter a minor crime. One clean spot in the hyena's hide argues little, after all, for the general cleanliness of the beast.

### THE INDUSTRIAL PRESS AGENT

To the jaundiced eye of one nutured in the atmosphere of these factories of "doctored" news the pages of our newspapers are, however, things of suspicion almost without an exception. The exten-

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siveness of the manufacture of this kind of literature is barely indicated by the fact that every newspaper in New York City of any size at all is supplied with an instalment practically every working day of the year and that one bureau alone reaches all the cities of the country at frequent intervals, while carrying on publicity campaigns in certain special territories of large extent with unintermittent persistency. Although of comparatively recent origin the business is finding new recruits every day among newspaper men who hope for more lucrative and pleasant employment.

One class of the industrial press agent, it is worth while pointing out, has laboured to make it clear to the public that they, men who are frankly in the direct employ of certain corporations, exist solely to enable the public to get the information to which it is entitled concerning the doings of these great organisations. They assume the air of auxiliaries to the regular force of reporters of the newspapers and would, in fact, have it known that if there is any investigating to be done they will volunteer to do it and relieve the hard-working newspaper fraternity of the trouble. Hereafter, everything that is news in the affairs of the Standard Oil Company, the Consolidated Gas Company, the Pennsylvania Railroad, or the Belmont interests, is to be issued in prepared statements or by direct verbal communication through these men, if one is to take at their face value the announcement of their principles as set forth in articles recently printed, which themselves bore evidence of being products of the press agent's workshop. These men get high salaries. The press agent of the Standard Oil interests is reported to have an annual salary of $20,000. It is, fortunately for the public, safe to assume that the bona fide newspaper man after a story will continue to view with scepticism even "news" put out by these "authorised" representatives of organised industry.

As portrayed in the few instances I have cited of the secret engineering of sentiment by means of news made for the purpose, it has been made apparent that the result is not always one to be deplored. The illustrations chosen, it should be pointed out, were fairly typical and were not intended to show the operation of the publicity machine at its worst. It must also be apparent, however, that the indirectness of method, the fraud upon the public of getting as straight news matter which is published in the interest of private parties for the purpose of influencing its judgment, presents opportunities for the most pernicious abuse of public confidence. If it is necessary because of its news value to use a story furnished through the publicity channel, one might insist, let the editor go behind it to its sources and lend to it, in addition to his own nominal authority, a dress and background of his own manufacture such as will give the public that insight and perspective which they have a right to demand from an honest newspaper, dealing with affairs a true knowledge of which is vital to the health of the community.

### THE SYSTEM OF MISREPRESENTATION

Newspaper reporting of events is at best but an approximation to accuracy and fairness. But the opening of the newspaper column to matter written in the semblance of news with a set purpose quite other than that of supplying accurate information inevitably smoothes the way for an addition of a regular, systematic and skilfully planned species of misrepresentation to the warping influences that haste and the vagaries of newspaper creation supply under its normally irregular conditions. It is difficult to illustrate this kind of thing, for the publicity story is often of purely local interest, and citation in the brief space here at command is of necessity inadequate to its clear revelation. I have before me a bunch of clippings from Southern newspapers. These are all of the same wording. One is from the *Journal and Tribune* of Knoxville. It begins:

"Special to the *Journal and Tribune:*

DECATUR, ALA., Nov. 8.—At the close of its annual meeting here to-day the Alabama Commercial and Industrial Association unanimously adopted a resolution putting itself on record as opposed to legislation granting the

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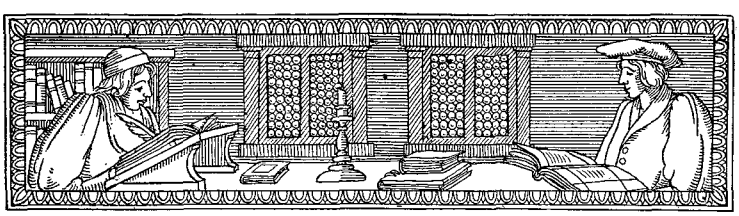
Interstate Commerce Commission power to fix railway rates."

Then followed the resolution. It is a mass of verbiage. It includes a complimentary reference to President Roosevelt, whose popularity had to be reckoned with, though the railroad attorneys who framed the resolution had little cause for bursting into eulogy, patriotically refers to the marvellous development of Alabama and the South and deplores the check to this development through putting the railroads under the control of anybody but their "rightful and legal owners." Any one in Knoxville or Nashville or New Orleans reading this "special" might readily think that an important, united popular campaign in defence of the railroads was in progress in Alabama. As a matter of fact, there were few States of the Union in which public indignation at railroad usurpation was greater than in Alabama. A true account of this affair at Decatur—only one out-of-town newspaper man except the railroad publicity agent was present—would have shown this meeting to have been dominated by a few railroad attorneys; it would have shown the overriding of parliamentary privilege by those managing the railroad *coup d'état,* and the sneaking through of the resolution in the last minute of the meeting by means that would have made the wiliest and most unscrupulous boss in politics open his eyes in startled admiration. And this, too, in a convention packed by the roads—not sufficiently though to make the day's work an easy one. Out of the railroad publicity fund came the telegraph tolls that put this dispatch into the newspaper offices without cost to them and in the service of the railroads was eliminated from it everything that might give the reader an impression unfavourable to them and with that went a large part of the truth, that part without which the effect was totally to mislead. So valuable was the result sought, that to put out that story of less than a quarter of a column the publicity man had made the trip to Alabama from Washington.

It was reported of Alfred Beit, the South African Crœsus, that he had conceived the audacious plan of creating an international "news trust." The possibilities of such an instrument for forming public opinion are such as to call up the vision of an autocrat of thought of world-wide power. The effects secured on a smaller scale by our American corporation captains in the only partially exploited field of publicity are, however, sufficient to suggest the urgency of stimulating the growth of watchfulness and conscience in the gentlemen who preside over the diurnal genesis of the pages that furnish our daily summary of the world's progress.

"I think that the patriotism of any American citizen," said Charles E. Hughes, in his campaign for governor of New York, "can be tested perhaps better by his attitude toward public opinion than in any other way, for when he does not appreciate the importance of holding that immense power, of directing that immense power, so that it will accomplish good, according to right judgment, he has little thought of the security upon which everything we prize depends."

The moral is not inapplicable in a more general sense than in that of its original application to a political candidate.



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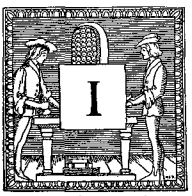
# ROBIN REDBREAST

*From the Swedish of Selma Lagerlof*



T happened at that time when our Lord created the world, when He not only made heaven and earth, but all the animals and the vegetable growths as well, at the same time giving them their names.

There have been many histories concerning that time, and if we knew them all, we would then have light upon everything in this world which we cannot now comprehend.

At that time it happened, one day, when our Lord sat in His Paradise and painted the little birds, that the colours in our Lord's paint pot gave out, and the goldfinch would have been without colour if our Lord had not wiped all His paint brushes on its feathers.

It was then that the donkey got his long ears, because he could not remember the name that had been given him.

No sooner had he taken a few steps along the meadows of Paradise than he forgot, and three times he came back to ask his name. At last our Lord grew somewhat impatient, took him by his two ears and said:

"Thy name is ass, ass, ass!" And while He thus spake our Lord pulled both of his ears that the ass might hear better, and remember what was said to him. It was on the same day, also, that the bee was punished.

Now, when the bee was created, it began immediately to gather honey, and the animals and human beings who caught the delicious odour of the honey came and wanted to taste of it. But the bee wanted to keep it all for himself, and with his poisonous sting pursued every living creature that approached his hive. Our Lord saw this and at once called the bee and punished it.

"I gave thee the gift of gathering honey, which is the sweetest thing in all creation," said our Lord, "but I did not give thee the right to be cruel to thy neighbour. Remember well, that every time thou stingest any creature who desires to taste of thy honey, thou shalt surely die!"

Ah yes! it was at that time that the cricket became blind and the ant missed her wings, so many strange things happened on that day!

Our Lord sat there, big and gentle, and planned and created all day long, and towards evening He conceived the idea of making a little grey bird. "Remember your name is robin redbreast," said our Lord to the bird, as soon as it was finished. Then He held it in the palm of His open hand and let it fly.

After the bird had been testing his wings a bit, and had seen something of the beautiful world in which he was destined to live, he became curious to see what he himself was like. He noticed that he was entirely grey, and that the breast was just as grey as all the rest of him. Robin redbreast twisted and turned in every direction as he viewed himself in the mirror of a clear lake, but he couldn't find a single red feather. Then he flew back to our Lord.

Our Lord sat there on His throne, big and gentle. Out of His hands came butterflies that fluttered about His head; doves cooed on His shoulders, and out of the earth about Him grew the rose, the lily and the daisy.

The little bird's heart beat heavily with fright, but with easy curves he flew nearer and nearer our Lord, till at last he rested on our Lord's hand. Then our Lord asked what the little bird wanted. "I only want to ask you about one thing," said the little bird, "What is it that you wish to know?" said our Lord. "Why should I be called red breast, when I am all grey, from the bill to the very end of my tail? Why am I called red breast when I do not possess one single red feather?" The bird looked beseechingly on our Lord with its tiny black eyes—then turned its head. About him he saw pheasants all red under a sprinkle of gold dust, cocks with red combs, parrots with marvellous red neck bands, to say nothing about the butterflies, the goldfinches

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and the roses! And naturally he thought how little he needed—just one tiny drop of colour on his breast—and he, too, would be a beautiful bird, and not a misnomer. "Why should I be called red breast when I am so entirely grey?" asked the bird once again, and waited for our Lord to say—Ah! my friend, I see that I have forgotten to paint your breast feathers red, but wait a moment and all shall be done.

But our Lord only smiled a little and said: "I have called you robin redbreast, and robin redbreast shall your name be, but you must look to it that you yourself earn your red breast feathers." Then our Lord lifted His hand and let the bird fly once more—out into the world.

The bird flew down into Paradise, meditating deeply.

What could a little bird like him do to earn for himself red feathers? The only thing he could think of was to make his nest in a brier bush. He built it in among the thorns in the close thicket. It looked as if he waited for a rose leaf to cling to his throat and give him colour.

* * * * *

Countless years had come and gone since that day, which was the happiest in all the world! Human beings had already advanced so far that they had learned to cultivate the earth and sail the seas. They had procured clothes and ornaments for themselves, and had long since learned to build big temples and great cities—such as Thebes, Rome and Jerusalem.

* * * * *

Then there dawned a new day, one that will long be remembered in the world's history. On the morning of this day robin redbreast sat upon a little naked hillock outside of Jerusalem's walls and sang to his young ones, who rested in a tiny nest in a brier bush.

Robin redbreast told the little ones all about that wonderful day of creation, and how the Lord had given names to everything, just as each redbreast had told it, ever since the first redbreast had heard God's word, and gone out of God's hand. "And mark you," he ended sorrowfully, "so many years have gone, so many roses have bloomed, so many little birds have come out of their eggs since Creation day, but robin redbreast is still a little grey bird. He has not yet succeeded in gaining his red feathers."

The little young ones opened wide their tiny bills, and asked if their forebears had never tried to do any great thing to earn the priceless red colour.

"We have all done what we could," said the little bird, "but we have all gone amiss. Even the first robin redbreast met one day another bird exactly like himself, and he began immediately to love it with such a mighty love, that he could feel his breast glow. Ah! he thought then, now I understand! It was our Lord's meaning that I should love with so much ardour that my breast should grow red in colour from the very warmth of the love that lives in my heart. But he missed it, like all those who came after him had missed it, and as even you shall miss it."

The little young ones twittered, utterly bewildered, and already began to mourn because the red colour would not come to beautify their little downy grey breasts. "We had also hoped that song would help us," said the grown-up bird—speaking in long drawn-out tones—"the first robin redbreast sang until his breast swelled within him, he was so carried away—and he dared to hope anew. Ah! he thought, it is the glow of the song which lives in my soul that will colour my breast feathers red. But he missed it, as all the others have missed it, and as even you shall miss it." Again was heard a sad "peep" from the young ones' half-naked throats.

"We had also counted on our courage and our valour," said the bird. "The first robin redbreast fought bravely with other birds, until his breast flamed with the pride of conquest. Ah! he thought, my breast feathers shall become red from the love of battle which burns in my heart. He, too, missed it, as all those who came after him had missed it, and as even you shall miss it." The little young ones peeped courageously that they still wished to try and win the much sought after prize, but the bird answered them sorrowfully that it would be impossible. What could they do when so many splendid ancestors had

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missed the mark? What could they do more than love, sing and fight? What could—— The little bird stopped short in the middle of the sentence, for out of one of Jerusalem's gates came a crowd of people marching, and the whole procession rushed up towards the hillock, where the bird had its nest. There were riders on proud horses, soldiers with long spears, executioners with nails and hammers. There were judges and priests in the procession, weeping women, and above all a mob of mad, loose people running about —a filthy, howling mob of loiterers.

The little grey bird sat trembling on the edge of his nest. He feared each instant that the little brier bush would be trampled down and his young ones killed!

"Be careful!" he cried to the little defenceless young ones, "creep together and remain quiet. Here comes a horse that will ride right over us! Here comes a warrior with iron-shod sandals! Here comes the whole wild, storming mob!" Immediately the bird ceased his cry of warning and grew calm and quiet. He almost forgot the danger hovering over him. Finally he hopped down into his nest and spread his wings over the young ones.

"Oh! this is too terrible," said he; "I don't want you should witness this awful sight! There are three miscreants who are going to be crucified!" And he spread his wings so the little ones could see nothing.

They caught only the sound of hammers, the cries of anguish and the wild shrieks of the mob.

Robin redbreast followed the whole spectacle with his eyes, which grew big with terror. He could not take his glance from the three unfortunates.

"How terrible human beings are!" said the bird after a little. "It isn't enough that they should nail these poor creatures to a cross, but they must needs place a crown of piercing thorns on the head of one of them. I see that the thorns have wounded his brow so that the blood flows," he continued. "And this man is so beautiful—and he looks about him with such mild glances that every one ought to love him. I feel as if an arrow were shooting through my heart, when I see him suffer!"

The little bird began to feel a stronger and stronger pity for the thorn-crowned sufferer. Oh! if I were only my brother the eagle, thought he, I would draw the nails from his hands, and with my strong claws I would drive away all those who torture him. He saw how the blood trickled down, from the brow of the crucified one, and he could no longer remain quiet in his nest. Even if I am little and weak, I can still do something for this poor tortured one—thought the bird. Then he left his nest and flew out into the air, striking wide circles around the crucified one. He flew about him several times without daring to approach, for he was a shy little bird, who had never dared to go near a human being. But little by little he gained courage, flew close to him and drew with his little bill a thorn that had become imbedded in the brow of the crucified one. And as he did this there fell on his breast a drop of blood from the face of the crucified one;—it spread quickly and floated out and coloured all the little thin breast feathers.

Then the crucified one opened his lips and whispered to the bird: "Because of thy compassion, thou hast won all that thy kind have been striving after, ever since the world was created."

As soon as the bird had returned to his nest his young ones cried to him: "Thy breast is red, thy breast feathers are redder than the roses!"

"It is only a drop of blood from the poor man's forehead," said the bird, "it will vanish as soon as I bathe in a pool or a clear well."

But no matter how much the little bird bathed, the red colour did not vanish—and when his little young ones grew up, the blood-red colour shone also on their breast feathers, just as it shines on every robin redbreast's throat and breast until this very day.

*Translated by*
*Volma Swanston Howard.*

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# THE BOOK MART

## READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

### NEW YORK CITY.

*American Book Company:*

Outlines of Ancient History. By William C. Morey.

Educational. The book purposes to indicate, in a general way, the continuity of ancient history, as well as to describe the growth of separate countries.

*D. Appleton and Company:*

Mountain-Land. By Robert W. Chambers.

The seven stories in this juvenile are illustrated in colour by Frederick Richardson. The decorations in black and white are by Walter King Stone.

The House of Islam. By Marmaduke Pickthall.

The East—its struggles and bloodshed of religious strife, and its various superstitious sects—is pictured in this novel. The plot deals with a sheikh, who goes to Jerusalem with his sick daughter in order that she may be cured by a "Frankish" doctor. When she dies he feels that it is the judgment of Allah.

The Wooing of Folly. By James L. Ford.

Folly is the only daughter of Hiram Dewsnap, a loafer who finally leaves New England, goes West and makes a fortune in a mine. He takes his family to New York and comes near ruining them all. It is only through the sagaciousness of his wife that such a calamity is averted.

*The Baker and Taylor Company:*

Lady Hollyhock and Her Friends. By Margaret Coulson Walker.

Juvenile. A book of nature dolls and others. This book aims to furnish employment, as well as entertainment, to children. Among the dolls are Lady Hollyhock, Lord Cucumber, the Radish baby, Pansy ladies, lemon pigs, a potato woman, etc. The drawings, by Mary Isabel Hunt, are a great addition to the book.

*A. S. Barnes and Company:*

Confessions of a Detective. By Alfred Henry Lewis.

The titles of the five detective stories in this volume are: Confessions of a Detective, The Washington Square Mystery, The Man Who Flew, The Murder at the Santa Marie and The Stolen Red Diamond. A character to be found in each tale is Inspector Val.

*Burre Publishing Company:*

Restdale. By Julia Eliza Shotland.

A quiet, simple story of country life in New England. The principals in the romance are a lovable girl and her artist lover, who is a foreigner.

*The Century Company:*

Racketty-Packetty House. By Frances Hodgson Burnett.

Queen Silver-Bell. By Frances Hodgson Burnett.

These small books are issued in a new series of fairy tales which Mrs. Burnett has undertaken. The first is the story of a doll family that was liked and one that was not. The second deals with the losing of the Fairy-Queen's temper, which she carries about in a silver cage.

The Crimson Sweater. By Ralph Henry Barbour.

One may easily assume from the title that this is a football story. Both boys and girls will find Roy and Harriet, or Harry, as she is always called, very interesting characters, and the story a good one. C. M. Relyea has made a number of illustrations for the book.

The Upstart. By Henry M. Hyde.

Although this story is not a juvenile, young readers will find it very entertaining. Romance and political ambitions enter into the tale, which has for its hero a young man, who overcomes many obstacles to win success.

The Proverbs of Solomon. Designed by Blanche McManus Mansfield.

Friendship and Character. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. Designed by Blanche McManus Mansfield.

The Man Without a Country. By Edward Everett Hale. Designed by Blanche McManus Mansfield.

Like the previous volumes in this "Thumb-Nail" series, these three are handsomely bound in embossed leather. The second and third volumes contain frontispiece portraits of Emerson and Hale, respectively; the title-page of the first is designed by Blanche McManus Mansfield. The subjects of the works are too well known to need description.

A Book of Music. By Richard Watson Gilder.

A collection of those poems by Mr.

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Gilder which relate to music either directly or symbolically.

*The Clarendon Press:*

Elementary Chemistry. Part II. By F. R. L. Wilson and G. W. Hedley.

Educational. "The object of this book is to provide a school course of practical training in chemistry, suitable for those studying the subject as an integral part of their general education, and at the same time to lay a solid foundation for such as may require to specialize in it later."

Plutarch's Lives of Coriolanus, Cæsar, Brutus and Antonius in North's Translation. Edited with Introduction and Notes by R. H. Carr.

Educational. The twofold purpose of this book is to serve as an introduction to North's version of the complete Lives of Plutarch, and to provide the student with a critical edition of the sources of Shakespeare's three Roman plays.

*Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:*

Saint Francis of Assisi. By Oscar Kuhns.

A biographical study of a famous saint.

Germelshausen. By Frederick Gerstäcker. Translated by Clara M. Lathrop.

The story of a buried German village which came to life one day in each one hundred years.

The Man Without a Country. By Edward Everett Hale.

A well-known classic in a new edition.

A Longfellow Calendar. Edited by Anna Harris Smith.

For every day in the year there is some selection from Longfellow in this small book.

A Heart Garden. By J. R. Miller.

A volume of religious essays, the first of which gives the book its title.

The Happy Family. By George Hodges.

An idea of the mission of his small volume may be gathered from the following chapter-titles: The Business of Being a Wife, The Business of Being a Mother, The Business of Being a Father.

The Beauty of Kindness. By J. R. Miller.

An essay in which kindness is set forth as one of the world's greatest needs. Several full-page pictures illustrate the volume.

Great Riches. By Charles W. Eliot.

Millionaires are the people discussed by President Eliot, of Harvard, in this volume. He treats their situation in a calm and quiet manner, and takes an optimistic view of it.

The Spirit of the Orient. By George William Knox.

The standpoints from which the Orient is discussed in this work are: The American Point of View; The Asiatic Point of View; India, its People and Customs; India, its Spirit and Problems; China, its People and Customs; China, its Spirit and Problems; Japan, its People and Customs; Japan, its Spirit and Problems; and The New World. There are numerous illustrations.

Animal Serials. By E. Warde Blaisdell.

A collection of droll drawings in which animals, as human beings, take the parts of heroes and heroines. Each series of sketches has a separate group of animals—Mr. and Mrs. Rabbit, Miss Hippopotamus, Mr. Bear, Colonel Lion, etc. There is a touch of satire in the humour.

Famous American Songs. By Gustav Kobbé.

Mr. Kobbé has given a history of "Home, Sweet Home," "Dixie," "America," "Yankee Doodle," "Old Folks at Home," "Ben Bolt," "Hail Columbia" and others, telling how each song happened to be written, where it was first sung, and all the story of it. There are twenty-two illustrations in the book.

Success Nuggets. By Orison Swett Marden.

A book of short forceful thoughts classified under a number of different headings. Some excellent advice is given in these "nuggets," some of which contain less than a half dozen words.

Putting the Most Into Life. By Booker T. Washington.

A series of addresses by Mr. Washington, recently given before his students. The subject is discussed under six heads, which give the physical, mental, spiritual and racial aspects of the case.

Friendship. By Henry D. Thoreau.

An essay taken from the author's "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers."

The Hope of Immortality. By Charles Fletcher Dole.

Mr. Dole delivered the address which composes this book as the annual lecture in the Ingersoll Lectureship. In this address Mr. Dole is said to have given a large number of reasons "for the hope of a future life which has inspired mankind in every age."

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*Cupples and Leon:*

Cupid's Middleman. By Edward B. Lent.

The fate of a man who tried to assist another man in love-making is told in this story.

*Dodd, Mead and Company:*

The One Way Out. By Bettina von Hutten.

The principal character in this amusing storiette proposes to three girls in one evening and is three times refused. He withholds the fourth proposal, the one that would doubtless have been accepted. The reasons which prompted his actions is the story. The illustrations are by Harrison Fisher. The volume presents a holiday appearance.

Historic Buildings of America. As seen and described by great writers. Collected and edited by Esther Singleton.

This is the first of Miss Singleton's many books which deal with American subjects. Among the buildings described by well-known writers are the White House, Independence Hall, Castle Garden, Faneuil Hall, The Salt Lake City Tabernacle, Mount Vernon, etc. The numerous illustrations enhance the value of the book.

The Subjection of Isabel Carnaby. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.

A sequel to "Concerning Isabel Carnaby." The new book depicts Isabel happily married, her "subjection" being simply her graceful acceptance of the yoke of matrimony. English society and English politics and a beautiful East Indian girl enter into the story.

The Seventh Person. By Benjamin Brace.

A certain secret society, one of the rules of which was that any member whose name was drawn should hold himself in readiness to go wherever bidden and do whatever he was told for a period of time, sends a young man on an almost countless number of journeys. The many exciting adventures which he experiences make the story.

The Life of Marie Antoinette. By Maxime de la Rocheterie.

The author has endeavoured to present the result of extended study and comparison of texts concerning the life of Marie Antoinette. He has not suppressed faults or mistakes, but has confined himself to what he feels to be the truth, whether complimentary or otherwise. Cora Hamilton Bell has made the translation from the French. The volume is handsomely bound.

*Dodge Publishing Company:*

Told to the Little Tot. By Edmund Vance Cooke.

Ten stories of the "Man Mite" and his playfellows by a well-known writer about children. Bessie Collins Pease has illustrated the book and designed the cover.

Cozy Corner Confidences. By Walter Pulitzer.

A collection of epigrams. The marginal decorations in red give a striking appearance to the book.

*Doubleday, Page and Company:*

King Midas. By Upton Sinclair.

A new edition of the first novel Mr. Sinclair ever wrote. The story deals with a young girl strongly tempted to marry a very wealthy man whom she does not love.

Confessions to a Heathen Idol. By Marion Lee.

An unusual story in which a woman of forty tells the story of her loves to a small teak-wood idol on her desk.

Set in Authority. By Sara Jeannette Cotes.

This novel gives a pen picture of English life in India. The central character is a strong man entangled in a web of circumstances.

The Joyous Miracle. By Frank Norris.

A pen picture of Christ, His time, and the miracles He performed.

The Pursuit of Happiness. By George Hodges.

In his essay on "The Pursuit of Happiness," Mr. Hodges gives the following "mile-stones": Determination, regulation, proportion, the gift of vision, the habit of ministration, and religion.

The Journal of Arthur Stirling. By Upton Sinclair.

A new edition of a story issued three years ago. The success which has attended the author's *The Jungle* will add new readers to the number who have already found this an interesting book.

The Second Violin. By Grace S. Richmond.

The several characters in this charming story might each be said to be a hero or heroine, as all take important parts. The Birchs and the Churchills have their share of emergencies to meet, and they are met with courage. There are, also, many good times which the reader enjoys. The eight illustrations are by B. J. Rosenmyer.

Legends Every Child Should Know. Edited by Hamilton W. Mabie.

A volume uniform with poems, fairy tales, myths, etc., that "Every Child Should Know." These legends include Hiawatha, Sir Galahad, Beowulf, Chevy Chase, The Wandering Jew, The

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Lorelei, Rip Van Winkle, The Legend of Sleepy Hollow and others. Blanche Ostertag has made the illustrations and decorations for the book.

*Duffield and Company:*

The Punch and Judy Book. By Helen Hay Whitney.

A humorous juvenile. The illustrations, by Charlotte Harding, are in red and black.

The Pilgrim's Staff. Selected and arranged by FitzRoy Carrington.

In this small volume Mr. Carrington has gathered "from the verse of three and a half centuries a handful of poems, beautiful in thoughts of spiritual import, which should reflect, as well as might be in a space so limited, all moods, from the self-abasement of utter unworthiness, to the courage born of a firm faith in the divinity of man, which can face, unafraid, the Great Unknown."

Boys and Girls from George Eliot. By Kate Dickinson Sweetser.

These stories have been told in a way to interest boys and girls, in the hope that the interest which they awaken will lead to a reading of the longer stories from which these have been taken. The boys and girls who appear are Tom and Maggie Tulliver, Totty Poyser, Eppie, The Garths, Little Lizzie, Jacob Cohen, Tina, Job Tudge and Harry Transome.

Bridge Abridged. By Annie Blanche Shelby.

"A comprehensive and concise statement of the maxims, rules and principles governing the game of Bridge." The book also includes "The Revised Laws of Bridge," as adopted by the New York Whist Club, and "The Etiquette of the Game."

*E. P. Dutton and Company:*

A Toy Tragedy. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture.

A story of children for children by the author of *Peter's Mother* and *The Man from America.* Katharine May Roberts has contributed four full-page illustrations.

*Paul Elder and Company:*

The Soul of an Artist. By Neera. Translated by E. L. Murison.

L. D. Ventura, who has written the introduction to this book, claims that it is neither a novel nor a biography, but that it is a book "of thoughts, of love, of life. . . . A consolation to all those who, endowed with a high sensitive nature, are obliged by circumstances to live alone, and to keep hidden, for fear of deception or disillusion, that sacred flame which otherwise would have shown and lighted the road to a hero."

*Henry Frowde:*

Whisperings from the Great. Compiled by Constance A. Meredyth.

A handsome birthday book. There is a blank half-page for each day in the year. Opposite these are poetical selections from the best writers of all ages. The typography of the work is praiseworthy.

*Funk and Wagnalls Company:*

Under Pontius Pilate. By William Schuyler.

"Being a part of the correspondence between Caius Claudius Proculus in Judea and Lucius Domitius Ahenobarbus at Athens in the years 28 and 29 A. D." A picture of Christ's life and times.

Miserère. By Mabel Wagnalls.

Music and its devotees is the theme of this little tale—an addition to the "Hour-Glass Stories" series.

The Incubator Baby. By Ellis Parker Butler.

The success which has attended the author's *Pigs is Pigs* will insure many readers for this little satire on scientific mothers' clubs. There are four illustrations.

*Harper and Brothers:*

The Beautiful Story of Doris and Julie. By Gertrude Smith.

A story for little folks. The full-page coloured illustrations make an attractive book.

Kate: A Comedy. By Bronson Howard.

The modern marriage question, in an international setting, is dealt with in this play. No speakers are labelled and stage technicalities are concealed, as far as possible.

Poems for Young Americans. By Will Carleton.

The works of Will Carleton peculiarly adapted to younger readers are included in this collection, which is said to be the first of its kind ever published. There are humorous verses, poems of festivals and anniversaries, and poems for young Americans. There are sixteen illustrations.

Dunny. By Philip Verrill Mighels.

The adventures of an Eastern lad who comes to live in a Western lumber camp are related in this story.

A Japanese Blossom. By Onoto Watanna.

This pretty holiday book tells the story of a Japanese-American family. There is a serious as well as a humorous side

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to the story. The illustrations are by L. W. Ziegler.

Their First Formal Call. By Grace MacGowan Cooke.

Bashfulness is the theme brought out in this humorous skit. Peter Newell has made the characteristic illustrations.

The Very Small Person. By Annie Hamilton Donnell.

Mrs. Donnell's new story, described as a "delightful series of odd little comedies and tragedies of childhood," is written in a vein similar to *Rebecca Mary*. Elizabeth Shippen Green has illustrated the book in black and tint.

Certain Delightful English Towns. By William Dean Howells.

A description of such towns as Exeter, Bath, Wells, Bristol, Folkestone, Canterbury, Oxford, Chester, Malvern, Shrewsbury, Northampton, and other towns in England, "with glimpses of the pleasant country between," is to be found in Mr. Howells's new book. The volume is well illustrated.

The $30,000 Bequest. By Mark Twain.

A new edition, issued uniformly with others of Mark Twain's works.

Side-Lights on Astronomy. By Simon Newcomb.

A collection of essays and addresses dealing with the larger aspects of astronomy; one of the most important themes being the structure, extent and duration of the universe. Included in the volume are a number of discussions relating to general scientific subjects. There are several illustrations.

Balboa. By Frederick A. Ober.

An additional volume in the "Heroes of American History" series. Mr. Ober gives the life story of Balboa "leading up to his discovery of the Pacific and his subsequent fortunes."

Wee Winkles and Snowball. By Gabrielle E. Jackson.

The author teaches children to be kind to their pets through this story. Mary Theresa Hart has contributed a number of illustrations.

The Life of Christ—Without—Within. By Henry Ward Beecher.

Two of Dr. Beecher's most powerful sermons are here presented in book form. One shows the life of Christ, as seen by the men of his time; the other as the greatest moral force the world has ever known.

A Little Son of Sunshine. By Ellen Douglas Deland.

The escapades of a little orphaned boy and a little girl, both of whom are spending their summer in the country, are told in this book for boys and girls. W. E. Mears has made the illustrations.

Ferdinand de Soto. By Frederick A. Ober.

A brief, vivid, yet accurate account of the work of the Spanish explorer, designed not for the technical student of history, but for the intelligent public and for school children of the more advanced grades. It is similar to the works on Cortes and other Spanish explorers by the same author.

*Henry Holt and Company:*

The Bird. By C. William Beebe.

"An untechnical study of the bird in the abstract." The author has intended this work as an incentive to look more closely into the drama of evolution; "to pass on from the nature stories of idealised composite animals and birds to the consideration of the evolution of all life." Nearly four hundred illustrations are included in the book.

A Cheerful Year Book. Aphorisms by F. M. Knowles. Pictures by C. F. Lester. Prologue and epilogue by Carolyn Wells.

A book for recording engagements and memoranda. Opposite the blank pages are "philosophic and moral aphorisms for the instruction of youth, the inspiration of maturity and the solace of age." These pages are illustrated with characteristic drawings.

Problems of Babyhood. By Rachel Kent Fitz and George Wells Fitz.

Valuable advice for the building of strong bodies and forming characters is to be found in this small volume. E. A. Bell has illustrated the book.

Selections from Addison. Edited with an introduction and notes. By Edward Bliss Reed.

Theuriet L'Abbé Daniel. Edited with introduction, notes and vocabulary by Robert L. Taylor.

Rhetoric and Composition. By Edward Fulton.

Educational.

A Summer in the Apple Tree Inn. By Ella Partridge Lipsett.

A story for children. A tiny hostelry in an apple orchard in New England is the place where the four children have most of their good times.

Forty Lessons in Physics. By Lynn B. McMullen.

Everyday Ethics. By Ella Lyman Cabot.

Educational.

A King's Divinity. By Dolores Bacon.

An American heiress to a European throne is the heroine of this tale. She

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has to overcome a degenerate ancestry, scheming counsellors, and rigid conventions before she wins her rights. The story is a romance.

In the Shadow of the Lord. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser.

A novel based upon the career of Mary Washington, her meeting and marriage with Augustine Washington, their journey to Virginia, and their life of adventure in that state. Court life, during the reign of George III, politics in Virginia before the war, and many interesting persons enter into the story.

Casa Grande. By Charles D. Stuart.

A tale of California in the early fifties, based on the trying adventures of a young Southerner endeavouring to make good his title to a Mexican grant in the Sonoma Valley. The ranch house, from its size and conspicuousness, gives the book its title. The heroine, from "a mannish cow-girl," develops into a splendid, lovable woman.

Daddy's Daughters. By Marion A. Taggart.

A book full of young people. "Daddy" is a literary man and, like many others in his profession, finds it very difficult to make two ends meet. His four daughters and their jolly neighbours make a lively story. The sympathy which exists between the father and his four girls is felt throughout the entire tale.

*Das edle Blut, Erzählung on Ernst von Wildenbruch.* Edited with introduction, notes, vocabulary and exercises by Ashley K. Hardy.

This is another edition of this very popular and suitable German text. It contains the customary brief account of the author's life and activity. The notes are brief and clear. They are followed by exercises for translation into German, which give in an interesting way the outline of the story. This is the most commendable feature of the editing. Scattered through the text are pictures taken from the pretty German edition published by Grote, Berlin.

*John Lane Company:*

Why Men Remain Bachelors, and Other Luxuries. By Lilian Bell.

In addition to the title essay, there are short papers on many subjects, such as: The Management of Wives, The Management of Husbands, The Luxury of Being Stupid, How Men Propose, The Broken Engagement, Modern Mothers, On the Art of Giving Gifts, On the Tendency to Crabbedness, etc.

Ledgers and Literature. By George Knollys.

A collection of essays on such subjects as: The Romance of Bookkeeping, A Professor of Sentiment, Lunching in the City, A Week on the Thames, The Brother of the Twilight, etc.

*Life Publishing Company:*

The Silent War. By J. A. Mitchell.

The masses against the millionaires is the theme of this novel. The romance portrays the rise of love and gratitude over matters of worldly importance.

*Longmans, Green and Company:*

The Orange Fairy Book. By Andrew Lang.

The eighteenth volume in the "Fairy Book" series, edited by Mr. Lang. These stories have been taken from the tales told to children in many lands and in many languages. There are over thirty selections in this collection. H. J. Ford has contributed eight coloured plates and many illustrations.

*McClure, Phillips and Company:*

Rosemary in Search of a Father. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.

A pretty story in which the little heroine searches for the father who has neglected and forsaken her mother, and finds instead the man who has always loved the mother, but whom circumstances compelled her to refuse. The book is decorated by Thomas Maitland Cleland. William Hatherell has made the illustrations.

*The Macmillan Company:*

Tarry at Home Travels. By Edward Everett Hale.

These papers recently appeared in *The Outlook*. In them the author takes his readers through Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Old Washington and New Washington. The book is profusely illustrated with men and places of historical importance.

Introduction to Philosophy. By George Stuart Fullerton.

The purpose of this book is sixfold: To point out what the word "philosophy" is made to cover in the higher branches of learning; "to explain the nature of reflective or philosophical thinking, and to show how it differs from common thought and from science"; to give a general view of the main problems with which philosophers have dealt; "to give an account of some of the more important types of philosophical doctrine which have arisen out of the consideration of such problems"; "to indicate the relation of philosophy to the so-called philosophical "science, and to the other sciences"; and to show

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that the study of philosophy is of value to us all, and to give some practical admonitions on spirit and method."

The Odyssey for Boys and Girls. From Homer; told by A. J. Church.

An illustrated and simplified rendering of Homer's well-known epic poem, in which Ulysses's adventures and travels are told in prose. The illustrations, which are twelve in number, are in colour.

Listener's Lure. By E. V. Lucas.

In a series of clever letters the author gives the thoughts and emotions of two persons who do not know what they themselves want. The story is carried on in letters to and from all kinds of characters.

Jeanne d'Arc. By Percy Mackaye.

The story of Joan of Arc dramatised in five acts.

The Washington Word List. By William Estabrook Chancellor.

This list of words includes those which the well-informed person should know after finishing a full elementary school course.

The Wonder-Children. By Charles J. Bellamy.

A collection of stories about Christmas Eve, three fishes, an enchanted cave, a bad boy, a golden key, a magic mirror, three wishes, the boy who teased and the underworld.

Rhetoric and English Composition. By George R. Carpenter.

Educational. A corrected and amplified edition of the author's "Elements of Rhetoric and English Composition," published several years ago.

The German Empire. Burt Estes Howard.

The aim of this book is "to give a broad view of the German government, explaining clearly the main features of the Imperial Constitution and the salient doctrines of German constitutional law."

Concepts of Philosophy. By A. T. Ormond.

The three general headings, under which there are many sub-heads, which discuss this subject, are: Analysis, Synthesis (*a*. From Physics to Sociality; *b*. From Sociality to Religion) and Deductions. The author says that the doctrine of the book is "that consciousness, when adequately conceived, is the great reality. This doctrine can be maintained, however, only when consciousness is identified with the energy or activity that becomes aware of itself and its object, and not simply with that awareness itself."

The Modern Pulpit. By Lewis O. Brastow.

"A study of homiletic sources and characters." The author attempts in this volume to interpret the preaching of the present age. He endeavours to "get back of it, into its sources, to characterise its distinctive peculiarities and to estimate its value."

English Literature from the Norman Conquest to Chaucer. By William Henry Schofield.

This is the first of two volumes in which the author will deal with the literary history of England from the Norman Conquest to Elizabeth's time. While it discusses particularly the period down to Chaucer's birth, it also deals with such later romances, tales, legends, etc., as are written in early mediæval styles.

Emerson's Representative Men.

Thackeray's Henry Esmond.

Shakespeare's The Tempest.

Additional volumes in the "Macmillan's Pocket American and English Classics." This series is intended for use in schools and is supplied with critical introductions, notes, etc.

*Moffat, Yard and Company:*

How to Appreciate Music. By Gustav Kobbé.

A volume planned for the general lover of music whose emotions are stirred by it, although he may be unable to either sing or play. The book attempts to explain the emotions in a simple manner. It also gives a history of music and musicians.

The American Girl. By Howard Chandler Christy.

The American girl—the sweet girl graduate, the debutante, the bride, the country girl, the city girl, and the society girl—is portrayed by Mr. Christy. Under these sub-heads are thirty-nine drawings, many of them in colour. The text gives general descriptions of the several classes of girls.

Our Constitution. By Edward Waterman Townsend.

This work is an attempt "to tell the story of the incentives, making, ratification and amendment of our Constitution." The book is said to be the first to give the complete story of the Constitution in one volume.

Our Army for Our Boys. Text by Tudor Jenks. Pictures by H. A. Ogden.

A brief story of the United States Army, its organization, development and equipment, from 1775 to the present day. The object of this book is to interest

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the boys of our nation. The drawings, some of which are in colour, are freely interspersed throughout the text, and add to the entertainment of the work.

*The Neale Publishing Company:*

Life and Letters of Robert Edward Lee. By Rev. J. William Jones, D.D.

Dr. Shepherd's work is the result of a long and close study of Robert Edward Lee's life, his motives, his genius, his character, his manner of living, and the results he accomplished. Several portraits of the Confederate general illustrate the book.

*The Outing Publishing Company:*

The Story of Martin Coe. By Ralph D. Paine.

Martin Coe, a deserter from the United States Navy, comes to a small New England village. Here the faculty and the students of "a select school for girls" proceed to regenerate him, with the result that he returns to the navy and serves out his time.

*Oxford University Press:*

Law of Contract. By W. R. Anson. Edited by E. W. Huffcut.

The second American edition and the eleventh English edition of a work which endeavours to "trace the principles which govern the contractual obligations from its beginning to its end; to show how a contract is made, what is needed to make it binding, whom it may affect, how it is interpreted, and how it may be discharged."

*G. P. Putnam's Sons:*

A Spinner in the Sun. By Myrtle Reed.

Love and disappointment are portrayed in the earlier parts of this story. The faithless lover receives severe punishment and the heroine finds happiness at last. The charm that pervades Miss Reed's former books is said not to be lacking in this.

Mrs. Gaskell's Works.

The first three volumes in a new edition of the works of a well-known Englishwoman are *Cranford, Ruth* and *Mary Barton.* Dr. A. W. Ward has prefaced each story with a critical introduction.

Shibusawa. By I. William Adams.

Mr. Adams has endeavoured to show the readers of this novel the remarkable development of the "humane, refined and notably progressive people of Japan." The story takes its title from its hero. Kinsan is the heroine, against whom a great wrong is done. The ending is a happy one for both.

*Fleming H. Revell Company:*

The Adventures of Billy Topsail. By Norman Duncan.

Among the fishermen of Newfoundland is laid Mr. Duncan's new story. Billy Topsail, the hero, is a lively, spirited youth, and his adventures are exciting enough to interest boys, as well as older people. An important character in the story is Skipper, the dog. Mr. Duncan's stories of the sea need no introduction to the reading public.

Why the Robin's Breast is Red. By Emma Gellibrand.

A pretty little story about Bullfinch and his wife, Jenny Wren. The book, decorated by M. Lewis, is in holiday attire.

Fairest Girlhood. By Margaret E. Sangster.

The writings of Mrs. Sangster need no introduction to thoughtful readers. Her book for girls is meant for the college girl, the working girl, the home girl, the business girl—for every sort and condition of girls. The volume, which contains good, sound advice, is well bound and illustrated.

*Charles Scribner's Sons:*

Hills and the Sea. By Hilaire Belloc.

In the essays which comprise this volume, imported by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, Mr. Belloc expresses his love for Nature and her beauties. The book takes its title from the first essay.

Romantic Cities of Provence. By Mona Caird.

The author has made no attempt to treat the subject from a historical standpoint, but has laid special stress on the "quality of the country as distinguished from its outward features." Among the places described are: Avignon, Vaucluse, Martigues, Arles, Tarascon, Beaucaire, St. Remy, etc. The volume, which is imported, is elaborately illustrated from sketches by Joseph Pennell and Edward M. Synge.

A Literary History of Persia. By E. G. Browne.

In this volume the author continues a work published four years ago, and carries the Literary History of Persia on from the beginning of the eleventh to the middle of the thirteenth century. This epoch includes most of the greatest of Persia's poets and writers. Pro-

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fessor Browne intends to add another volume to this series.

By Italian Seas. By Ernest C. Peixotto.

In these papers the author has described, from a nature-lover's standpoint, various spots not usually found in the itinerary of a tourist. The articles are upon the following subjects: The Italian Riviera, A Summer in a Sandolo, Down the Dalmatian Coast, Cattaro to Naples—A Transition, Giuseppe's Christmas, Sicily, Impressions of Malta, and In the Bey's Capital. The illustrations, of which there are over seventy-five, are by the author, and add much to give the book its splendid appearance.

Truegate of Mogador. By Sewell Ford.

The first of these twelve tales is the title-story. Among the other titles are: The Ride of His Life, Through the Needle's Eye, Seed to the Sower, Across a Picket Fence, Captain's Folly, The King Gander of Sea Dog Shoal, etc. There are eight illustrations.

Farces. By Richard Harding Davis.

The three farces which comprise this book are well known to theatre-goers. They are The Dictator, The Galloper, and Miss Civilisation.

The Friendly Year. Compiled by George Sidney Webster.

These selections, one for every day in the year, are taken from the writings of Henry van Dyke. The editor's purpose has been to choose those selections which illustrate "the dominant note of human friendliness and comradeship."

The Stones of Paris. By Benjamin Ellis Martin and Charlotte M. Martin.

To those who visit Paris with a desire to find something more than a gigantic bazaar, these stories of those monuments of past ages that are visible and tangible will be cordially welcomed. We have here descriptions of old staircases, of the Scholars' Quarter of the Middle Ages, Molière and his Friends, The Paris of the Revolution, The Southern Bank in the Nineteenth Century, etc. A large number of photographs illustrate the book.

Moorish Cities in Spain. By C. Gasquoine Hartley.

An imported volume added to the "Langham Series of Art Monographs." The four cities dealt with are Córdova, Toledo, Seville and Granada. Several illustrations add to the otherwise attractive appearance of the book.

Industrial America. By J. Laurence Laughlin.

The seven addresses in this collection are what is known as the "Berlin Lectures of 1906." Some of the subjects discussed are: American Competition with Europe, The Labour Problem, The Trust Problem, Protectionism and Reciprocity, etc.

A Frontier Town and Other Essays. By Henry Cabot Lodge.

The first essay in this collection gives the volume its title. Others are upon Good Citizenship. The Senate of the United States, History, Senator Hoar, Franklin, Theodore Roosevelt, Samuel Adams, etc.

Engraving and Etching. By F. Lippmann.

An imported handbook for the use of students and print collectors. Martin Hardie has made the translation from the third German Edition, revised by Dr. Max Lehrs. The work is carried down to the beginning of the nineteenth century. There are one hundred and thirty-one illustrations.

The Autobiography and Confessions of Thomas De Quincey.

Issued in the "Caxton Thin Paper Classics" series, imported by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. Tighe Hopkins, the editor, has contributed an introduction to the book, which contains several autobiographical sketches, the Confessions of an Opium-Eater, The Daughter of Lebanon, and Suspiria de Profundis.

The Text of Shakespeare. By Thomas R. Lounsbury.

"Its history from the publication of the quartos and folios down to and including the publication of the editions of Pope and Theobald." The two previous volumes in this series are *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist* and *Shakespeare and Voltaire*.

The Bible as English Literature. By J. H. Gardiner.

The object of the course of study upon which this book is founded has been to make the students of Harvard University "as familiar as possible with the English Bible, and to throw light on its literary forms by bringing together facts from the history of its sources and from the history of the translation into English."

Liberty, Union and Democracy. By Barrett Wendell.

The four lectures which make up this volume were delivered before the Lowell Institute, in Boston, about a year ago. The first address is upon "The National Character of America"; the other three are upon the subjects named in the title.

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The Philippine Experiences of an American Teacher. By William J. Freer.

An account of three years' work of one of the supervising principals in the Americanised school systems of the Philippines. The interesting and vivid narrative gives one a much more favourable impression of the results of our colonial experiment than one gets from newspaper accounts, or from most other reports, and is based upon intimate acquaintance with the natives.

*Silver, Burdett and Company:*

First Year English for High Schools. By Emogene Sanford Simons.

Educational.

The War of 1812. By Everett T. Tomlinson.

An addition to the "Stories of Colony and Nation." The stories, which are said to be historically correct, have been written in the hope that they might lead young readers to investigate for themselves the history of their nation.

The Quincy Word List. By Frank E. Parlin.

Educational. A revised and enlarged edition, containing over seven thousand of the commonest English words, carefully graded for elementary schools.

*Frederick A. Stokes Company:*

Indian Boys and Girls. Stories and verses by Alice Calhoun Haines.

A unique and very pretty juvenile. The stories, about Indian boys and girls, are illustrated with four full-page colour plates after water-colour paintings by Alice Mar. There are, also, many illustrations in black and white, by Edwin Willard Deming.

Dalton's Complete Bridge. By W. Dalton.

The first part of this work is devoted to the laws of Bridge, which came into force January 1, 1905, as revised by a joint committee of the Portland and Turf Clubs. The greater portion of the book, however, is devoted to the explanation of the game of Bridge, with directions how it should be played.

Jack the Young Canoeman. By George Bird Grinnell.

The fourth volume in the "Jack" series describes the adventures of the young hero while journeying along the coast of British Columbia in a Chinook canoe.

A Short History of Modern English Literature. By Edmund Gosse.

A new and revised edition. The movement of English literature is shown from Chaucer to Tennyson. Seventy-two portraits are a new and important feature of the work.

Every Day Living. By Annie Payson Call.

Miss Call gives some valuable points on The Home, The Training of Children, Good Breeding, Excuses and Back Talk, Resentment, Personal Sensitiveness, Every Day Living, and other kindred subjects.

*Benjamin R. Tucker:*

Here's Luck to Lora and Other Poems. By William Walstein Gordak.

A collection of poems on various themes, taking its title from the first selection.

BOSTON, MASS.

*Dana Estes and Company:*

Marigold. By Edith Francis Foster.

Marigold is the name of the small heroine in this pretty story for little people. The illustrations add to its interest.

The Minute Boys of the Wyoming Valley. By James Otis.

The doings of the boys of Wyoming Valley in the year 1778, while their fathers were fighting for independence, are related in Mr. Otis's latest book. A. Burnham Shute has made the illustrations.

Afloat on the Dogger-Bank. By H. C. Moore.

"A story of adventure in the North Sea and in China." A tale for boys. Illustrated by J. Prater.

Flossy's Playdays. By Florence Howe Hall.

A pleasant tale for children. A number of illustrations add interest to the story.

The Piccolo. By Laura E. Richards.

This book of poetry for little folks takes its title from its first selection. Characteristic illustrations in tint give the book a very attractive appearance.

The Young Express Agent. By Frank E. Kellog.

An interesting tale for boys. The hero and his associates were real persons, and most of the incidents related here happened as told in the story. The eight illustrations are by J. W. Kennedy.

*Ginn and Company:*

Outlines of the History of Painting. By Edmund von Mach.

In this book are twenty-eight chronological tables of painters, showing how the artists rank; an alphabetical list of artists; and short essays on the art of painting in fourteen different countries.

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Physical Education. By Dudley A. Sargent.

Recognising the fact that the aim in all sports and athletic exercises should be to supplement, so far as possible, the deficiencies in one's life work or occupation, Dr. Sargent has attempted in this book "to place the training of the body upon the same educational basis as the training of the intellect."

The Moral Damage of War. By Walter Walsh.

Mr. Walsh, who is a British citizen, presents the crimes of the Boer War, and the demoralisation resulting from it, as a condemnation of all such wars. He traces the moral damage of war "to the child, to the soldier, to the politician, to the journalist, to the preacher, to the trader, and to the patriot."

*Houghton, Mifflin and Company:*

The Flock. By Mary Austin.

The first flocks with which Mrs. Austin, who has spent many years among the herders, deals are those which the Spaniards drove up from Velicata in the year of the Boston Massacre. She describes sheep-herding in its various phases; the herders and the shearers; the ways and rivalries of the Frenchmen, Spaniards, Americans, etc.; the long trail; the open range; the Sierra meadows, etc. The work is well illustrated by E. Boyd Smith.

The County Road. By Alice Brown.

Most of the scenes in these thirteen stories are laid in New England. Some of the titles are: A Day Off, Old Immortality, Rosy Balm, A Sea Change, A Crown of Gold, The Pilgrim Chamber, A Winter's Courting, etc.

Complete Works of William Shakespeare.

The Cambridge Edition, in which this work is published, aims to give "an accurate text and such an equipment of notes as shall serve the need of readers and students." The edition is edited under the supervision of Bliss Perry.

Friends on the Shelf. By Bradford Torrey.

Six of the dozen essays in this collection discuss the following writers and poets: William Hazlitt, Edward FitzGerald, Thoreau, Stevenson, Keats and Anatole France. Among the other subjects are: Verbal Magic, Quotability, The Grace of Obscurity. Concerning the Lack of an American Literature, etc.

Nelson the Adventurer. By Nora Archibald Smith.

The eldest of three brothers, a lad of twelve summers, tells his story in his own way—a way to interest boys.

Talks on Teaching Literature. By Arlo Bates.

These "talks" have for their foundation a course of lectures delivered before the Summer School of the University of Illinois in June, 1905.

The Poetical Works of Edward Rowland Sill.

The first complete edition of Mr. Sill's poems was published four years ago. This Household Edition is a rearrangement of the previous one, giving, as far as possible, all the poems in a chronological order.

Books, Culture and Character. By J. N. Larned.

A collection of seven essays on: A Familiar Talk about Books, The Test of Quality in Books, Hints as to Reading, The Mission and the Missionaries of the Book, Good and Evil from the Printing Press, Public Libraries and Public Education, School-Reading Versus School-Teaching of History.

Harding of St. Timothy's. By Arthur Stanwood Pier.

School-life in America is portrayed in this story for boys. The tale describes a long but victorious struggle for the control of an athletic association.

Walt Whitman. By Bliss Perry.

A biographical and critical study of Walt Whitman's life and works. Mr. Perry has endeavoured "to portray the man and the poet with sympathy, but without partisanship. Especial attention has been given to the formative period of Whitman's mind and style, and to his relations with preceding American and European literature."

Polly and the Aunt. By the Aunt.

The story of a very dear little girl, as told by her aunt.

The Poetry of Chaucer. By Robert Kilburn Root.

The purpose of this book is to give the result of investigations which both European and American students have made in regard to Chaucer's language, his sources, and the order in which his works were composed.

*Little, Brown and Company:*

An Express of '76. By Lindley Murray Hubbard.

"A chronicle of the town of York in the War for Independence." Washington, Franklin, Burr, Hamilton, Putnam and other well-known characters appear in the romance.

Buff: A Tale for the Thoughtful. By a Physiopath.

Careful diet and fresh air is the theme of this story. The author relates his own experience.

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Ready, the Reliable. By Lily F. Wesselhoeft.

An animal story for girls. Ready is a stray dog that falls into the hands of Margery, a lovable little girl. Ready's adventures with Margery's friends are interestingly told.

A Handbook of Polar Discoveries. By A. W. Greely.

"A detailed résumé of polar explorations from the earliest voyages to the present time." This book is to be regarded as a handbook only, the adventures in detail may be found by referring to the works mentioned in notes at the end of each chapter. This third edition has been revised and enlarged.

The Politics of Utility. By James Mackaye.

A sequel to "The Principles of Common Sense" and "The Technology of Happiness—Theoretical." The present volume aims to apply the theory set forth in the second volume directly to the conduct of society.

Betty Baird. By Anna Hamlin Weikel.

Betty Baird's experiences at a fashionable boarding school is a story to interest girls of from fourteen to sixteen.

Elinor's College Career. By Julia A. Schwartz.

The story of Elinor's college career is divided into four parts: The Freshman Year, The Sophomore Year, The Junior Year, and The Senior Year. As the title indicates, college girls and college life is the foundation of the book.

Some Chinese Ghosts. By Lafcadio Hearn.

A new edition of six Chinese stories told by Mr. Hearn nineteen years ago. Some of the titles are: The Soul of the Great Bell, The Story of Ming-Y, The Legend of Tchi-Niu, The Tradition of the Tea-Plant, etc.

Starting in Life. By Nath'l C. Fowler, Jr.

"An authoritative practical guide to the selection of a calling in life." The work is designed for ambitious boys and young men.

The Birch-Tree Fairy Book. Edited by Clifton Johnson.

The old favourite fairy tales are told by Mr. Johnson in pleasant terms, all objectionable parts having been eliminated. Willard Bonte has embellished the book with nearly one hundred illustrations.

Nancy Rutledge. By Katharine Pyle.

Children of eight years of age, or thereabouts, will be interested in this book, which is illustrated by the author.

The Master Spirit. By Sir William Magnay.

Social and political life as it appears in London to-day is portrayed in this novel. There is plenty of adventure in the plot.

The Girls of Pineridge. By Charlotte Curtis Smith.

As indicated in the title, this is a book for girls, the chief purpose of which is to inspire a love for the works of nature. The book is illustrated by Beatrice Baxter Ruyl.

Donald Barton. By Amos R. Wells.

A tale of club life among boys. The doings of the Ajax Club in a country town will be found interesting and exciting to youthful readers. Josephine Bruce is the illustrator.

Old Home Day at Hazeltown. By A. G. Plympton.

A little girl and her grandmother, whom unkind relations had made feel most unwelcome guests on "Old Home Day," are the pleasing characters in this story. How a happy ending is arrived at is left to the discovery of the reader.

The Silver Crown. By Laura E. Richards.

Another book of fables, taking its title from the initial story. Forty-three tales are included.

Brenda's Ward. By Helen Leah Reed.

A bright, lovable Western girl is the chief character in this sequel to *Amy in Acadia*. The story is issued in the "Brenda" series.

Last Verses. By Susan Coolidge.

As the title indicates, this is a posthumous collection of poems by Susan Coolidge. A short biographical sketch prefaces the work.

Literary By-Paths in Old England. By Henry C. Shelley.

These eleven papers make no attempt at criticism; through them the author has endeavoured to point out the pleasant places in the lives of those writers with whom they deal. Spenser, Sir Philip Sidney, William Penn, Gray, Gilbert White, Goldsmith, Burns, Keats, Carlyle and Hood are the men discussed. There is, also, a chapter upon Royal Winchester. There are a large number of illustrations.

Forget-Me-Not. By Anna Mellen Stearns and Clara Bancroft Beatley.

A thought for every day in the year is included in this book, the object of which is to keep God and His gifts before the minds and hearts of young people.

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From Dream to Vision of Life. By Lilian Whiting.

The keynote of this work is found in the question asked by the Archbishop of Canterbury—"The life beyond, what is it? What is its bearing on these present working years?" Miss Whiting's books need no introduction to readers of religious literature.

The Flight of Puss Pandora. By Caroline Fuller.

The story of an apartment house cat. Pandora plays important parts in the fortunes of several persons with whom she comes in contact. These and other experiences are described by the author of *The Alley Cat's Kitten.*

Boy Blue and His Friends. By Etta Austin Blaisdell and Mary Frances Blaisdell.

A book for boys and girls between six and eight years of age. Mother Goose characters appear in new rôles.

The Story of Scraggles. By George Wharton James.

The friendship between Mr. James and a crippled little song-sparrow which he found is the theme of this story. Scraggles was the constant companion of Mr. James during the writing of *In and Out of the Old Missions of California.*

A Sheaf of Stories. By Susan Coolidge.

Eleven stories are included in this sheaf. The title of the first is A Thanksgiving Pie; others are Nanny and Her Valentine, The Horse and the Wolf, The Two Goats, The Fox and the Stork, The Two Little Missionaries, etc.

The Dear Old Home. By Sara E. Ambler.

The scenes of this story for boys and girls are laid in one of the Amish settlements of Pennsylvania. The amusements enjoyed by Serena and her brother Dick, who are visiting their grandmother, and Beppie and Pharaoh, two little Dutch children, make an interesting story.

Janet: Her Winter in Quebec. By Anna Chapin Ray.

Ronald and Janet Leslie and Day Argyle and her brother Rob are the important characters in this book for young people, the second in the "Sidney" series. The adventures of Janet and her friends take place in the quaint old city of Quebec. A very pretty and interesting story.

*Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company:*

Hearts and the Cross. By Harold M. Kramer.

A lively story of Indiana. The hero is an itinerant preacher who supports himself by working in the fields while he ministers to a neglected parish. The story depicts the struggle which he undergoes to make a success and to win the woman he loves, both of which he accomplishes against great odds.

The President of Quex. By Helen M. Winslow.

The inside life of an up-to-date woman's club is the theme of this novel. The principal character in the tale is a beautiful young woman, bereaved of all her loved ones, who seeks to nurse her sorrow in the quiet of her home. Her acceptance of the office of president in Quex, the name of the club, changes her life. Two romances are interwoven into the story. Mr. W. L. Jacobs has drawn sixteen illustrations for the book.

Blind Alleys. By George Cary Eggleston.

A novel of New York life. The heroine, who has been left a fortune by her father, endeavours to use her wealth for the betterment of mankind. Her efforts lead to "blind alleys" and her problems remain unsolved. A double love story runs through the book.

*Herbert B. Turner and Company:*

The Historical Bases of Religions. By Hiram Chellis Brown.

The Primitive Religion, the Babylonian Religion, and the Jewish Religion are the ones with which this work deals. The reader will find many phases which differ materially from what he has been taught to believe, but the author claims their truth from the standpoint of modern research.

Borderland of Psychical Research. By James H. Hyslop.

While the scientific student may find much to interest him in this volume, it is the layman who wishes to "Understand the difficulties that attend the conversion of the more educated world to the more recondite problems of psychic research" for whom it is intended. It is, for the greater part, devoted "to normal and abnormal psychology, with philosophic reflections bearing upon the problems of both."

*James H. West Company:*

The Evolution of Immortality. By C. T. Stockwell.

"Suggestions of an individual immortality based upon our organic and life history." The foregoing sub-title gives an idea of the purpose of this work, which is here presented in the fourth edition.

CHICAGO.

*Laird and Lee:*

English Spelling Simplified.

"A history of the reformed spelling

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movement to date, including the 300 words adopted for immediate use in the Government Departments, together with 3,500 amended spellings, rules and other valuable information."

*A. C. McClurg and Company:*

The Good Fairy and the Bunnies. By Allen Ayrault Green.

The purpose of this juvenile is to comfort those children who have lost pets by suggesting that good animals are, after death, transported to a beautiful star-land. The full-page illustrations in colour give the book an attractive appearance.

The Goose Girl. By Lucy Fitch Perkins.

"A mother's lap book of rhymes and pictures." An attractive juvenile in which each verse is illustrated by a full-page drawing in black and white.

The Fairy Queen. Rewritten in simple language by Calvin Dill Wilson.

Canterbury Tales. Rewritten in simple language by Calvin Dill Wilson.

Two volumes in the series of "Old Tales Retold for Young Readers." In the first book Mr. Wilson has told in prose the first story in the original work; in the second he has given the Prologue and some selections. The books are decorated and illustrated.

Memories. By Max Müller.

This story of German love, translated by George P. Upton, is issued in a new illustrated edition. Margaret and Helen Maitland Armstrong have made the pictures and decorations.

Makers of Japan. By J. Morris.

If this volume gives the reader a general impression of Japan and the Japanese, and of the workings of reform, as exemplified in the lives of some of her patriots, it will have accomplished its purpose. The author has also tried "to supply History through the medium of Biography." Two dozen pictures illustrate the work.

Golden Poems. Edited by Francis F. Browne.

A new and enlarged edition of poems selected from the best British and American authors.

With Byron in Italy. Selected and arranged by Anna Benneson McMahan.

"Being a selection of the poems and letters of Lord Byron which have to do with his life in Italy from 1816 to 1823." There are over sixty illustrations from photographs.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

*George W. Jacobs and Company:*

Made in His Image. By Guy Thorne.

The disposal of the great host of unemployed in a city is the basis of this novel. This problem has become the question of the hour when Charles Bosanquet, said to be an Atheist, becomes Minister of Industrial Affairs. His plans to overcome the difficulty meet the approval of some, but the Christian people are loud in their expressions of horror. How these plans work is told in the story. A romance runs through the book.

## SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of October and the 1st of November.

### NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN.

1. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Lion and the Mouse. Hornblow. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Dream and the Business. Hobbes. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

### NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN.

Second List.

1. Prisoners. Cholmondeley. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Subjection of Isabel Carnaby. Fowler. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Sophy of Kravonia. Hope. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

### NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Blindfolded. Walcott. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Princess Maritza. Brebner. (McBride.) $1.50.

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ATLANTA, GA.

1. Princess Maritza. Brebner. (McBride.) $1.50.
2. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Lion and the Mouse. Hornblow. (Dillingham.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Princess Maritza. Brebner. (McBride.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Blindfolded. Walcott. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Saint. Fogazzaro. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. Sophy of Kravonia. Hope. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Prisoners. Cholmondeley. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Distraction of Martha. Harland. (Scribner.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Balance of Power. Goodrich. (Outing.) $1.50.
6. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Daughters of Destiny. Staunton. (Reilly & Britton Co.) $1.50.
6. Pam. von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Bob Hampton. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Ridolfo. Williams. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Blindfolded. Walcott. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Love's Master Key. Swan. (Jennings Graham.) $1.50.
6. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Bob Hampton. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

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### CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. A Spinner in the Sun. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50 net.
3. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Blindfolded. Walcott. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

### DALLAS, TEXAS.

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Evasion. Frothingham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. Bob Hampton. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. The Leader. Dillon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

### INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Saul of Tarsus. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Charlatans. Taylor. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.

### KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. Sophy of Kravonia. Hope. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

### LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $150.
5. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Uncle William. Lee. (Century.) $1.00.

### LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Blindfolded. Walcott. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. Richard the Brazen. Brady & Peple. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
6. The Court of Pilate. Hobbs. (Fenno.) $1.50.

### MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Bob Hampton. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. Sophy of Kravonia. Hope. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Blindfolded. Walcott. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Colonel of the Red Huzzars. Scott. (Page.) $1.50.

### MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Jewel Weed. Winter. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Bob Hampton of Placer. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

### NASHVILLE, TENN.

1. The Bishop of Cottontown. Moore. (Winston.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Lady Baltimore. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. "Pigs is Pigs." Butler. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) 50 cents.
5. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

### NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Puck of Pook's Hill. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Ann Boyd. Harben. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

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### NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Lady Baltimore. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. A Spinner in the Sun. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

### NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Princess Maritza. Brebner. (McBride.) $1.50.
3. A Spinner in the Sun. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. The Dragon Painter. Fenollosa. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Victory. Seawell. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

### OMAHA, NEB.

1. Bob Hampton. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Max Fargus. Johnston. (Baker & Taylor.) $1.50.
5. Power Lot. Greene. (Baker & Taylor.) $1.50.
6. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

### PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. Ann Boyd. Harben. (Harper.) $1.50.

### PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
2. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Balance of Power. Goodrich. (Outing.) $1.50.
4. "Pigs is Pigs." Butler. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) 50 cents.
4. The Dragon Painter. Fenollosa. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. A Lady of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

### PORTLAND, ME.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Closed Shutters. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.

### PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Bob Hampton. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

### PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
2. Beyond the Rocks. Glyn. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Opened Shutters. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. A Lady of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Amulet. Craddock. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

### ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Bob Hampton of Placer. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. A Lady of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Leader. Dillon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

### ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Princess Maritza. Brebner. (McBride.) $1.50.
2. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Treasure of Heaven. Corelli. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Blindfolded. Walcott. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
6. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

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ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Bob Hampton of Placer. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Puck of Pook's Hill. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

1. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. The White Fang. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Bob Hampton. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. The Spoilers. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton. $1.50.
2. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Lion and the Mouse. Hornblow. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
5. Bob Hampton. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. The Jungle. Sinclair. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Tides of Barnegat. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. A Spinner in the Sun. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CAN.

1. Power Lot. Greene. (Musson.) $1.50.
2. Ring in the New. Whiteing. (Musson.) $1.50.
3. Seeing France with Uncle John. Warner. (Musson.) $1.50.
4. Lady Betty Across the Water. Williamson. (Musson.) $1.25.
5. Pam Decides. von Hutten. (Musson.) $1.25.
6. The Wheel of Life. Glasgow. (Musson.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Princess Maritza. Brebner. (McBride.) $1.50.
3. Richard the Brazen. Brady & Peple. (Moffat, Yard & Co.) $1.50.
4. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Awakening of Helena Richie. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Leader. Dillon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Whispering Smith. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. The County Road. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. A Lady of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

| | | | | | POINTS |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A book standing | | 1st | on any list | receives | 10 |
| " | " | 2d | " | " | 8 |
| " | " | 3d | " | " | 7 |
| " | " | 4th | " | " | 6 |
| " | " | 5th | " | " | 5 |
| " | " | 6th | " | " | 4 |

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

| | POINTS |
|---|---|
| 1. The Fighting Chance. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50 | 234 |
| 2. Jane Cable. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50 | 202 |
| 3. Coniston. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50 | 150 |
| 4. The Call of the Blood. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.50 | 127 |
| 5. Sir Nigel. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50 | 94 |
| 6. Bob Hampton. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50 | 73 |

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